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THE MAFIA

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LAUREN BACALL

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McNAMARA

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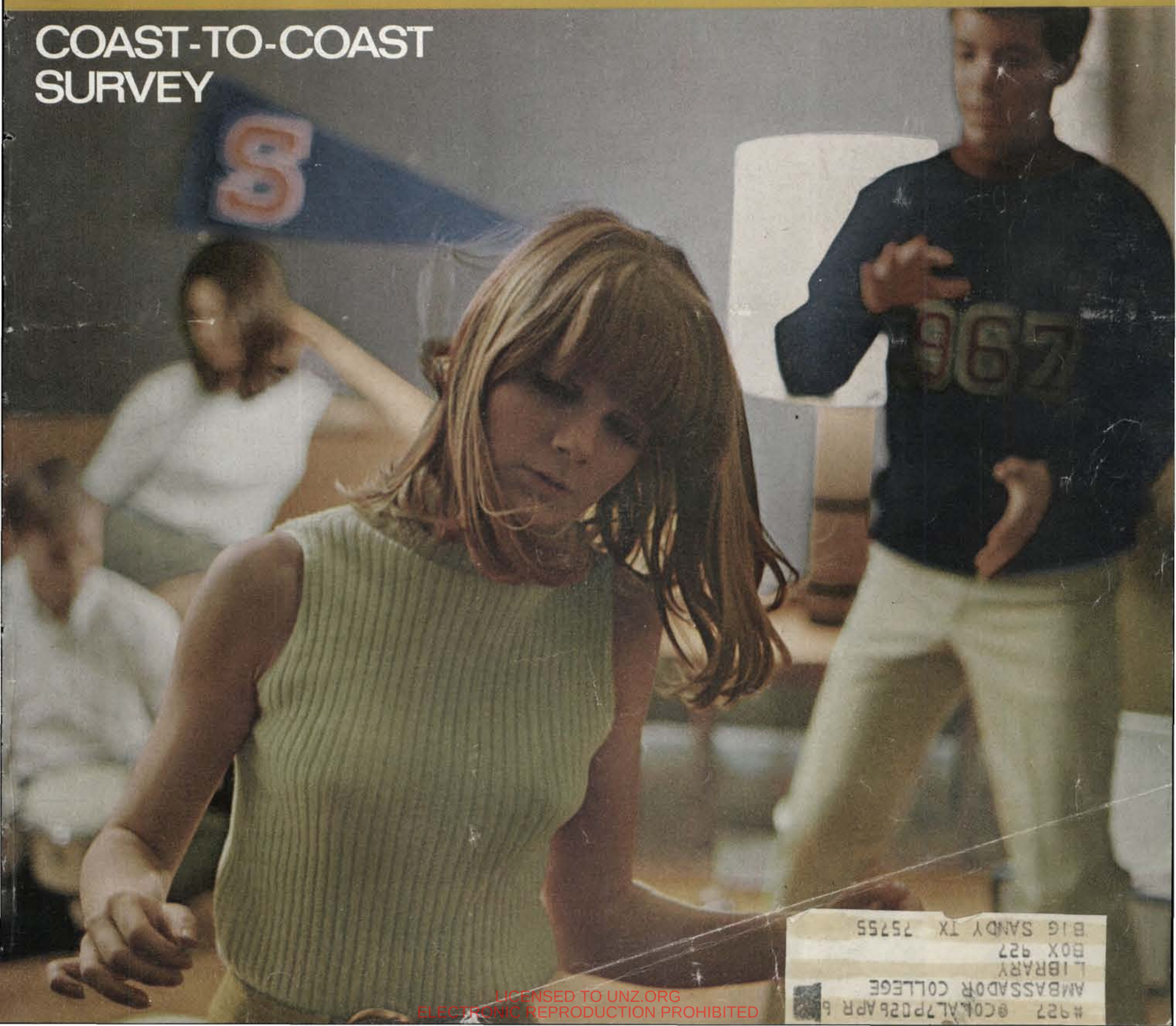

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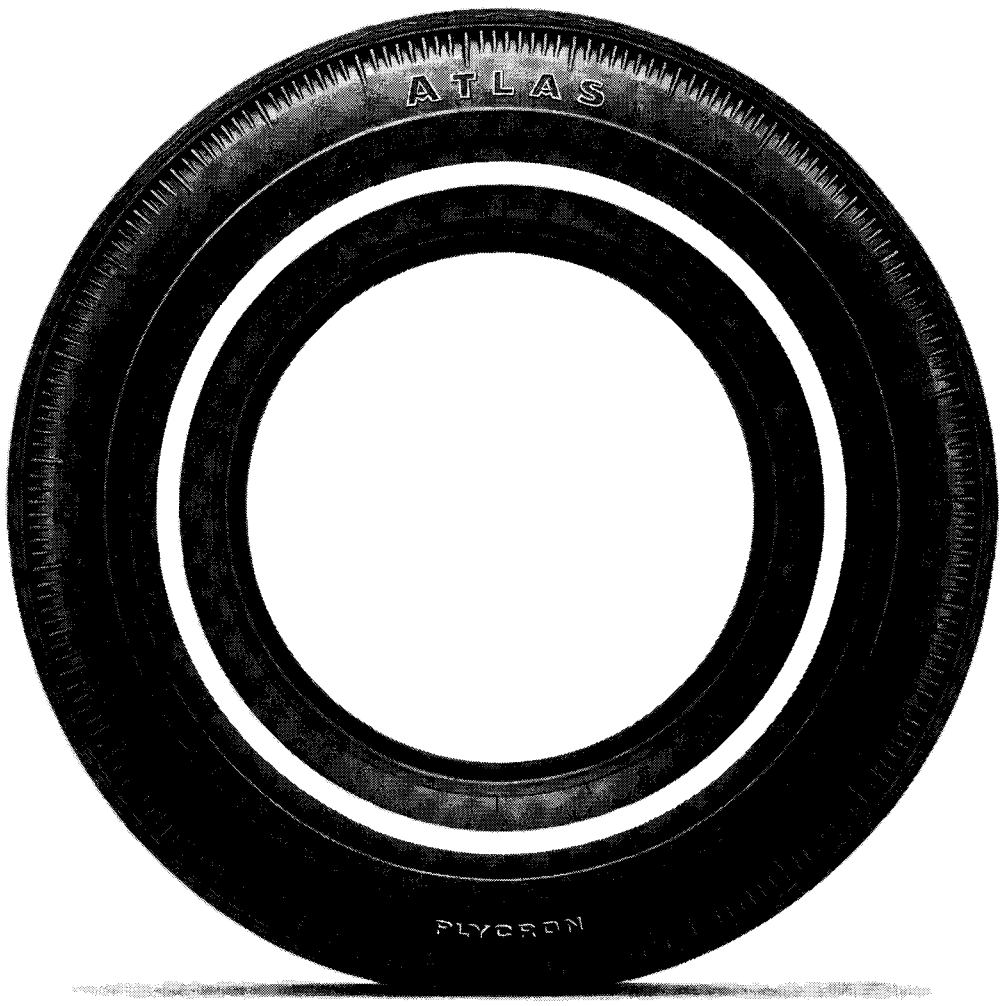

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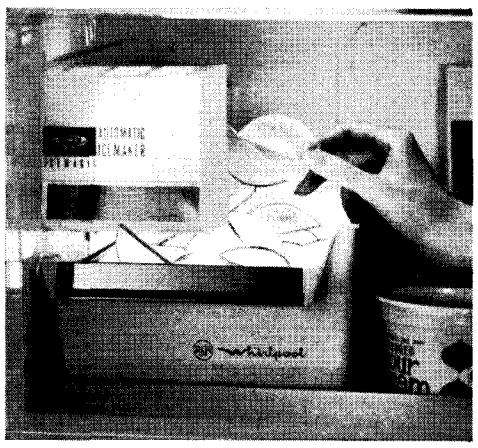

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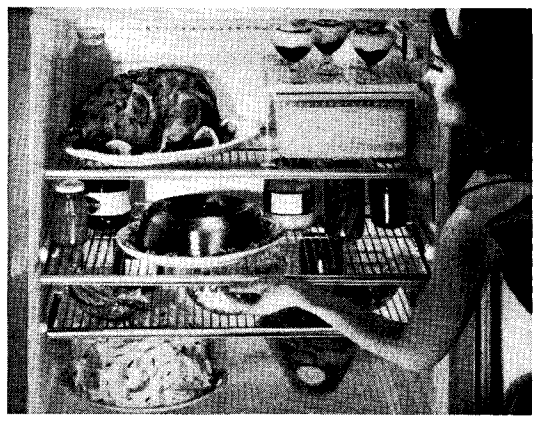

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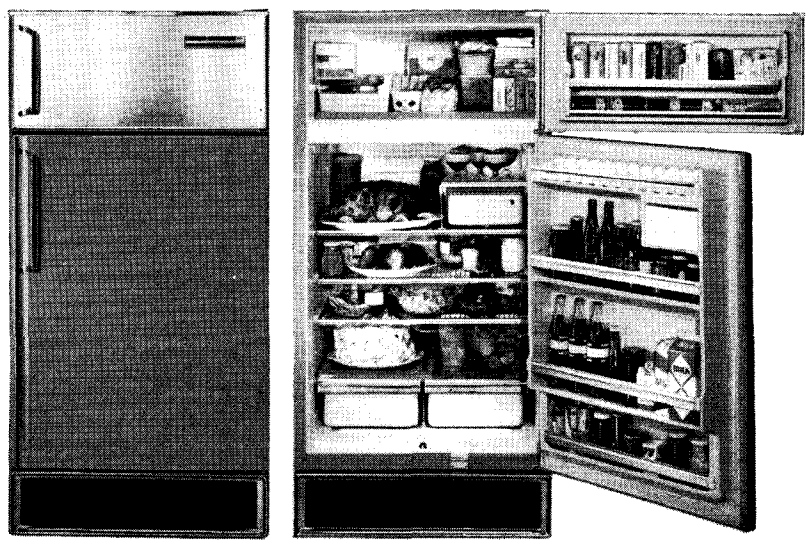

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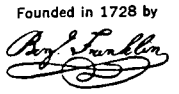

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About this issue

SANDY SMITH, who collaborated with editor-at-large BILL DAVIDSON on the story about the Mafia, is a reporter for the Chicago *Sun-Times*. Davidson considers Smith the top Mafia expert among newspapermen in the U. S. . . . THOMAS MEEHAN, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, followed Lauren Bacall from the time her show, *Cactus Flower*, opened in Washington, D.C., until after it was acclaimed on Broadway. He has written several pieces for the *Post*, including *Fantasy, Flesh and Fellini* (Jan. 1, 1966). . . . Washington editor STEWART ALSOP, long an admirer of Secretary of Defense McNamara, became exasperated during his work by the McNamara system of "monitoring" all conversations between Pentagon officials and reporters. However, by the time he finished his article, he still admired the Secretary and felt "something oddly like pity for this man who is constantly under almost intolerable pressure." . . . JOHN D. MACDONALD has published 50 books, which have sold an estimated 30 million copies. Fawcett will bring out his *End of the Tiger and Other Stories* in July. / Cover photo by CARL FISCHER.

Thomas Meehan

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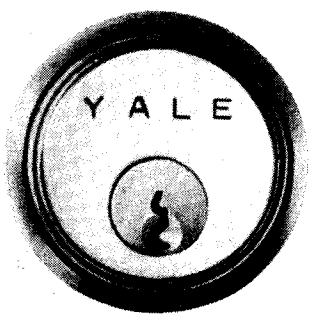

Peace core

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

Letters

Papa Hemingway

Dear Sir:

PAPA HEMINGWAY was marvelous; it had to be told. My congratulations to the *Post*. My thanks to A. E. Hotchner. My sympathy to Mary Hemingway. My condolences to the pals, and to all his fans. And an extra dram tonight for me.

ERNEST HUTTER
Riviera Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I felt almost like I do when I read Hemingway—that I have seen it the way it was. Hemingway's detractors will never prove that he was some Freudian freak; he was a man. Thanks to Hotchner for letting us glimpse the old reality.

RICHARD CENTING
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

A friend of mine argued that such a knowledge of a writer's life helps us to understand his works. I wish this were true. I spent my senior year at Princeton doing independent research on Hemingway. Nothing I read in Hotchner's book aided my understanding. I do know this: Were Hemingway still alive, Hotchner's book probably would kill him.

GEORGE H. HARMON
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sir:

May the good Lord spare me from friends like Hotch. In comparison, Judas, at 30 pieces of silver for a kiss, was just a piker.

JOHN Q. CANNON
Bronxville, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In an article by A.E. Hotchner called PAPA HEMINGWAY [March 12], Ernest Hemingway is quoted as saying: "I got word that Harold Loeb, who was the Robert Cohn of the book, had announced that he would kill me on sight." This is false. I never wanted to kill anyone, not even Hemingway, on sight or otherwise, and certainly never announced such a desire.

Hemingway is quoted as going on to say: "I sent him [Harold Loeb] a telegram to the effect that I would be here in The Hole in the Wall . . . Harold didn't show. . . ." No such wire was ever received, nor, I daresay, sent, in view of the fact that Hem knew my address and could have accosted me easily.

The whole episode as given is sheer fabrication. Since the passages quoted make me out to be a would-be killer and a coward, I would like to answer them, even though I realize that a written article never catches up with a canard. Hemingway's tendency to travesty and vilify those he knew best, in particular those who had helped him in his career, increased as he grew older, so that in his last book, *The Moveable Feast*, he maligns Gertrude Stein, Ernest Walsh, Ford Madox Ford, and Scott Fitzgerald, each of whom had done what they could for the aspiring author, in his early days when he needed help most.

HAROLD LOEB
Weston, Conn.

Dear Sir:

I can understand why Miss Mary fought like a mother tiger to sheathe these memories of Papa's last and troubled years. But I'm with Hotchner all the way.

Many of us face a time in our lives when we are so hobbled by despair and futility that the future becomes a barren horror. When there is no hope for change—no promise for a return to usefulness and joy—then it seems so right to want to push the door closed on tomorrow with our own hands. Luck and hope do return to the majority—but others walk the last dark step in dreadful loneliness.

Please convey my deep appreciation to Mr. Hotchner for a beautiful job—I am sure that some of the words were written with tears and blood.

(MRS.) "BRAD" SHAW
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Passing of guineas

Dear Sir:

Your editorial IN PRAISE OF GUINEAS in your April 9 issue has just the right nostalgic note in regretting the impending disappearance of the guinea when Britain converts to a decimal monetary system.

But, you said, "bread, butter, shoes, paper and subway fares" among other more plebeian items could not be purchased with guineas—only such splendorous extravagances as furs, oil paintings and castles. Maybe not bread and butter, but back in the 1920's while a student at New College, Oxford, I acquired two suits from the shop of some Bond Street tailor, paying for them in guineas. Seven guineas each, actually, in a day when the pound was a pound, at about $4.85 value. Good suits too.

Adding my nostalgia to your own, I wish good suits at seven guineas were still available.

FRANK P. TOWNSEND
Newfoundland, N.J.

Klan portrait

Dear Mr. Editor:

The lament ". . . maybe there's something you don't understand, coming from the North," expresses in a nutshell the problem which faced Stewart Alsop. Unless you have lived in the South all of your life, you can't understand the many facets of the racial issue. Yet, from the lead paragraph to the conclusion of the article, Mr. Alsop shows a remarkable amount of insight. All things considered, I feel that PORTRAIT OF A KLANSMAN [April 9] is the most accurate and best-written article I have yet seen regarding the Ku Klux Klan.

DAVID MEAD MC WETHY
Laurel, Miss.

Dear Editor:

The author wrote that maybe there is something about the K.K.K. that northerners don't understand. Well, nobody in the South seems to understand the Klan either, not even the ignorant, confused "poor white trash" who join it. I am white and neither for nor against integration of the races, but I think I can see integration coming, so why try to fight the whole U.S. Government?

HOWARD THOMPSON
Goldsboro, N.C.

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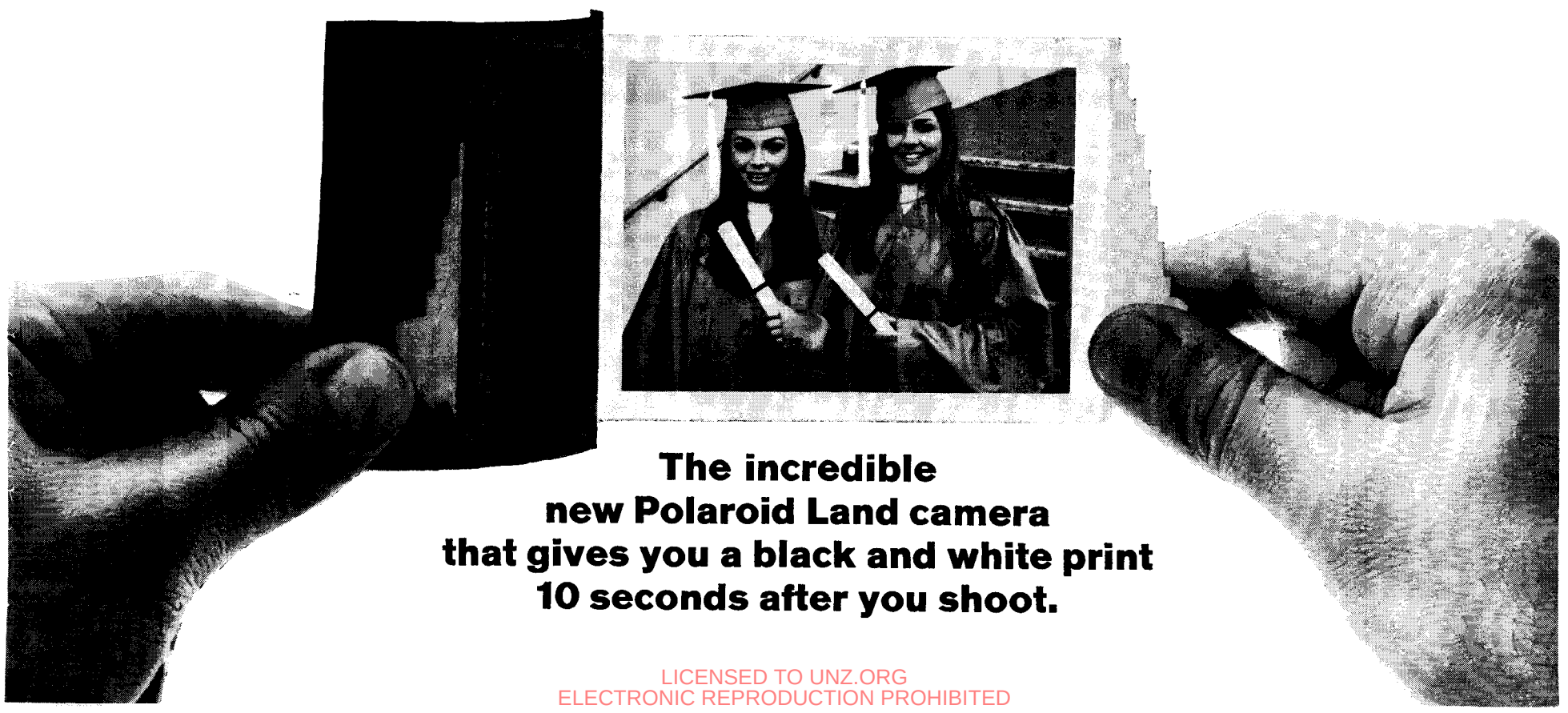

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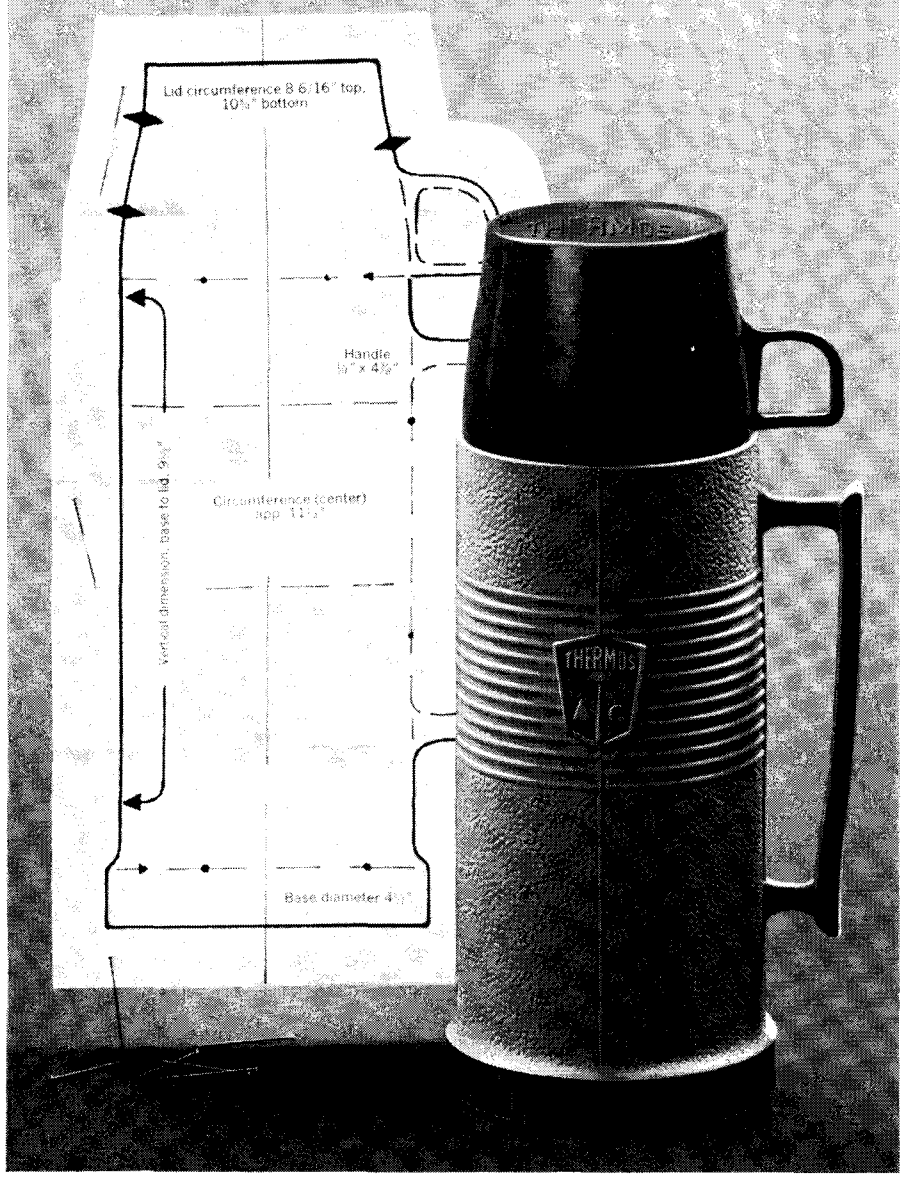

Others are all right—if the original is unavailable. Fortunately, when it comes to vacuum bottles the original is very much available. Thermos brand vacuum bottles have never been matched. With good reason. Of all other brands, only Thermos is in the glass business. Only Thermos makes its own Stronglas fillers, the most durable in the industry. Only Thermos is the originator of the brand that made the vacuum bottle famous. Look for genuine Thermos brand vacuum bottles and compare them with any others. You'll see there's really no comparison at all.

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Letters

Dear Mr. Alsop:

That was a most moving and horrifying piece. I spent a year in the Mississippi delta and wrote about it in last August's *Atlantic Monthly*. You might be appalled and fascinated to see how very short a jump it is from the attitude of ordinary Southerners to the attitude of the Klansmen.

And the damn thing is that the Klan has not really had any influence in the delta since the '20's, and has none now. The White Citizens Councils have been moderately active, but not in comparison to the rest of the state. And yet, and yet. These people *think* like a Klansman, even if there isn't a klavern within 100 miles. The revival of the Klan is the result and flower of the common psychopathology, not some aberration like Rockwell's Nazi Party.

RICHARD BOETH
New London, N.H.

Dear Sir:

As a student of karate, I must emphatically declare that Klansman Cranford is totally ignorant of this art. Karate is a *weaponless* art of *defense*, not offense as shown by Cranford. The Japanese words *Kara-Te-Do* signify the "Way of the Empty Hand." That Klansman Cranford could demonstrate "'karate' with a bayonet" is completely absurd. This is no more karate than burning a cross is Christianity.

RICHARD R. KERN
Silver Spring, Md.

Vietnam: war and peace

Dear Sir:

Thank you for publishing Sen. J. W. Fulbright's splendid and most timely article, WE MUST NEGOTIATE PEACE IN VIETNAM. His very logical reasoning on this tragic, undeclared war must, I am sure, find favor with thinking people throughout the world, and especially with Americans who somehow find themselves entangled in a costly foreign adventure.

To correct past errors and to save lives, to save our nation's rather than our President's face, must be the patriotic duty of every good American.

IRVING H. FLAMM
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

History has shown that aggressors cannot be appeased so easily by giving them chunks of territory every so often. This merely whets the Communist appetite for more. I say knock the hell out of them before we all wake up dead.

ROBERT S. FRICK JR.
Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's wholesome essay on Vietnam [SMALL WAR FOR A GREAT POWER, April 9] was a great contribution to a realistic approach to this absorbing national enterprise. Incidentally, I applaud his quashing of the bathos of "our boys." As soon as a young American male takes the oath of enlistment in the armed forces he is a *man*—or else!

R. L. GREENE, COL. USA (*Ret.*)
Pelham, Mass.

Sir:

I would like to take issue with Mr. Alsop's bland generalization that the Vietnam war is being fought by "professional" soldiers and volunteers. He paints a picture of a seasoned fighter, a man of 30 to 40 years, with years of military experience behind him.

My husband has been in Vietnam for one year as part of a combat unit. He has lived in over 100-degree heat and fought in jungles Mr. Alsop would have us believe are almost mythical. My husband did not volunteer for this assignment. He was shipped out as were all marines in the 3rd Division. And, like many of our "professional" fighters in Vietnam—my husband is not yet 20 years old.

MARTHA E. ANDREWS
Baltimore, Md.

The highwaymen

Dear Sir:

John Skow's article, THE "HIGHWAYMEN" COME TO MORRISTOWN, should be reprinted in gold leaf on giant slabs of asphalt and sent to all state governors, the federal Bureau of Public Roads, and the President of the United States.

The article was of particular relevance to readers in the part of New Jersey where I live, for the same cast of characters—the highway commissioner and his various lieutenants—is about to unroll Interstate 95 through us. Although they could quite conveniently build I-95 close to and parallel to either the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Reading Railroad, they prefer to cut a bold new swath and change the landscape forever.

The interstate-highway program is not being carried out with any great sensitivity to values other than those felt by motorists, as Mr. Skow so ably makes clear. Some of us have tried to assemble citizens' committees from various municipalities, so that the voice of the people who will be living near a new road can be heard. We have engaged Ian McHarg, professor of landscape architecture and regional planning at the University of Pennsylvania, to study our situation and help make objective views, supported by the people, known to the state.

We have had enough success with this to make me feel that I should pass the idea along to the *Post*'s readers. Citizens' committees formed on a statewide basis may be one way to bring effective pressure to bear on state highway departments; to encourage them to broaden their criteria for choosing routes, taking into consideration someone else besides the man behind the wheel, whose cost per mile and elapsed travel time seem to be more important than the homes and resources of the people who live in a new highway's path.

JOHN MCPHEE
Princeton, N.J.

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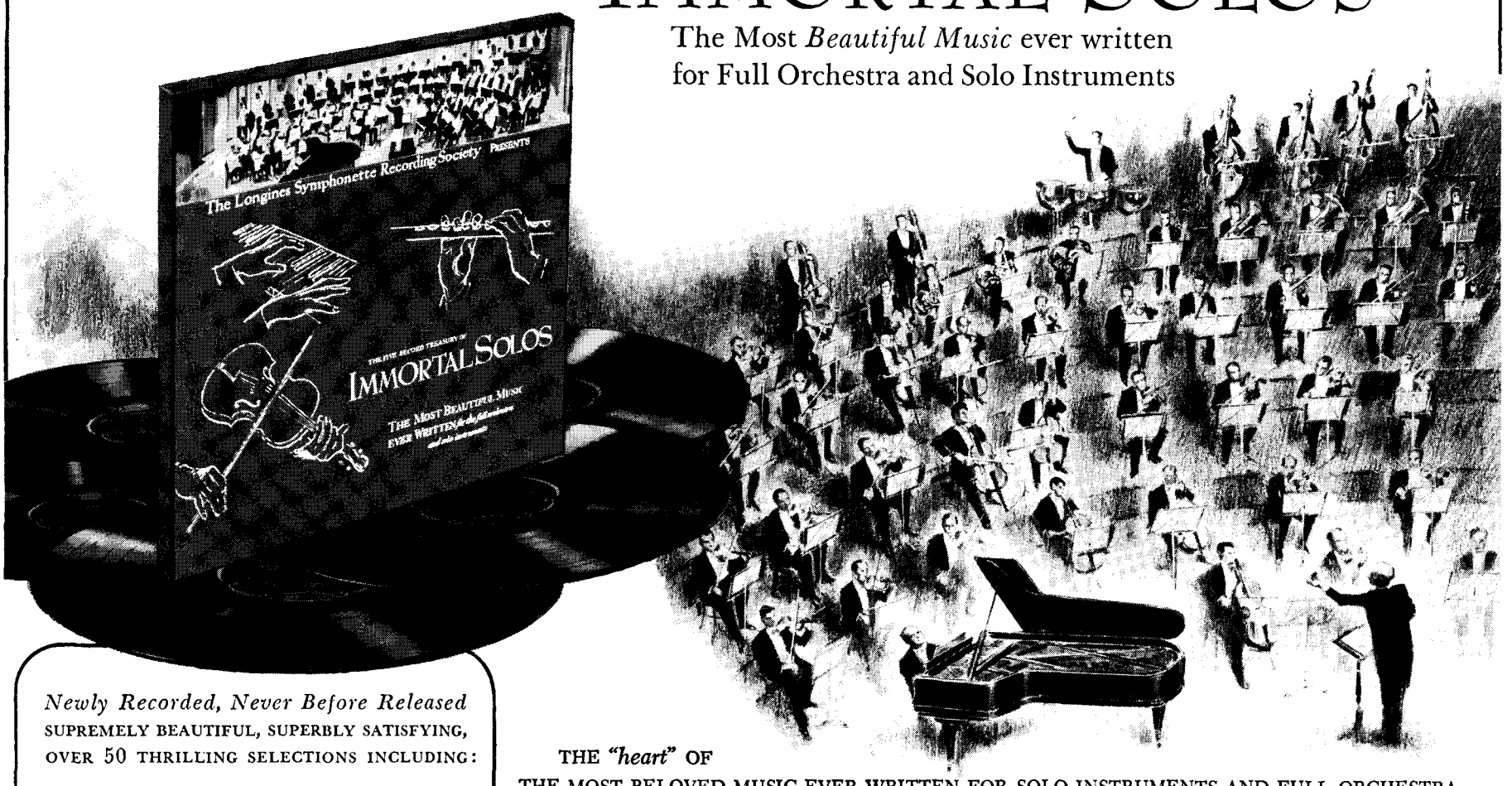

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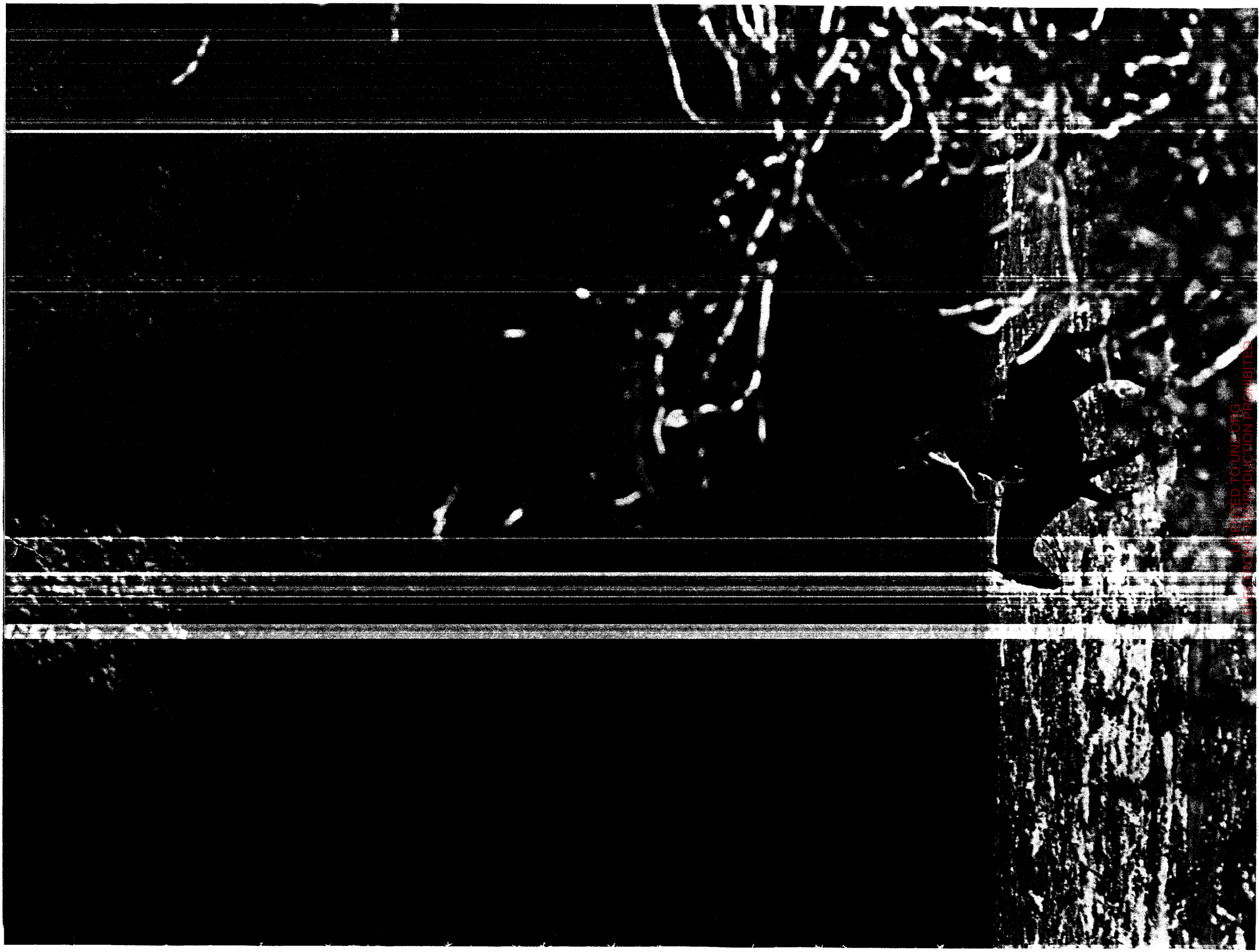

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ONLY FOOLS LAUGH AT THEIR WOES

by Angus Wilson

Perhaps in its very beginnings a sense of humor was a civilizing force. It was essentially the moderate, commonsensical, prudent smile of the middle class as they came to power in the 18th century. By now, however, a sense of humor can serve only three political purposes: It can make failure easily bearable, reduce achievement by cozy false modesty, or disguise defeat. Wherever it is found, I believe, a sense of humor is a weapon of insensitivity and complacency, or of the alarm which the insensitive feel when their complacency is pierced.

It is usually said by apologists for the English sense of humor that it was this quality which made Englishmen endure the horrors of two world wars. This, I believe, is an illusion. True, the Tommy of the First World War, as served up for the civilian middle classes in the pages of the humor magazines, was the embodiment of an accepting sense of humor—the grizzled, walrus-moustached, tin-hatted soldier, Old Bill, in his waterlogged shell hole, telling his mate who complains, "If you know a better 'ole, go to it." But all this was a bowdlerized version of reality invented for genteel middle-class home-front consumption.

The truth that we have gradually learned was a far more savage, ironic mood; the commercial popular songs of the 1914 war may have been sentimental or decorously humorous, but the parodies of them actually sung by the soldiers were coarse, violent and anarchic. So too with the famous "cockney" humor of the blitz of World War II—for overseas consumption this was bowdlerized into an accepting chuckle—a sort of lower-class version of Mrs. Miniver's stiff upper-class upper lip as seen through the eyes of Hollywood. Anyone who lived with Londoners during the heavy air raids will remember that the laughter was really a fierce, aggressive and satirical laughter, where there was any laughter at all. Only those ostriches who were determined to keep their heads in the sand kept saying from time to time that in the end we should laugh Hitler out of existence.

But, of course, we did no such thing. When reality broke through during 1940, we learned to fight back with anger, passion and determination. Laughter—bitter, ribald or fierce—there certainly was; but gentlemanly smiling, whether at the enemy or ourselves, could not be afforded for the duration.

It had taken us a long time to learn. Few intelligent Englishmen who love their own national culture can look back on those years preceding the war without disgust, for it was then that the English middle-classes steadfastly refused to face reality, and, in so refusing, brought our country to its present dubious, jolting journey from the brink of one disaster to another. It is easy to understand why the English acted like ostriches at that time: To be catapulted from the warm, seemingly eternal Edwardian daydream of ease and greatness into the nightmare horrors of World War I had been so traumatic that who could wish to face steadily a future of millions of workless, and an overseas empire declining in suppressed but festering racial hatred? It is easy to understand but hard to forgive the leaders. When I think of the British prime ministers of those years, above all Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain, it is the complacent sense of humor with which they greeted growing world catastrophe that appalls me most. Mr. Baldwin with his pipe, his smile of a broad-minded parson, was the very embodiment of this sense of humor. Neville Chamberlain, shortly before Hitler's invasion of Norway which ended the phony war and began the long, cruel occupation of Europe, told us with characteristic homely sense of humor, "Mr. Hitler has missed the bus." It needed all Winston Churchill's extravagance, vulgar aristocratic showiness, rhetoric and invective to wipe away this defensive yet complacent smile from English faces.

Unfortunately we English did not lose our cozy sense of humor completely even after the second war, nor did our leaders. Never did there seem to be such a merry twinkle in the eye of Clement Attlee, the prime minister from 1945 to 1951, as in the days when overprolonged and badly publicized austerity was bringing his postwar Labor Government to a sad, premature end; never did Prime Minister Harold Macmillan appear such a chuckling avuncular embodiment of humor as in those months before the Profumo scandal finally broke, ultimately to bring to an end the long years of Tory rule. I watch now with alarm for any sign of a twinkle or chuckle when our political leaders appear on television.

Yet let me be fair to my own countrymen—sense of humor is not just a national weakness. Those cozy family jokes that shut out the rest of the world in our Edwardian days are to be found flourishing in the United States—they are specially imported to England's television in the form of the Dick Van Dyke Show to remind us of our own cozy days now past. As for the arrogance of the Victorian sense of humor that represented the laughter of the powerful at the absurd impotence of the outside world, one has only to spend an hour or two with the Russian Establishment when it is in playful mood. The full, rich, self-assured quality of the Victorian sense of humor can, I have no doubt, be recaptured at present among the honored and established Soviet writers as they smilingly discuss the protests of liberal writers abroad against the renewed persecution of ideological heretics.

Perhaps, as I have said, humor was once a civilizing force. It was a weapon in a war on two fronts—against the arrogance, cruelty and selfishness of the aristocratic code of honor with its wit, its easy seduction of socially inferior women, its duelling and its hard living, and against the savagery, barbarity and coarseness of the mob with its wild horseplay, its dog fighting, its public executions. Between these two fierce humors, the middle class had to find its genteel, moderate way, and a sense of humor was one of its guides. The mob and the "swells" were both excessive savages to be smiled at, to be civilized by humor. But even in these early stages the new sense of humor was a gelding weapon, turning Restoration wit into the sentimental humor of *She Stoops to Conquer* (still a favorite with middle-class amateur dramatic societies) and toning down the extravagant baroque style of 17th-century prose writers into the sweet, vapid elegance of Addison and Steele.

Ever since then it has become an increasing enemy of the exciting, the new, the serious or the extraordinary in the arts, for if in politics and society a sense of humor means blinkered compromise, in the arts it means ghastly good taste, or Philistine academicism. Sense of humor persists in ignoring the serious element in Jane Austen's novels; sense of humor has cut down the mad, extravagant verbal genius of Charles Dickens to fit a homemade Father Christmas model; sense of humor has ignored all the irrational farce in Shaw's plays which made them truly revolutionary by explaining that sometimes his humor overstepped the bounds and turned into mere clowning; sense of humor has tried to reduce Charlie Chaplin's genius to the easily patronizable figure of the "little man." Sense of humor seizes on whatever is fierce in satire and invective, or whatever is crazy in farce, and tries to make these elements "ordinary" or "lovable."

One of the greatest achievements of an English sense of humor was to genteelize the rich coarseness of the old music hall, first into the sentimental whimsy of Sir Harry Lauder and now at last into the dead vapidities of television vaudeville—and all this in the name of that sacred cow, the family audience.

But in art, a sense of humor can only geld the masterpieces of the past for a time; its real danger lies in what it can do to the new and revolutionary forms. Almost everything new in the arts could be a conscious or unconscious hoax; much of it no doubt is. But the deep in-

Former diplomat, British Museum official and university lecturer, Mr. Wilson has published many novels and stories. He lives in Suffolk, beside the garden where he planted these daffodils.

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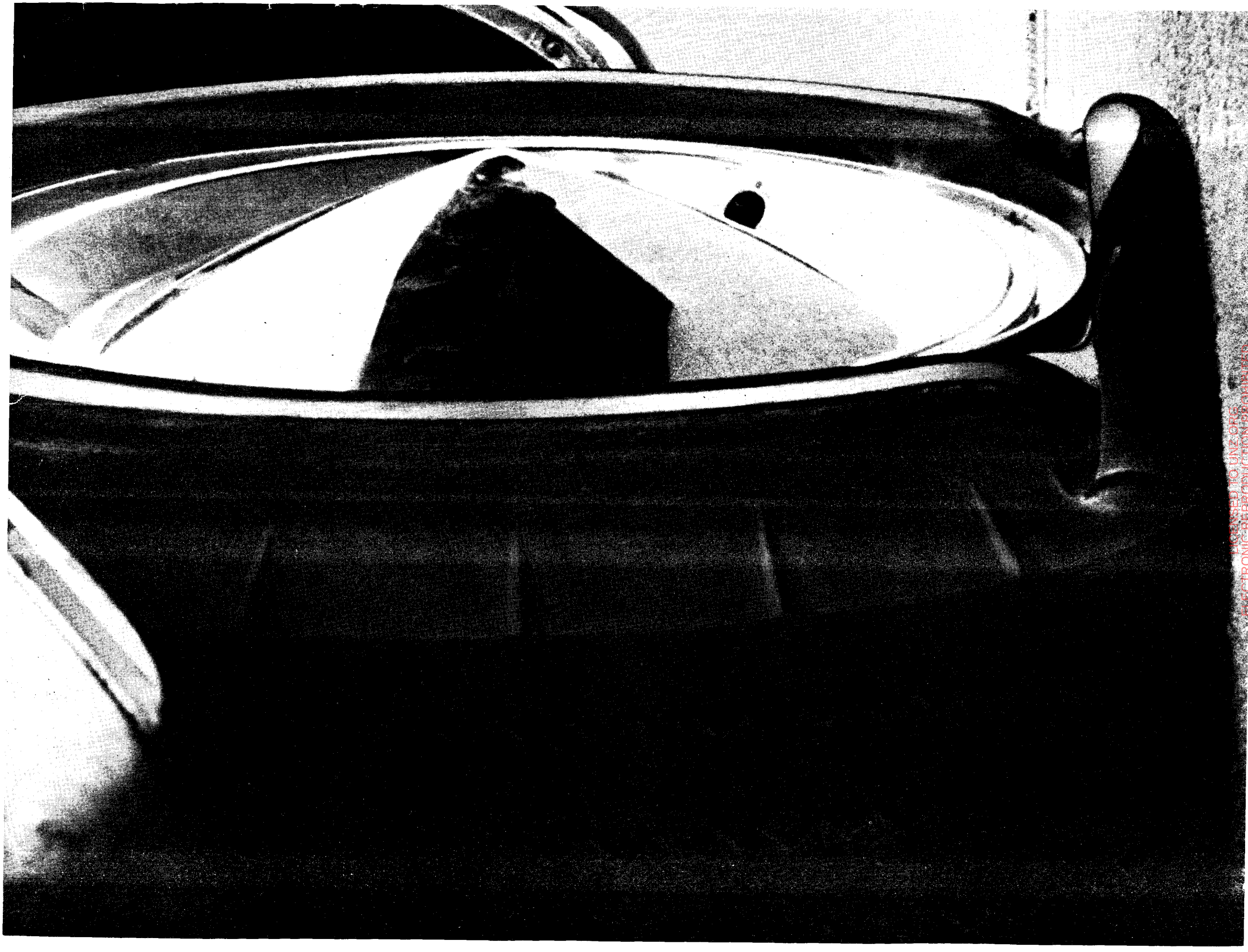

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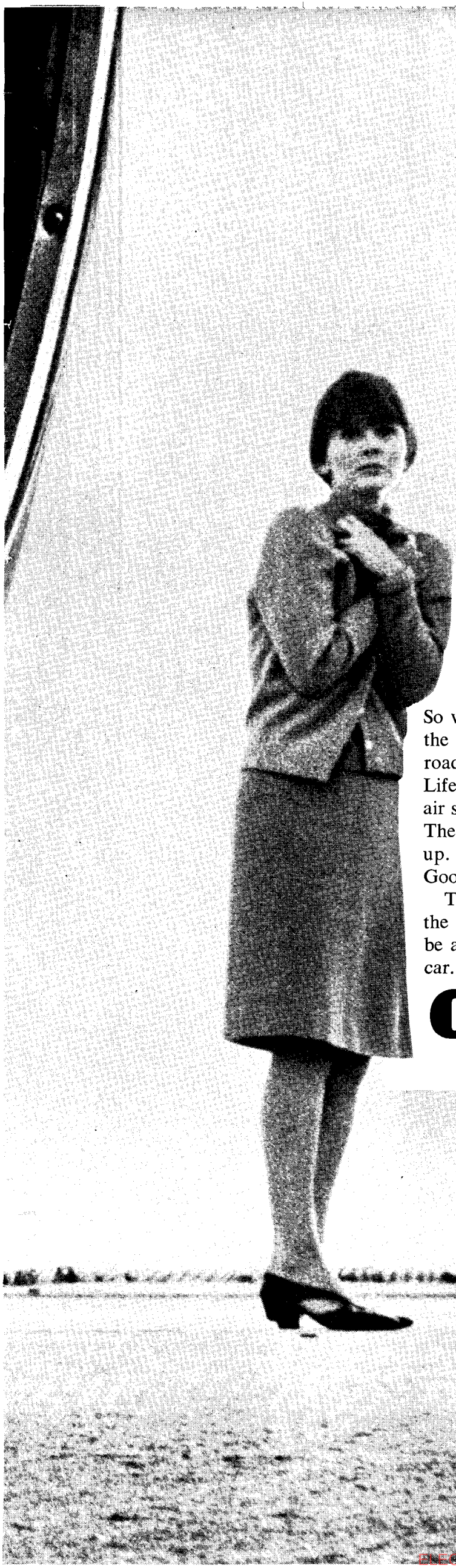

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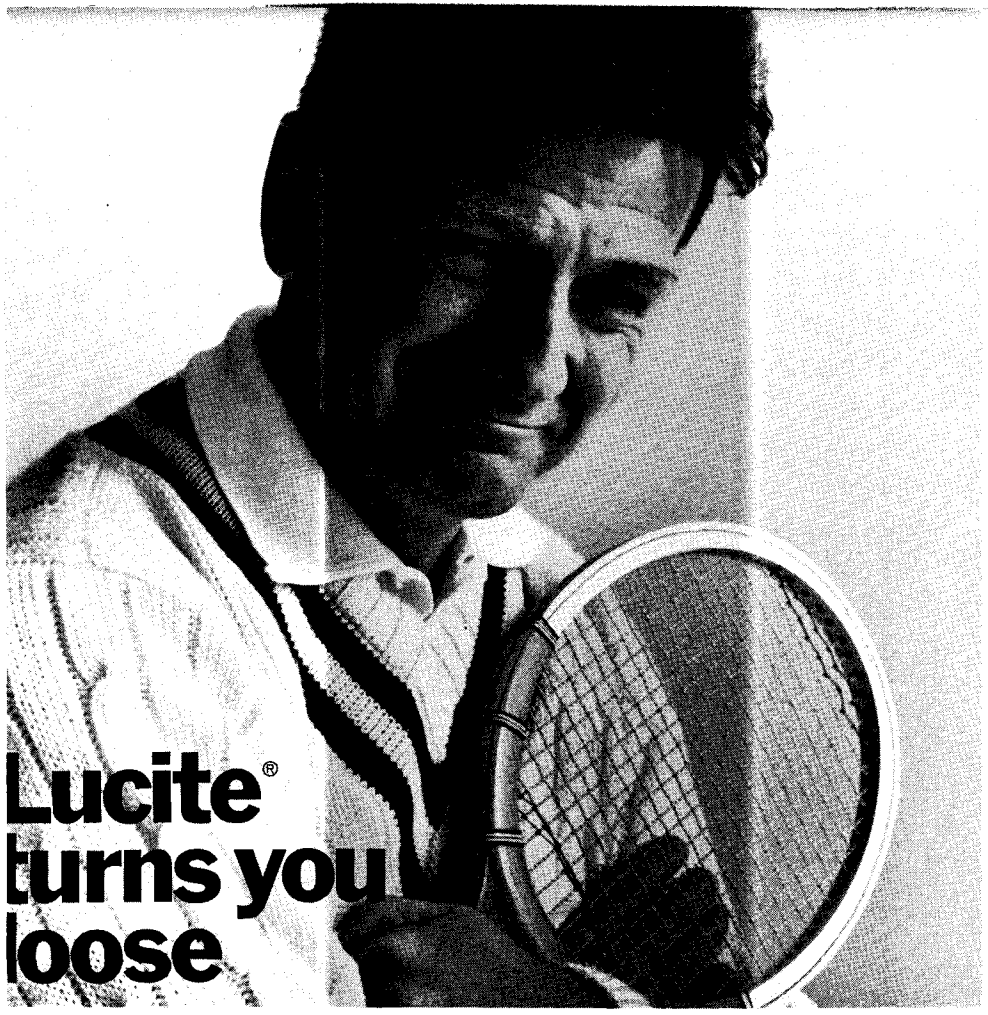

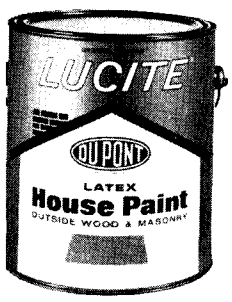

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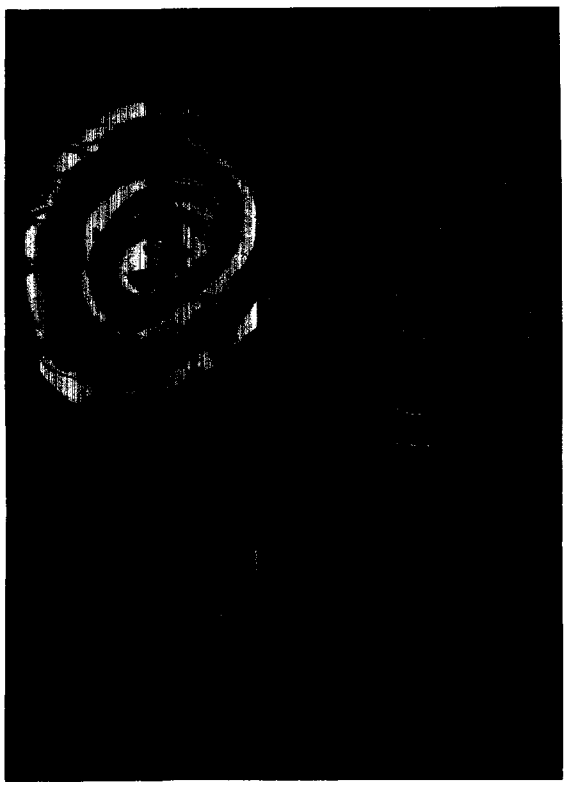

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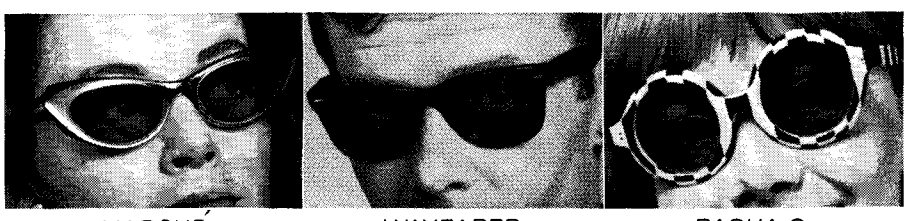

MARCHÉ WAYFARER PASHA C

security of those with a sense of humor is such that they would rather laugh 20 genuine new and revolutionary paintings or poems or musical compositions out of existence than be the victim of one hoax. Whatever is new in the arts, is, of course, frightening because it asks of us a genuine response instead of a conditioned reflex; it forces us to consider that most uncomfortable of things, ourselves, whether we really exist, whether we really feel at all.

Honor, I believe, is due every time to those angry people—they are always said in England to be colonels—who threaten abstract paintings with walking sticks, who walk protesting out of productions of such plays as *Endgame* or *Waiting for Godot;* but no honor to those who protect their alarm by jokes and smiles. The jokes about "modern art" and even more about the devotees of modern art are generations old and yet show no signs of disappearing. Of course the enthusiastic devotees of everything new are richly comic, but, like the angry colonels, they don't mind being laughed at. Those with a sense of humor never let themselves be laughed at; they laugh at others or, if they feel in danger of ridicule, they quickly smile at themselves, choosing their own more lovable foibles for their exercise of "healthy" self-mockery.

When on occasion I hear myself complaining about some modern playwrights—that John Osborne's brilliant invective is too undisciplined, or Harold Pinter's extraordinary ear for absurd dialogue is repetitious—I remind myself of the sort of London theater that I used to be taken to at the end of the school vacation in the late 1920's—a theater that was the epitome of the English sense of umor with all its debilitating vices. Tragedies were considered too strong meat for a schoolboy; thrillers were too juvenile for my adult relations. "Comedy" was the compromise; and the essence of compromise it was—the sort which means the surrender of all that's unusual or eccentric to the conventional and approved.

Erring husbands or wives were taught by spouses with stiff upper lips and a real sense of humor that they were too old to sow wild oats, and then the play ended with a humorous but decorously unenthusiastic acceptance of the old marital routine; sons or daughters who fancied themselves artistic or unconventional or different were soon teased out of such absurdities by parents with enough sense of humor to know that underneath an adolescent air of rebellion their children were every jot as flat, ordinary and boring as themselves; foreigners of various kinds were treated to a good dose of our humor and often proved to be English enough to laugh at themselves—that is, to recognize that they would have been happier and better men if they had been English. The general impression that a sense of humor will keep the world safe for mediocrity has remained with me and has influenced me ever since.

The audience reacted appropriately, never laughing out loud—my grandmother "dropped" a Canadian friend who laughed too loudly at the theater—but giving vent to little noises that could easily be turned from a subdued cough into a suppressed chuckle and back again. A relative of mine who prided himself on his sense of humor claimed to know whether such comedies were first class or not by the number of times he had to wipe his eye-glass during the performance. A play that roused his amusement enough to mist over the glass four times in an evening scored a bull's-eye—anything more would have been excessive, verging on farce, or on that most despised of all vulgarities, "custard-pie stuff." I was never allowed as a child to see this "custard-pie stuff" which was spoken of with such horror, but I suppose that it was a name for the inspired lunacy of the Keystone Kops and other fine comedians of the early movies.

Certainly the dead humor of the drawing-room comedies was a suitable accompaniment to the boarding-school life to which I was to return next day. Gone by then was all the old brutality of early English public-school novels like *Tom Brown's School Days,* a roughness that might, perhaps, have fitted in with Buster Keaton or Harold Lloyd. There only remained of the old Victorian "gentleman's education" a boring routine of great discomfort and heavy, indigestible food in ugly surroundings where one could acquire the sense of humor to grin and bear it, the sense of humor to be as much like all the other chaps as possible in the hope that one would pass unnoticed. In this boarding-school world a headmaster would count himself an educational genius who could write upon the report of an unusual or eccentric boy, "He has acquired a good deal more sense of humor this term and learned to laugh at himself a bit." Such progress could give the parents, who paid heavily even in those days for their son's education, a hope that he would emerge able to stifle any original impulse by an amused smile or a contented chuckle.

Of course the change of emphasis in England from a Victorian sense of humor that was directed outward to everyone who was different, odd or foreign to the widely publicized national power of "laughing at ourselves" has been a constant process accompanying the decline in national power. If you no longer feel confident that foreigners are a lesser breed, hard, braying laughter does not come so easily to the lips. The current stage is the quick little laugh at ourselves, protecting us from others' laughter by getting in first. This is the sense of humor of the once-have-beens and the new poor. I dislike it intensely as it manifests itself today in England as national humor because I was brought up in a family in social and economic decline, and I hear and see in England's laughter at itself today the embarrassed, resigned laughter of some of my relatives and the brave little smile of others. From experience I know that to laugh at one's own adversities is a substitute for some action to mend them, while the brave little smile is too often a way of reminding other people that one has had a raw deal and involving them in one's own discomfort.

That is why the angry invective or the wild irrationalisms of the new dramatists of the theater of cruelty and of the absurd are such a refreshment not despite but because of their extravagance, their bad taste and their exhibitionism. So ingrained is a sense of humor in my generation that I find myself about to make fun of myself as the older writer comically anxious to keep in with the young avant-garde. But I shall do no such thing, for one good thing the wild writers have done is to suggest that it is no virtue to wriggle out of your commitments with a charming smile at oneself.

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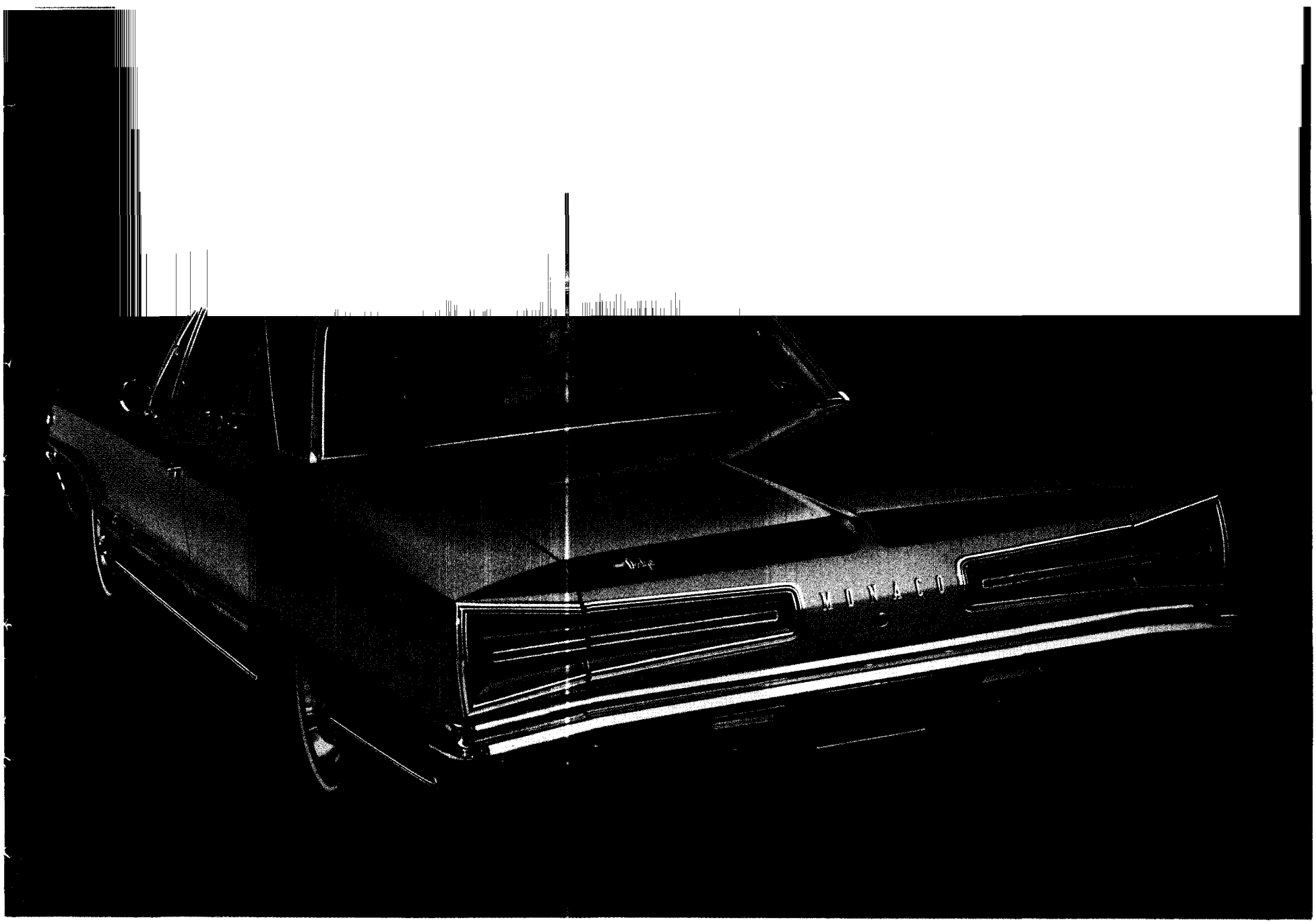

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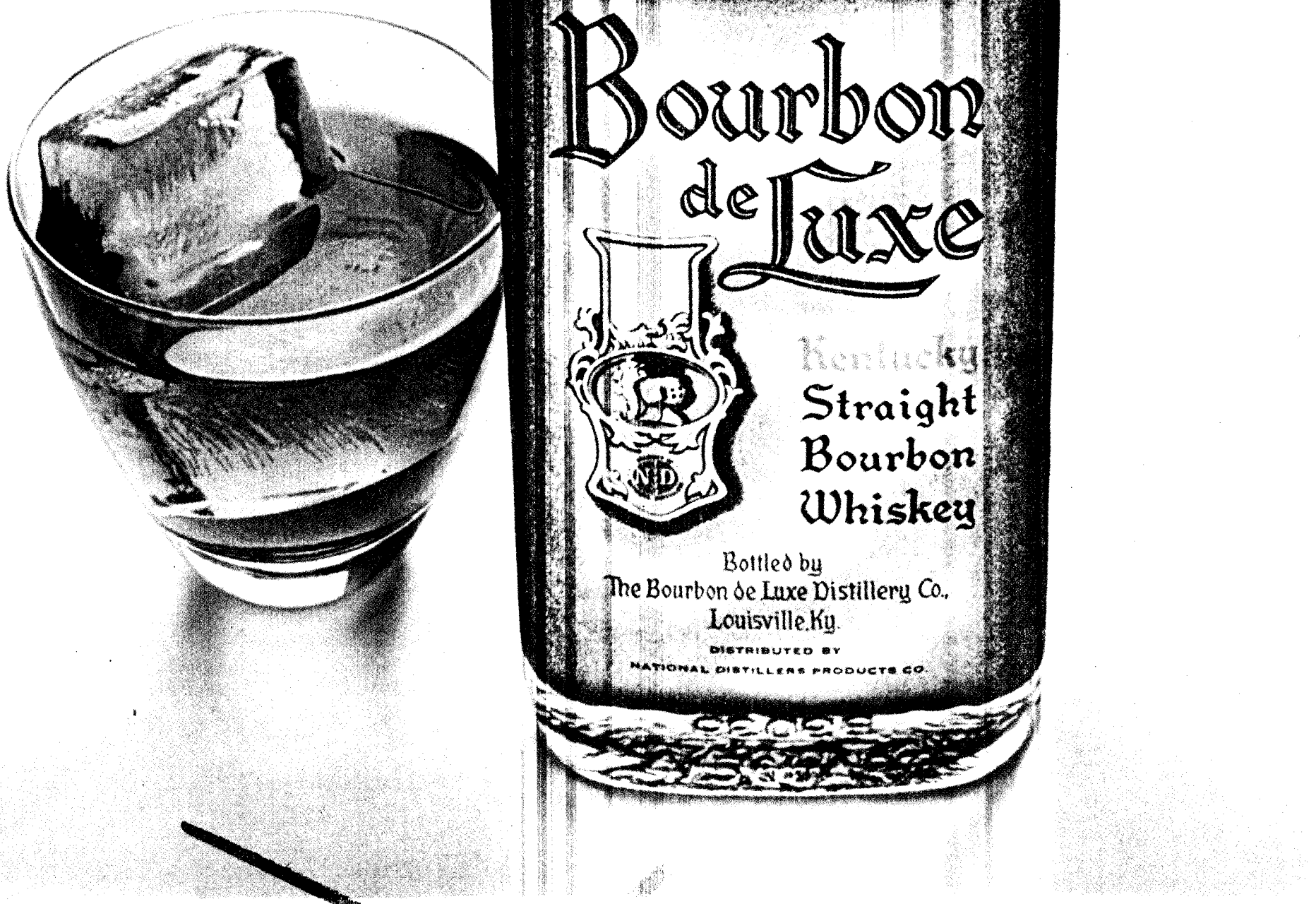

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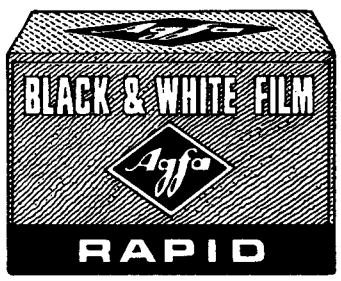

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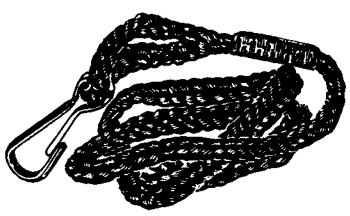

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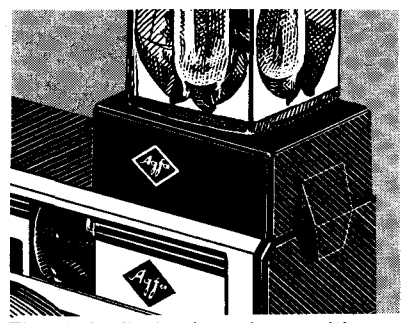

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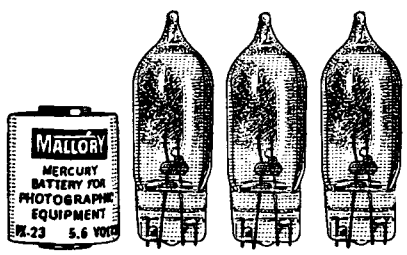

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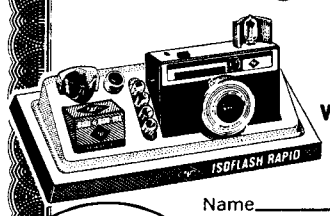

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'Each man kills the thing he loves'

WASHINGTON:

The editors of this magazine, noting that during the winter I spent a great deal of time in the South, hunting quail, have asked me, with some asperity, to explain why a grown man should spend so much time murdering small birds. I thought it would be easy, until I tried, and then I found quail hunting even more difficult to explain clearly than Lyndon Johnson and the war in Vietnam.

A lot of people, some of them very rich, share my passion for quail hunting. These small chickenlike birds help to support the economy of southeastern United States, for they draw the Yankee dollar southward in a lush, green tide. There are hundreds of Yankee-owned quail-hunting plantations in the South. They employ thousands of people, for quail hunting is serious business.

On a recent hunt in Georgia for six hunters (or "guns") I counted 24 humans, including dog handlers, horse handlers, wives and other camp followers; 22 horses, 4 mules, 24 dogs and 2 big rubber-tired dog wagons. This is quail hunting in the grand style. But even a hunt on a relatively modest scale is likely to involve 10 horses, 10 riders, 4 dogs and a dog truck with driver. In a hunt on this scale, assuming an average afternoon's bag of 12 to 20 birds in all, the hunter-hunted ratio works out to more than two tons of hunter per pound of hunted.

No doubt it is possible to walk out into the woods with a dog and a gun and try to shoot quail. But if you are serious about quail hunting, you have to mount an expedition on the scale of an African safari. For the quail is a most elusive bird.

A quail is about as big as a small robin, and the birds live together in coveys of a dozen or more. In good quail country there may be one covey of birds to every 40 acres or so. So if you want to find a lot of birds, you have to cover a lot of ground—on a day's hunt, you may ride upward of 20 miles and hunt over several thousand acres of ground.

Sometimes the dogs, snuffling for birds out in front of the horses, find nothing for an hour or more at a time. These dry periods are part of the charm of quail hunting, for during them, as your horse plods beneath the pines or through ocher seas of sedge grass, you can let your mind wander lazily in a way that is impossible in the telephone-ridden city. You think about some pleasant thing that happened long ago and that you had forgotten; or about the beauty of the sun filtering through the Spanish moss on the scrub oaks; or about nothing at all. Then, sooner or later, you hear the electrifying shout: "POINT!"

Somewhere out in front a dog has gone rigid, its tail pointing like a sword in the air, its belly close to the ground, its nose outstretched toward the scent of the quail. Another dog "honors the point," freezing in midstride. You get off your horse, if it is your turn to shoot, and pull your shotgun out of the scabbard, and as you walk up behind the pointing dogs, your heart beats faster, though you may have done the same thing a thousand times before.

"CareFUL, careFUL," the dog handler shouts to the dogs, as they begin to creep, bellies scraping the ground, toward the birds they smell, closing in on them relentlessly. Sometimes the trailing lasts a long time. A dog with a good nose can smell birds at 50 yards or more, and as the dogs creep snakelike through the thick cover, and you walk behind them with your gun at the ready, the suspense is agonizing.

Then, always when you least expect it, there it is—the sudden, startling, explosive whir of a covey rise, and the air is suddenly full of little birds streaking off toward the horizon. If the birds all rise together, as they often do, you may have only a couple of seconds to shoot. You do not think at all. Your gun is at your shoulder, the safety off, and the computer every shooter develops in his head takes over, to calculate the speed and angle of flight of the bird, and correct the aim accordingly.

When the internal computer works, the bird crumples in the air in front of you, and frantically you switch your aim to another bird, trying for a "double." A man who "makes a double"—shoots two birds with two shells on one covey rise—is likely to wear a simpering air of modest pride for the rest of the day.

For shooting quail is not easy. Even the best shot will have days when he misses more than half the time. It is always gratifying, after a covey rise, to hear the dog handler speaking to his dogs: "DAID bird. DAID bird. Hunt close. Find 'em, boy, find 'em." But quite often a covey will rise, there will be a fusillade of shots, and then a disgusted silence.

The quail is a clever bird, which is why he is hard to kill. The birds seem to become cleverer every year, by a process of natural selection—the stupider birds, which fly straight and give the hunter a good shot, are killed off in every quail generation. Some quail have learned to take off the moment they hear hunters in the distance, and some have become so diabolically clever that they fly directly toward the shooting party, giving the shooter the option of not shooting, or risking the murder of a fellow guest.

The quail is a charming as well as a clever bird. In sharp contrast to the ferocious dove, the quail is a sociable and peace-loving bird. Quail live happily together, keeping each other warm in cold weather and warning each other with little peeps of approaching danger. They are also very pretty. So why kill them?

They are very good to eat, of course. But they are rather more expensive than ortolans' tongues, the traditional dish of extravagant princes. It is a reasonable estimate that the average cost of quail meat, when you add up the whole expense of a quail hunt, comes to about $200 a pound. Men do not hunt quail simply from hunger.

Most quail hunters, I have noticed, are also passionate quail lovers. "Yet each man kills the thing he loves," wrote Oscar Wilde, and perhaps this explains something about quail hunting. But I suspect that quail hunting is really a form of madness, like golf, or skiing, or love, and thus inherently inexplicable.

The quail season is only a memory now, but another quail season will come. Already I can see in my mind's eye next season's first point, with the dogs frozen, the heart beating faster, the gun at the ready. And then the sudden whir of the covey rise, and the only thing that matters in the whole world is to kill one—perhaps even two—of those lovable little birds.

Stewart Alsop

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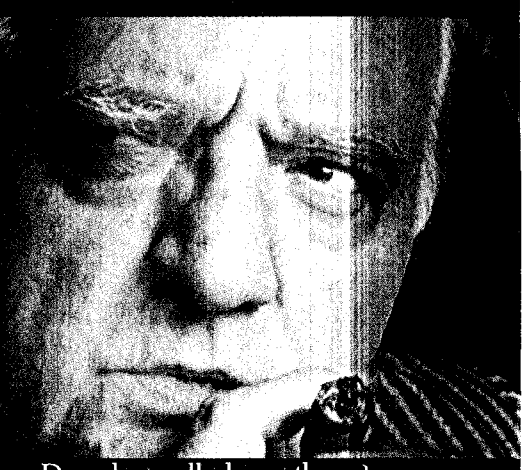
What kind of man uses Vaseline Hair Tonic?

He's got three 3's looking at three kings. Does his opponent have four kings...or kings full?

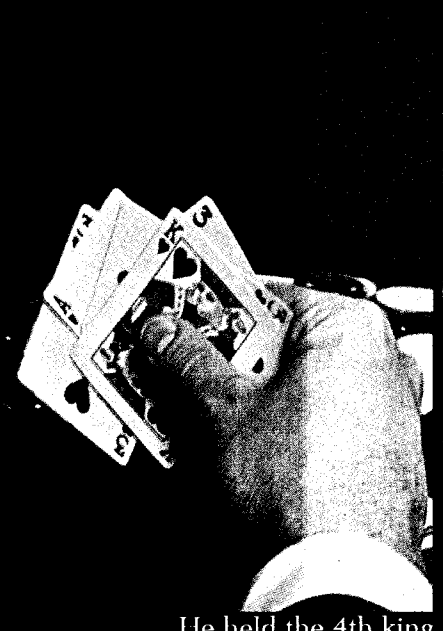
By betting he says, "I have four 3's".

Is he bluffing?



Does he really have them?

Can't chance it. Fold.



He held the 4th king, so the bluff was a good bet.

The man who knows how to take care of himself uses Vaseline Hair Tonic.

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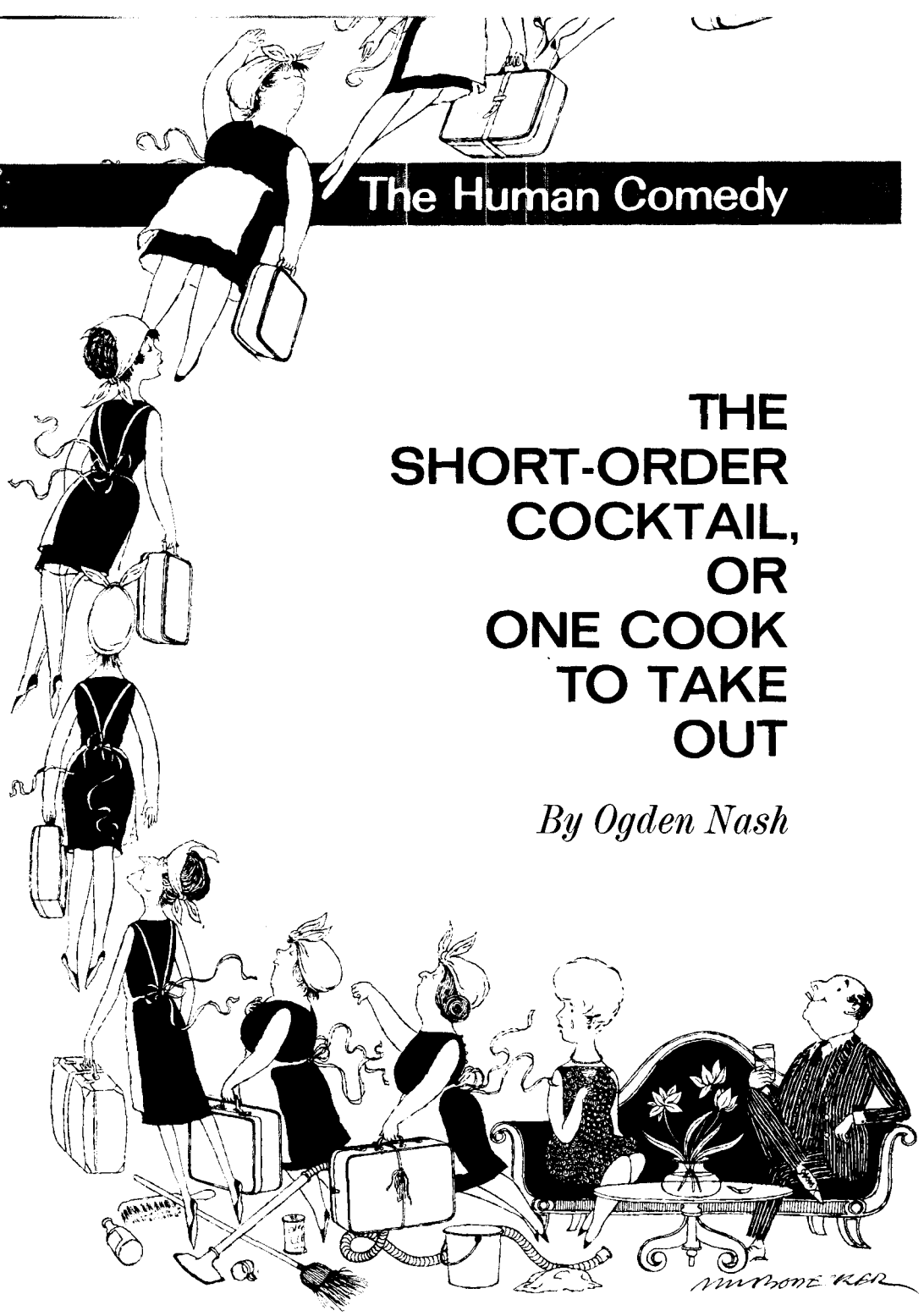
THE SHORT-ORDER COCKTAIL, OR ONE COOK TO TAKE OUT

By Ogden Nash



Once there was a couple named Mr. and Mrs. Plackett,

And for many years they had more domestic helpers than any of their friends of similar status and bracket.

They had had a whole alphabet of helpers, from Agatha and Adelaide right through Karen and Katinka all the way to Yolanda and Zenobia,

And Mrs. Plackett was happy, because the very thought of cooking or washing up inspired a feverish phobia.

Mr. Plackett was happy for Mrs. Plackett but somewhat given to self-pity,

Because the evening meal was invariably set before him twenty minutes after he got home from the city,

And he barely had time to wash up, much less settle down quietly to a second Martini or old-fashioned,

And he felt he was being arbitrarily rationed,

But if he didn't like it he could go stand in the nearest breadline,

Because Agatha or Katinka or whoever it was that week had an inviolable bus-catching deadline.

One night Mr. Plackett came home to find his wife broken-hearted,

Because the most recent domestic engineer had worked herself into a huff over some fancied slight and summarily departed,

And the episode wasn't laughable, it was wailable,

Because the employment agency reported that there were no more domestic engineers available.

Mr. Plackett didn't wail, but he knew enough not to laugh,

And he said, Well, dear, let's ponder the situation over a companionable drink and then have a pick-up supper of canned soup and toast and canned peaches and instant coffee in about an hour and a half.

He was as comforting as he was able,

But all the time he was thinking that now he could finish his cocktail at his leisure instead of either gulping it down or carrying it with him to the table.

His heart leaped up at the prospect of sit-down-when-you-are-darned-good-and-ready dining,

But he considered it wise to make sure that Mrs. Plackett caught some glimpse of silver lining,

And she gradually began to stop weeping like a willow

When he said, Do you remember how they used to leave strange parts of the vacuum cleaner on the living-room sofa and damp cleaning rags drying on top of my pillow?

And she smiled through her tears and said she also remembered how he had nobly refrained from mayhem and slaughter

Those many times when he had gone to the refrigerator for more ice and discovered that they had forgotten to refill the ice trays with water.

Mr. Plackett's self-confidence now grew more hearty;

He reminded her how they inevitably came up with the funeral of a dear one just the morning before she had planned something special in the way of a party.

By now she was giggling deliciously,

And she reminded him how whenever they were around, the level in the bourbon bottle kept dwindling suspiciously,

And he said yes, he was a battle-scarred campaigner

And had grown to regard any one of them who stayed long enough to get really high as a faithful old family retainer.

His second cocktail he then began to quaff,

And on him was the last laugh,

Because he hadn't noticed that during their conversation Mrs. Plackett had been darting in and out of the room like Fanny Farmer on a spree,

And five minutes earlier than the usual hour she curtsied archly and announced, *Monsieur est servi.*

Mr. Plackett emptied his glass into a vase of petunias and called on Heaven for aid,

And every evening thereafter when he got home he read the evening paper over a couple of indolently sipped cocktails and then took his wife out for dinner, either at Joe's Place or Chez Marcel, depending on how things had gone that day in the marts of trade.

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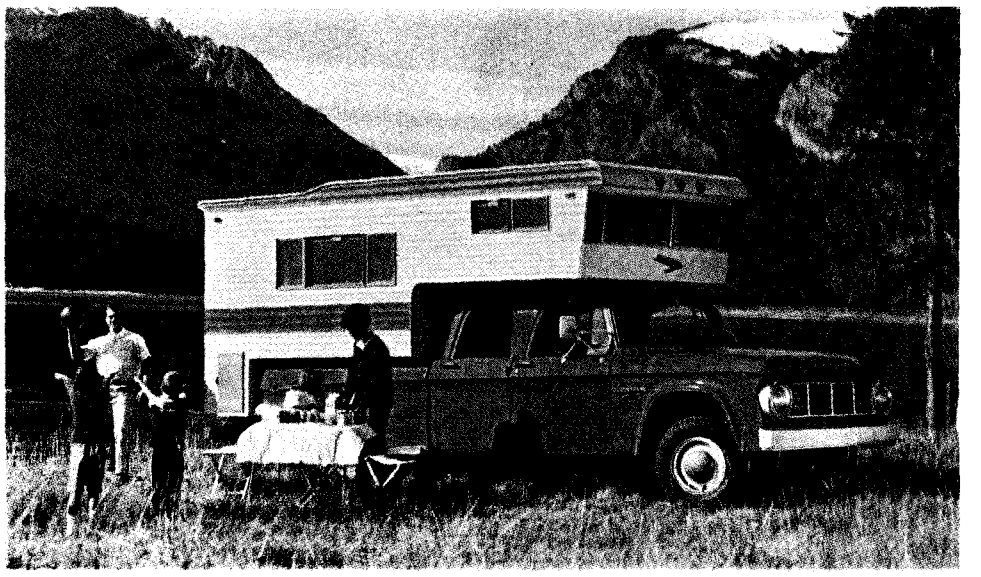
See America first on a stay-at-home budget



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At nearly three times the speed of sound, the jet transports of the future will generate tremendous heat. But Humble research has developed new

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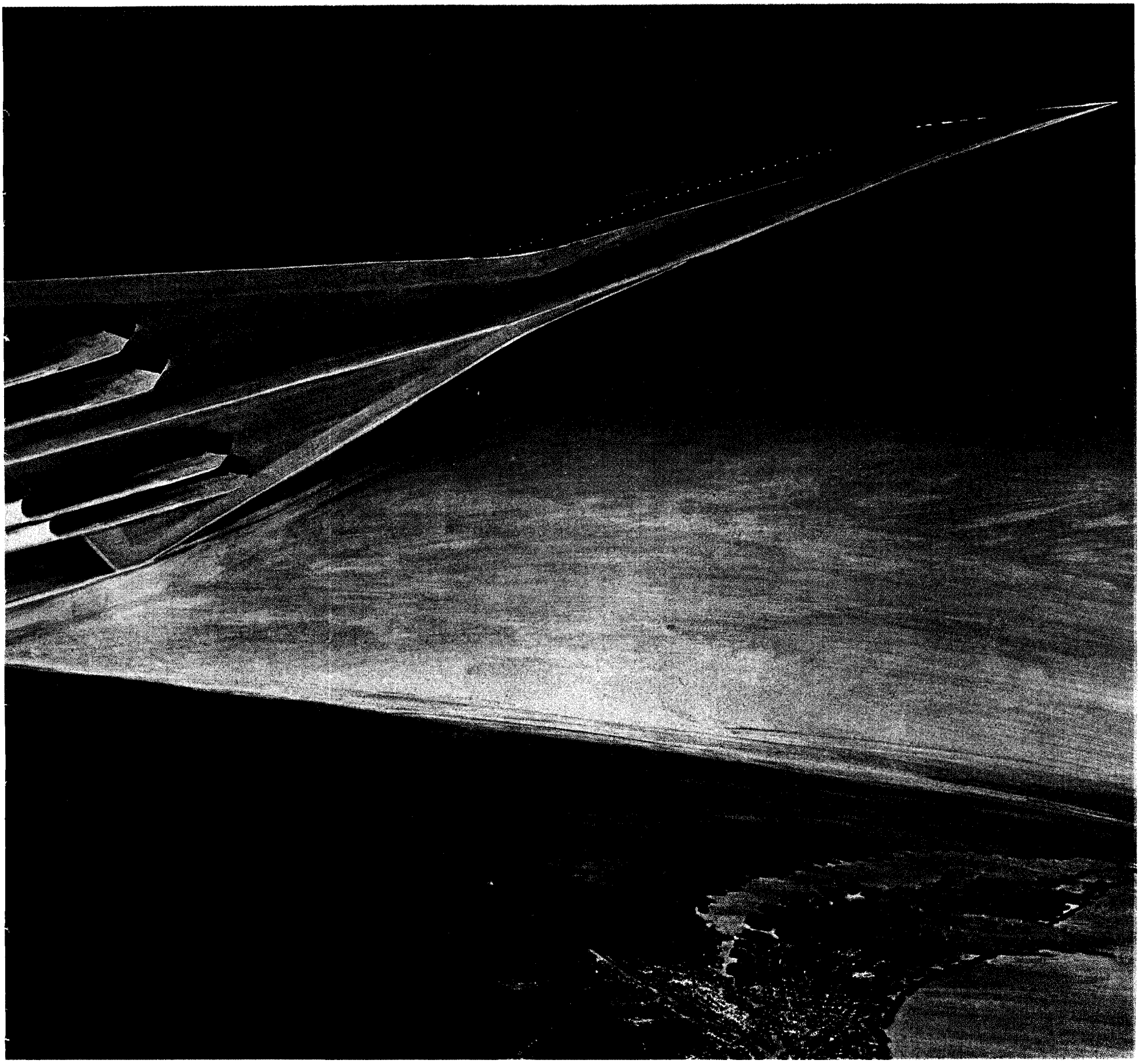
now we're working on something faster!



Artist's conception of 1800-mph jet transport passing over Atlantic coastline at an altitude of twelve miles.

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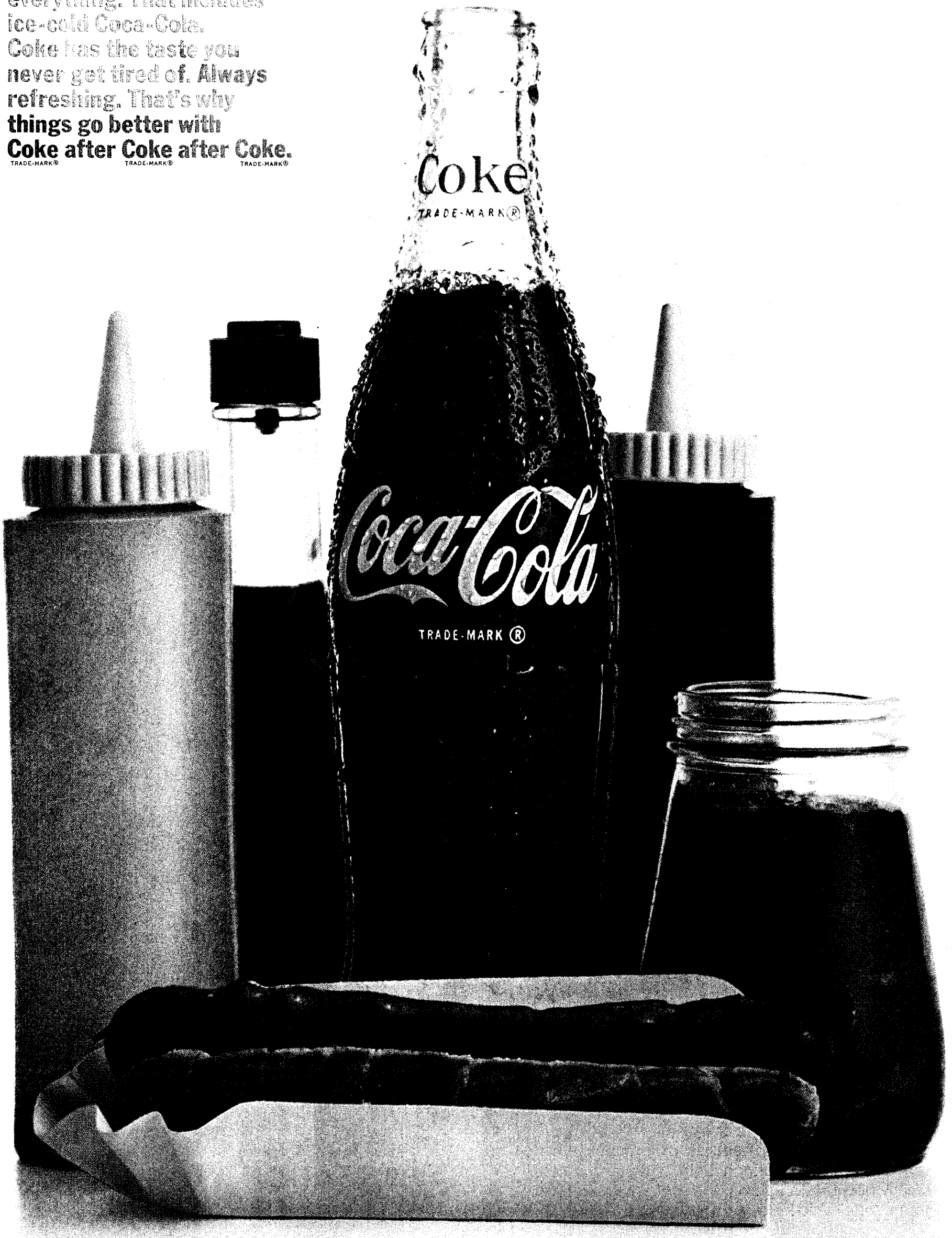

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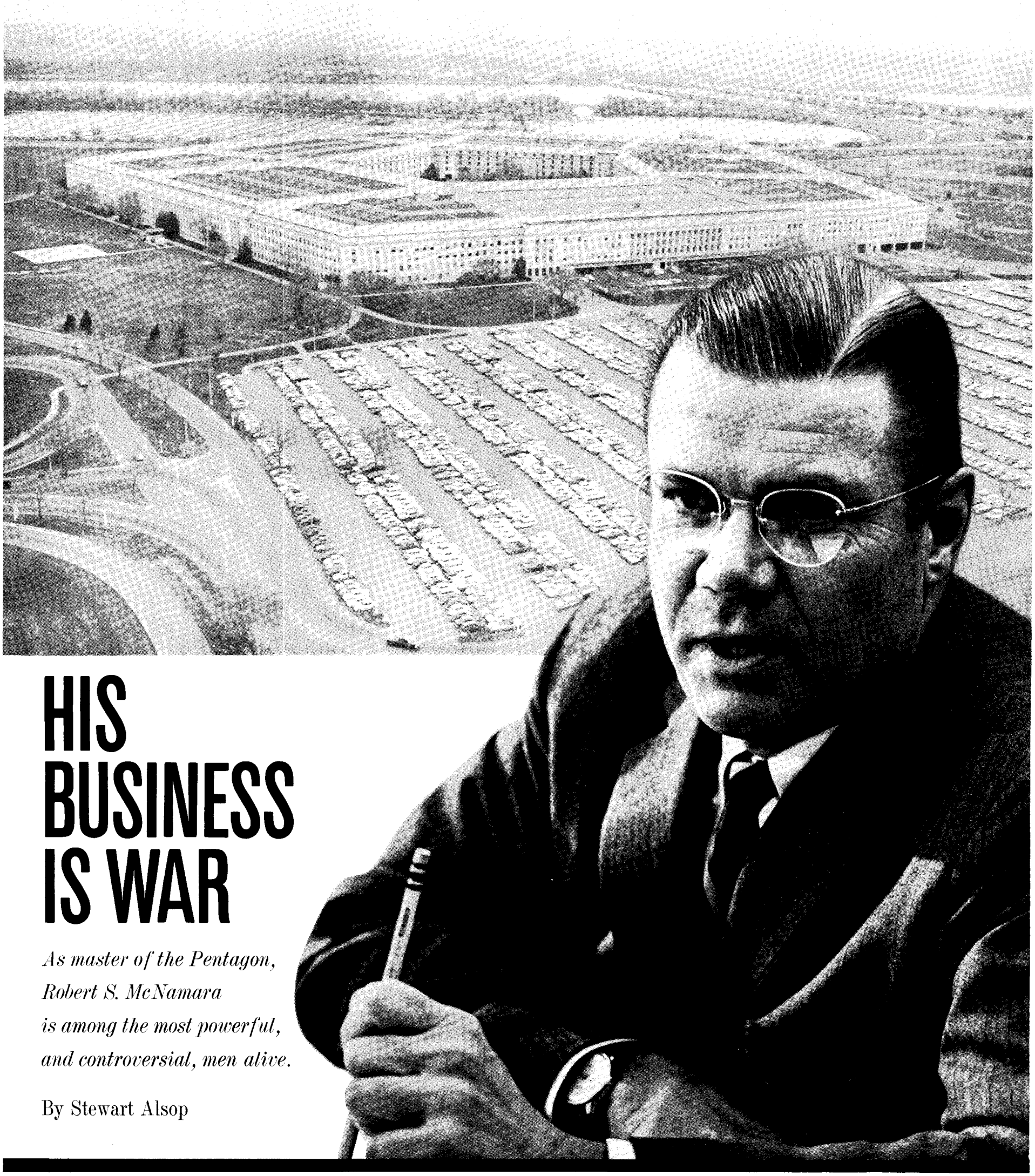
The Saturday Evening POST



HIS BUSINESS IS WAR

As master of the Pentagon, Robert S. McNamara is among the most powerful, and controversial, men alive.

By Stewart Alsop

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLLIE ATKINS

The huge desk in McNamara's office was once Gen. John J. Pershing's. Portrait is of James Forrestal, first Defense Secretary.

Now people realize what hardly anybody realized five years ago—*that it's impossible to win an all-out nuclear exchange.* Once you realize this, you arrive at certain rational conclusions."

The words in italics were spoken with great emphasis, in the rather rasping, oddly compelling voice of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. They were the most significant words in a long and remarkably candid talk which he recently had with this reporter. For they represent the basic, underlying thesis in a fascinating but little understood system of reasoning which has led McNamara to transform the entire defense structure of the United States.

More than five years ago, when he became Secretary of Defense, McNamara announced confidently that henceforth he expected the Defense Department to "speak with one voice." There was snickering among old hands at the Pentagon. No man on earth, they were quite certain, could force conformity on the three jealous and bitterly competing services.

Now, even in the midst of a small but cruel war, the Defense Department does indeed "speak with one voice"—and the voice is McNamara's. This is only one of the revolutionary changes which McNamara has forced on his great empire, although it is an extremely important change.

The Defense Department empire, over which McNamara now presides unchallenged, is an empire truly Roman in its reach, and it makes McNamara easily the second most powerful man in the United States and one of the half dozen or so most powerful men in the world. And yet very few people really understand what McNamara has done to the American defense structure, how he has done it—and why he has done it.

In one way or another, what happens in the American defense establishment is sure to affect the lives of all Americans, for it can cause the middle-aged to reach deeper into their pockets, or the young to risk their lives in a war half a world away. Almost four million Americans (a bit less than three million military, a bit more than a million civilians) are directly employed by the Defense Department. Indirectly, the department, which farms out contracts worth between $25 billion and $30 billion a year to industry, is far and away the largest employer in the country—more people work in the defense industries than in the steel and auto industries combined.

'I have only one real regret, and that's the Bay of Pigs.'

In terms of raw power—which includes the power to kill about half the human race—the world has never before seen anything remotely approaching the monstrous military machine which McNamara commands. Wars, even small wars, kill men, and since the purpose of the Defense Department is to enable the United States to fight wars, killing is, in a sense, what McNamara's department is all about.

Perhaps this is what makes the huge, gloomy Pentagon, with its 26,000 people, and its 17½ miles of corridor, such a depressing place. No one, it is said, has ever served in the Pentagon for any appreciable length of time without sooner or later experiencing an almost obsessive desire to be somewhere else. That desire has certainly been felt by Robert McNamara, who used to say that five years was the outside limit a Secretary of Defense could usefully serve. And even when McNamara was sworn in as Secretary on January 21, 1961, he was no stranger to the Pentagon.

A 1944 Pentagon telephone directory lists Lt. Col. R. S. McNamara, USAAF, in Room 4D1053, a room on an airwell with a view of an ugly ocher brick wall a few feet away, which is currently occupied by Maj. Edward Davis, a 46-year-old Air Force Reserve officer. It takes only a couple of minutes to walk from Maj. Davis's office to

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3E880, the suite of the Secretary of Defense, but in terms of power and prestige the distance could hardly be measured in light-years. Yet the 28-year-old McNamara of 4D1053 was essentially the same remarkable human being as the McNamara of Suite 3E880, who will be 50 on June 9.

Soon after he moved into Suite 3E880, McNamara remarked that he wanted "thinkers, not gladiators." He might have had in mind someone like Lt. Col. R. S. McNamara, USAAF. That youthful officer led no raids, defied no flak. He was a specialist, and a brilliant one, in the unglamorous but essential art of "statistical control."

McNamara was fresh out of Harvard Business School, where he was an assistant professor, and newly married to pretty Margaret Craig, a classmate at the University of California, when he joined the Air Force as a captain in 1943. He became one of the "backroom boys" whose task it was to see that the Air Force got what it needed to fight the war—bombs, or planes, or oil, or underpants for WAAF's—at the right place, at the right time, and by way of what was even then the world's most formidable bureaucracy. To this task, the youthful McNamara brought certain very well-marked characteristics—the same characteristics which made him, by 1960, president of the Ford Motor Company, which he joined in 1946 immediately after leaving Room 4D1053. Those same characteristics make him today the most powerful and the most controversial member of Lyndon Johnson's Cabinet.

The first and most obvious of these characteristics is intelligence. McNamara displays this characteristic most conspicuously when he is testifying on Capitol Hill. To leaf through the thousands of pages of McNamara testimony is a mind-boggling exercise. McNamara is almost never at a loss for an answer, whether the question concerns the "current production rate of the UH-1B/D Iroquois helicopter" or the "Soviet damage potential in terms of millions of U.S. fatalities in an all-out nuclear strike." To read McNamara's testimony is to become convinced that the McNamara brain is a unique sort of muscle, different in some mysterious way from the flabby brain fiber of other persons.

McNamara's remarkable intelligence and near-total recall have not been an unalloyed asset on Capitol Hill. Members of Congress tend to regard him as the other boys in a class regard the boy whose hand is always up when teacher asks a question—with a mixture of admiration and irritation. A comment by Rep. Edward Hébert expresses the attitude of those who are more irritated than admiring.

Hébert was quizzing McNamara last year on his decision to close some 665 U.S. military bases. After McNamara cited facts and figures to defend the closing of each base in turn, the following colloquy (as Hébert remembers it) ensued:

HÉBERT: Well, do you think you were right in closing *every one* of those bases?

MCNAMARA: Yes, sir.

HÉBERT: Every one?

MCNAMARA: Yes, sir.

HÉBERT: Well, all I can say is, you sure as hell *are* infallible. Jesus Christ himself made one mistake out of twelve, when he chose Judas Iscariot, but you can't even make one mistake out of six-hundred and sixty-five.

McNamara makes no claim to infallibility. "With but one major exception," he told this reporter, "my mistakes have been mistakes of omission, not commission." The "one major exception" was his advice to President Kennedy at the time of the Bay of Pigs disaster.

"That's the only real regret I have, looking back over the last five years," McNamara said thoughtfully. "I told President Kennedy afterward, 'You know damn well where I was at the time of decision—I recommended it.' Of course, we'd only been in office sixty days, and none of us had had time really to get on top of our jobs, but that's no real excuse for bad judgment."

Although McNamara, by his own admission, can be wrong, his manner has contributed to his public reputation as an infallible human I.B.M. machine. He has a habit of ticking off the points he wants to make in neat succession, using either numerals or the alphabet, which makes him sound like a sort of mechanical oracle. For an example, there was the remarkably succinct advice which McNamara not long ago gave Dr. John Foster, his newly appointed Director of Defense Research and Engineering.

Foster was appointed to his job last September, just as the hideously complex budget-making process was getting in full swing. A physicist with little previous experience of the Pentagon bureaucracy, Foster soon felt as though he were drowning in a sea of top secrets—there were literally thousands of projects for which he was responsible. He had no idea which areas should be given priority, and the advice he received from his subordinates, all of whom had their pet projects, was hopelessly conflicting. At last, in despair, he took his problem to McNamara.

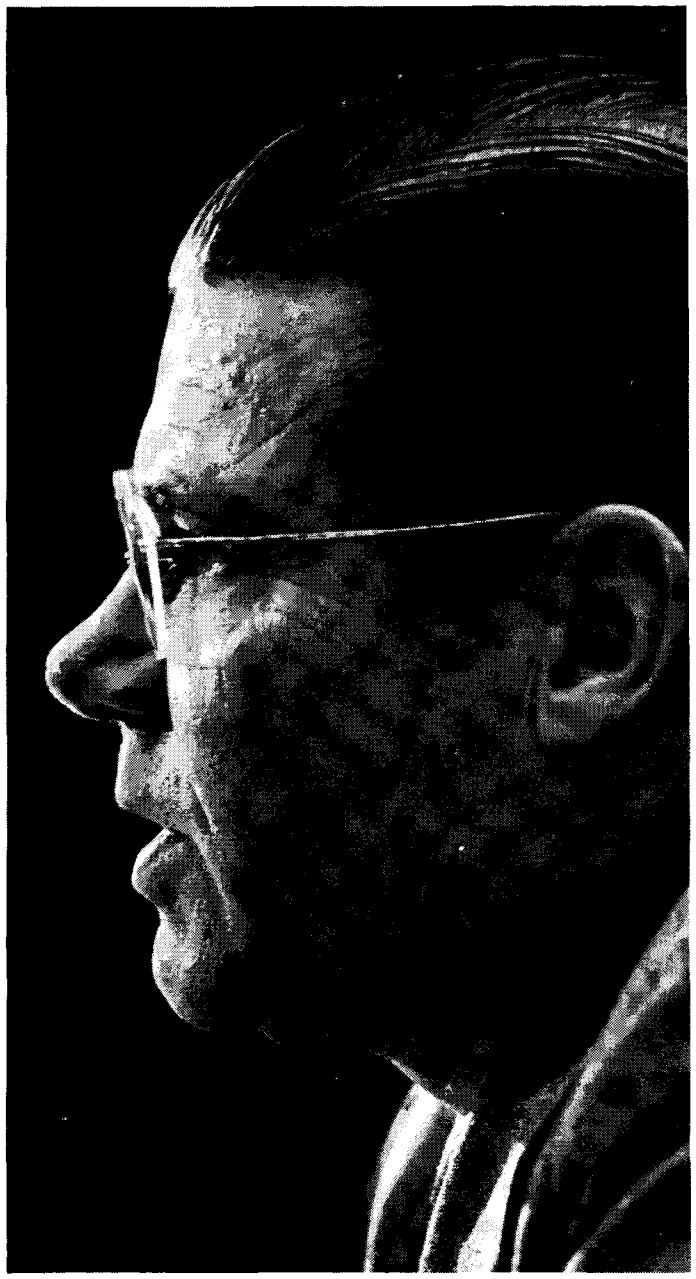
"That's easy," said McNamara briskly. "Number one—R and D for Vietnam. Number two—assured penetration. Number three—ABM, but don't precommit me. Number four—I want you to pay special attention to the F-111 series. Number five—ASW."

As this suggests, McNamara and his subordinates communicate in a special patois of their own. R and D means Research and Development, of course; assured penetration means making certain U.S. nuclear-strike forces can at all times penetrate Soviet defenses; ABM means the anti-ballistic missile; the F-111 is the descendant of the much criticized TFX dual-purpose plane, a subject on which McNamara is sensitive; and ASW is anti-submarine warfare. But what is interesting about this response is not the patois, but the picture it gives of the McNamara mental processes. His brain, it has been said, is like a huge filing cabinet, the contents of each file impeccably arranged, and the file neatly labeled and ready for instant reference.

This filing cabinet McNamara is the Secretary of Defense most visible to outsiders. But there are other McNamaras as well. There is, for example, a surprisingly genial and thoughtful McNamara. One recent recruit to the Pentagon recalls suddenly being exposed to this side of the man. Over a period of months he had been summoned several times, by the "hot line" which connects the Secretary directly to his subordinates, to Suite 3E880. In the first five or six encounters, the official recalls, about the same thing happened:

He would be ushered into McNamara's huge office, to find the Secretary seated at the elaborately carved eight-and-a-half-foot desk which once belonged to Gen. John J. Pershing. The Secretary, his head bent over a column of figures, would be scribbling on a pad, in his tiny handwriting. The official would approach the desk, stop, and stand for several seconds as McNamara continued to scribble. McNamara would look up, ask several incisive questions, scribble notes on the answers, thank the official in a perfunctory manner, and look down at his column of figures in a gesture of dismissal.

Then the hot line buzzed once more, and the official entered the huge office to find the Secretary sitting with his feet up on the desk, trousers rumpled halfway to the knee, exposing a generous expanse of white calf. McNamara genially waved his subordinate to a chair, asked if he had anything on his mind he'd like to talk about, and then chatted in a rather rambling fashion for more than half an hour. At the end of the interview, McNamara walked the bemused official to the door, inquiring



He insists the department "speak with one voice"—his.

with what seemed real interest about the health and happiness of the official's wife and offspring.

"I just couldn't believe it was the same man I'd seen before," the official recalls. There are other surprising McNamaras. There is the social McNamara, for instance. The Secretary and his unpretentious, attractive wife, Marg, are of course much sought after by Washington hostesses. They do not go out often, but when they do, McNamara is a gay and charming guest, who has been known to dance a mean Frug, and who also displays a dry wit and a fund of knowledge on all sorts of obscure subjects. McNamara is, in fact, a genuine intellectual, and his filing-cabinet memory contains facts a lot more interesting than the current production rate of the UH-1B/D helicopter.

Finally, there is a McNamara who shows himself very rarely—an emotional McNamara. This McNamara first appeared in public during the Senate hearings in 1963 on his much-disputed award of the $6.5-billion TFX plane contract to the General Dynamics Corp., against the recommendation of the Pentagon's experts. During the course of the inquiry, the incredible happened, and the chilly and self-controlled Secretary of Defense almost broke down.

"Last night when I got home after midnight, after preparing for today's hearings," he said, his voice breaking, "my wife told me that my own twelve-year-old son had asked how long it would take for his father to prove his honesty." Several

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of those present saw—or thought they saw—tears in McNamara's eyes. The episode was the more remarkable because his "honesty" had not been called in question—only his judgment.

This suddenly emotional McNamara has been seen in public only on very rare occasions—most recently at a press conference in March. Hanson Baldwin had written a long report for *The New York Times* which charged in effect that President Johnson's decision, taken on McNamara's advice, not to call up the National Guard or the reserves for the war in Vietnam, had been a mistake. A much-leaked Senate subcommittee report, which McNamara had refused to clear on security grounds, charged much the same thing. The best-trained men in four supposedly combat-ready divisions, both Baldwin and the Senate report charged, had been sent to Vietnam, so that at least four divisions had become mere training divisions for draftees.

A long and very detailed defense of McNamara's policies was distributed when the press conference began. Thereafter, when a German reporter asked about the combat-readiness of U.S. forces in Europe, McNamara lashed out at him angrily. When an American reporter persisted in asking questions about the "suppressed" Senate report, McNamara accused him of "throwing rocks" and, pointing a furious finger at him, ordered him out of the room. The reporters present were as amazed as the senators at the TFX hearing had been three years before. As on that occasion, only McNamara's judgment, not his integrity, had been called in question.

"Everybody hates to *admit* they're wrong," an admiring colleague of McNamara's said subsequently. "But Bob McNamara hates to *be* wrong—and he damn rarely is. I think in the TFX affair he may have suspected that maybe he had been a bit hasty in awarding the contract to General Dynamics instead of Boeing, and I think he may have doubts himself about the decision not to call out the Guard or the reserves."

McNamara's hatred of being wrong—or, to put it positively, his passion for being right—is the second of his marked characteristics. As his rare outbursts reveal, McNamara is no automaton. Strong emotions boil beneath the coolly assured surface, and these emotions are aroused by any reflection on the rightness of his decisions.

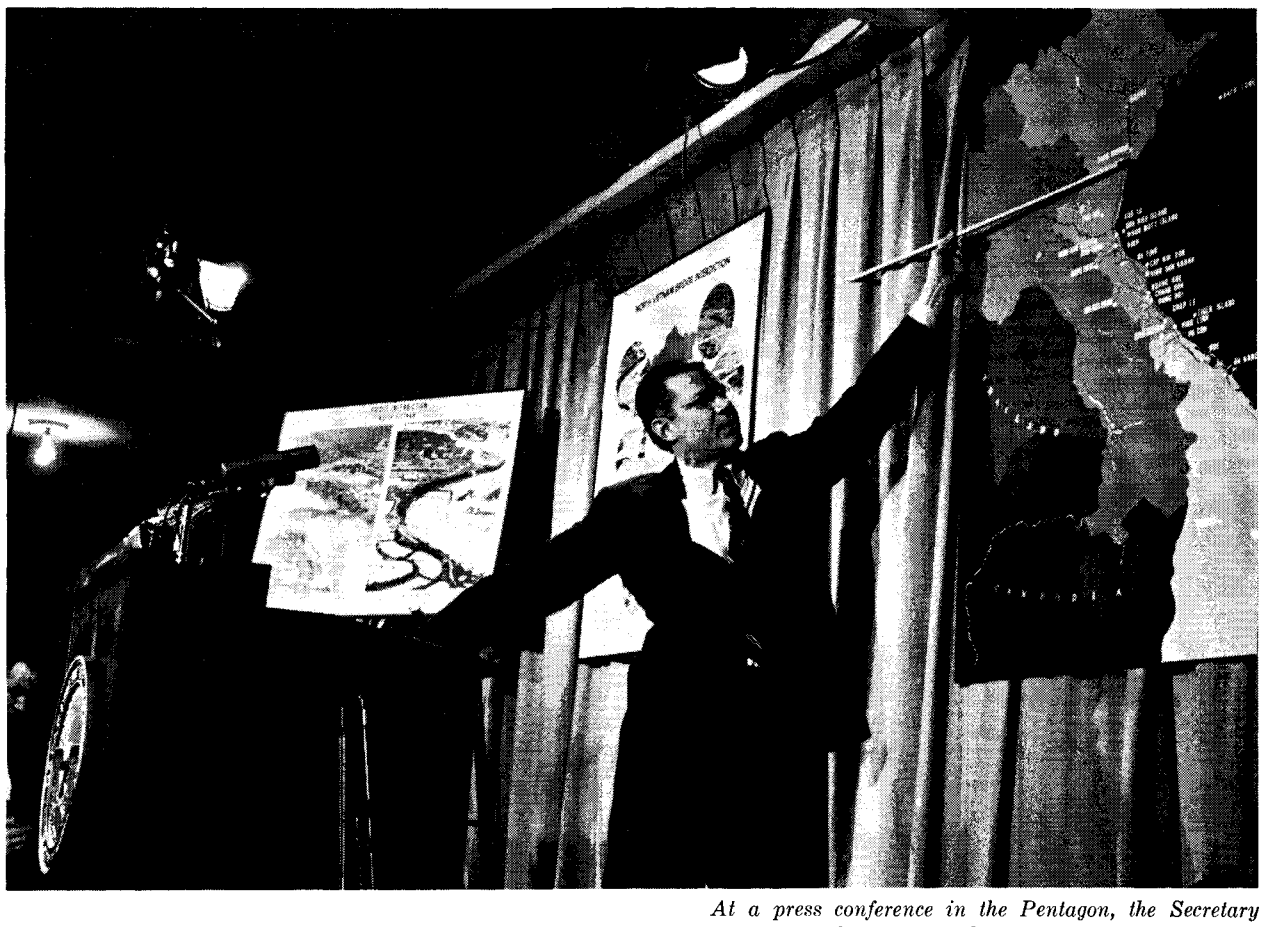
'You know, it's hard to make sense of this war.'

At the same time, McNamara has a deep distrust of all emotion, his own included. He is capable of talking about emotion much as an old-fashioned preacher might talk about sin, as the source of all error. Here, for example, is McNamara on a favorite subject—what he calls "the rationalization of the defense structure":

"It is the difference between emotion and reason. Your emotional reaction may be entirely different from mine, but if we consider the same set of facts on the basis of reason, not emotion, we're not likely to be very far apart in our conclusions. For a long time there was too much emotion in defense planning, and not enough reason. Previously, the Joint Chiefs and the Secretary couldn't agree even on the basic force structure. Now there is clear agreement on most basic matters between all the Chiefs and myself."

These, then, are the most clearly marked McNamara characteristics—the distrust of emotion, the passion for being right, the amazing intelligence. All three have strongly affected both the management of McNamara's department and the conduct of the war in Vietnam.

McNamara has a profound faith in the power of the human intellect to "rationalize" (a favorite McNamara word) any problem, by examining it in the light of what he calls "reason" rather than emotion. If all the facts are examined unemotionally, and if these facts are "quantified" (another favorite McNamara word) carefully and correctly, then a rational means of dealing with the problem more or less automatically emerges.



At a press conference in the Pentagon, the Secretary uses map and pointer to enlighten reporters on progress of recent American air strikes against North Vietnam.

In the McNamara lexicon, there is no room for instinct or a seat-of-the pants "feel" when dealing with a problem. At one time, McNamara relied heavily on a civilian intelligence expert with long experience in Southeast Asia to brief him on the Vietnamese war. The expert recalls being summoned regularly to McNamara's office, to find McNamara poring over charts showing areas occupied by the Viet Cong and government forces, and columns of figures on every phase of the war—how many "incidents" there had been in the previous week; numbers on both sides killed, wounded, and captured; estimates of infiltration from the North; and so on. The expert had confined himself to factual briefings on the progress of the war, until one day when McNamara looked up from his charts and his columns of figures, and remarked musingly: "You know, it's hard to make *sense* of this war."

"Mr. Secretary," said the expert, "facts and figures are useful, but you can't judge a war by them. You have to have an instinct, a feel. My instinct is that we're in for a much rougher time than your facts and figures indicate."

McNamara gave him a long, thoughtful, faintly incredulous stare. The expert was never summoned to the Secretary's office again.

McNamara is a man who likes to have around him others who share his faith in "rationalization" and "quantification." The key men in the Pentagon are by no means carbon copies of McNamara. Nor are they, to borrow from Shakespeare, "slight unmeritable men meet to be sent on errands"—McNamara is not the sort of man who chooses weak or stupid subordinates so that he may shine by contrast. But the key men, whether military or civilian, are without exception distinctly McNamara-ish men—intelligent, competent, brisk, not given to striking heroic poses. They are "thinkers, not gladiators." Indeed, for the most part they were, like McNamara himself, staff men or back-room boys in World War II.

Who are the key men? The answers vary. But this reporter, after asking a number of Pentagon insiders, has found general agreement on the following list:

- Cyrus Vance, Deputy Secretary of Defense. Vance and McNamara work very closely together, and Vance is especially useful to McNamara on Capitol Hill, where he is well-liked. Vance is very able, and he is generally regarded as McNamara's heir apparent.
- Alain Enthoven, Assistant Secretary for Systems Analysis. Enthoven is a pleasant-mannered, rather reserved intellectual of 36, and he is the man red-faced general officers have chiefly in mind when they growl about "whiz kids" and "computer jockeys." Except for McNamara himself, Enthoven has more to say about how the money pie is to be sliced up than any other man in the Pentagon. Slicing the money pie is a job which automatically makes enemies.
- Dr. John Foster, Director of Defense Research and Engineering. Foster, a first-rate scientist, and a rather handsome, quick-spoken man with a mobile face, presides over a budget of almost seven billion dollars, and ranks officially as No. 3 man.
- John McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. McNaughton is a highly articulate lawyer and former newspaperman, who is McNamara's chief foreign-policy adviser within the Pentagon. McNamara listens to his advice on foreign political problems, ranging from de Gaulle to the horrible complexities of Vietnamese politics.
- Secretary of the Navy Paul Nitze and Secretary of the Air Force Harold Brown. Nitze used to have McNaughton's job, and Brown used to have Foster's. They are accounted key men, not because they are service secretaries, but because they have worked with McNamara ever since he became Secretary and have his ear. The other service

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secretary, Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor, a newcomer, is on nobody's list of key men. Interestingly, as a World War II infantryman, he is the only top civilian in the Pentagon with first-hand experience of combat on the ground, which is where the war in Vietnam is being fought.

• Gen. Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Gen. Wheeler is a well-built man with a quick mind, who made full colonel as an Army staff officer in World War II. He works well with McNamara, although he disagrees with him on at least two important points. Wheeler, together with the other Chiefs, recommended months ago the bombing of the oil depots near Hanoi and Haiphong in North Vietnam. Wheeler also believes that McNamara should give an unequivocal green light to the development of an operational anti-ballistic-missile system. But neither he nor the other Chiefs is ready to lead an anti-McNamara revolt on these or any other presently visible issues.

It is significant that, like Wheeler, three of the four Chiefs of Staff have made their reputations as staff officers rather than combat commanders which reflects McNamara's preference for "thinkers" over "gladiators." It is more significant that Wheeler is the *only* man in uniform to appear on most lists of the Pentagon's key men—and even he does not appear on some lists.

This suggests one of the really basic differences between McNamara's Pentagon and the Pentagon of the past. In the past, the Secretary of Defense has been rather like one of the early French kings, surrounded by proud and powerful dukes with private armies of their own, who acknowledged a purely nominal allegiance—if any— to the sovereign. The first Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal, could not even get the Chiefs of the three services to agree on their respective roles and missions in case of war with Russia, and the hideous frustrations of responsibility without real power drove him to his death. At least two of his successors left Suite 3E880 with their reputations sadly tarnished.

In those days, a Chief of Staff had command power, both as No. 1 officer in his service, and as a member of the Joint Chiefs. Nowadays, as one of the Chiefs recently remarked, "the military don't command a damn thing anymore." As far as the military men in the Pentagon are concerned, the remark is substantially accurate. McNamara listens to the advice of the Chiefs, and he sends his orders to the "joint and specified commands" in the field "through" the Chiefs. But they are *his* orders—or the orders of the President, as Commander-in-Chief.

In the past, moreover, the task of slicing up the money pie was largely left to the Joint Chiefs, although the President and his Secretary of Defense (or his Secretary of the Treasury, in the days of George Magoffin Humphrey) decided how big the whole pie would be. The result, as Gen. Maxwell Taylor pointed out in his book, *The Uncertain Trumpet* (which greatly influenced McNamara's thinking), was a purely arbitrary division of the money, on the principle of the animals dividing the weapons in *The Wind in the Willows:* "One for the rat, one for the mole, one for the badger." The glamorous and politically powerful Air Force usually got almost half the money, the Army less than a quarter, and the Navy the rest.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff no longer have either the command power or the money power they once had (although they can, and sometimes do, appeal any McNamara ruling to the President). To understand one reason for this loss of authority by the military, compare these two lists:

Dwight D. Eisenhower	Harold K. Johnson
Carl (Tooey) Spaatz	John P. McConnell
Chester Nimitz	David L. McDonald

The names on the left are those of the Chiefs of Staff of the Army and the Air Force, and the Chief of Naval Operations (*Continued on Page 94*)

Testifying before Congress, McNamara sometimes irks legislators with his self-assurance. "Well," one snorted, "all I can say is that you sure as hell are infallible."

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By THOMAS MEEHAN

SHE TRAVELS BY ROLLER COASTER

Lauren Bacall, this season's biggest Broadway star, says of her stormy career: 'The highs were as high as anyone could hope to go—and the lows were too low for anybody, ten degrees below hell.'

At 8:30 P.M., on the drizzly New York evening of March 16, 1942, the opening-night curtain rose at the Longacre Theater on a play called *Johnny 2 x 4*, a noisy melodrama set in a 1926 Greenwich Village speakeasy, which involved a confusing number of gunshots, trumpet solos and dead bodies falling out of telephone booths. The following morning, the New York critics stomped all over *Johnny 2 x 4*, and it swiftly folded, remembered now only for the fact that listed fourth from the bottom in the play's dense cast of 66 was one Betty Bacall, a 17-year-old hopeful who was making her Broadway debut as a walk-on extra.

"It was a rotten play," admits Betty Bacall, who is, of course, now known professionally as Lauren Bacall—the ersatz label Lauren, a name she loathes, having been tagged on her by Warner Brothers some 15 months after the demise of *Johnny 2 x 4*. "But, rotten or not, I was terrifically excited to be in it. From as early as I can remember, I've been wildly stagestruck. As a kid I never even considered being in the movies, a second-rate medium, I thought, strictly for Priscilla Lane and Kay Francis. My dream was to star in a Broadway hit, to be another Katharine Cornell."

From that bleak debut in 1942, the curtain now descends to denote the passage of 23 years, 8 months and 22 days, rising again to reveal the evening of December 8, 1965, when *Cactus Flower*, a farce adapted from the French by Abe Burrows, directed by Burrows, and starring the aforementioned Miss Bacall in the role of a spinsterish dental nurse, opened in New York at the Royale Theater. The following morning the New York critics fell all over themselves in praise of *Cactus Flower* and Miss Bacall, after which the play rapidly ran up an advance ticket sale of $600,000. Thus, after only slightly less than a quarter of a century, Miss Bacall has at last had her dream come true—she is the season's reigning Broadway female star in the town's biggest new hit.

"It may have been a long time coming, but it feels good anyway," Miss Bacall remarked cheerfully the other day, slouched in an easy chair in the high-ceilinged living room of her 12-room apartment in the Dakota, New York's oldest and perhaps most elegant cooperative apartment house, at Central Park West and 72nd Street. She lives there now with her second husband, the actor Jason Robards Jr.; her two children by her late first husband, Humphrey Bogart—a son, Stephen, 17, and a daughter, Leslie, 13; her child by Robards—a son, Sam, 4; a nurse; a cook; and a small, sad-eyed beagle named Benjamin.

Miss Bacall has somehow managed to keep on looking just about as slim, young and unusually beautiful as she did back in the days of War Bond drives, the Stage Door Canteen and *Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer*. Rising to move about her living room in a pumalike stalk, with shoulder-length blond hair framing a high-cheekboned and

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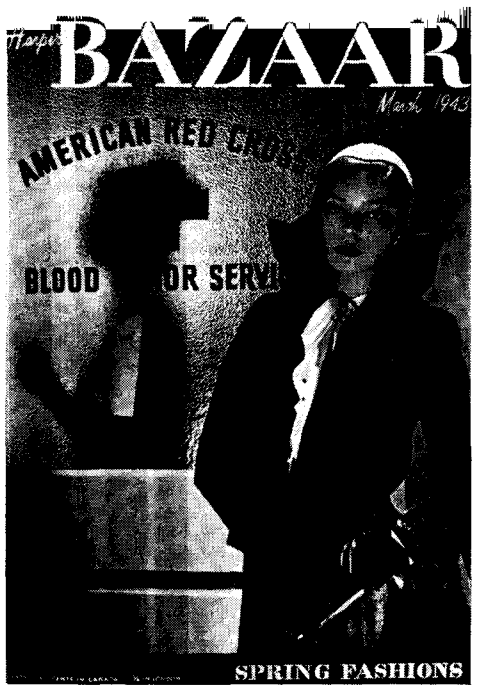

Cast as a walk-on in her first Broadway show, Miss Bacall was discovered by a fashion editor, was put on a magazine cover, which led straight to the summit in Hollywood.

vaguely Slavic face, and a pair of slanted, greenish eyes that give out a look that was curling men's toes before Sandra Dee was born, Miss Bacall is, at 41, significantly sexier looking than 99.43 percent of all American females above the age of 18.

In her familiar deep-throated voice, Miss Bacall explained that she was offered *Cactus Flower* last summer while languishing in Hollywood, after having completed *Harper*, a recent suspense film in which she is costarred with Paul Newman.

"The nicest things in life always seem just to happen by themselves, without one chasing after them," Miss Bacall observed, settling again into the easy chair and lighting a filter-tipped cigarette. "And that's the way it was with *Cactus Flower*. One day, out of the blue, David Merrick got in touch with me through my agent, asking if I'd be interested in a comedy that he was producing and that Abe Burrows was writing and directing, and that was it. I read the script and immediately flew East, and from the first day of rehearsal it's been one of the nicest experiences of my life. I can hardly wait to get to the theater—all that damned adulation, I love it. It almost seems as though my entire life has been a trip to get to this point, to *Cactus Flower*. But, with one thing and another, I sure took the long way around, a long detour, and I traveled by roller coaster, a roller coaster on which the highs were as high as anyone could ever hope to go. And the lows! Oh, those lows were lower than anyone should ever have to go—ten degrees below hell."

If Lauren Bacall's journey to *Cactus Flower* undeniably had its violent ups and downs, there is little argument that, after one or two early false starts, her acting career certainly started at the top of the roller coaster with *To Have and Have Not*, the 1944 film in which she was costarred with Bogart. And, curiously enough, her appearance in *Johnny 2 x 4* led to the movie.

While none of the critics noticed Miss Bacall in her walk-on appearance, an eagle-eyed editor of *Harper's Bazaar* had spotted her prowling gracefully into the speakeasy and had seen in her the makings of a high-fashion model. Before long, decked out in one or another of the padded-shoulder Carole Landis outfits of the day, Betty Bacall was gazing languidly out of the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* virtually every month, and in March, 1943, in a getup that made her look like a teen-age Mata Hari, she was on the magazine's cover.

At this point, for a scene straight out of a "B" late-late-show movie about moviemaking, we cut to Hollywood, where the producer and director Howard Hawks, in the midst of preparing a film for Warner Brothers of Ernest Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*, is storming about his living room in a dither because he hasn't been able to find an actress to play the lead opposite Bogart.

"Where on earth am I going to find a girl for the part?" cries Hawks in despair, tearing his hair out.

In CACTUS FLOWER Miss Bacall (above) stars as a nurse in the office of a philandering dentist. The audience loves it; she "can hardly wait to get to the theater."

Letting herself go (above, right) in a cabaret scene, she brings down the house with a wild dance sequence that transforms the nurse's starch-and-vinegar image.

Abe Burrows, who wrote and directed the comedy, pays a visit to her dressing room. He calls her a consummate professional, always on time and never temperamental.

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"Listen, sweets, you could take *any* girl and make a star out of her," says Hawks's wife loyally, seated with a copy of *Harper's Bazaar* nestled in her lap. "How about this girl right here?"

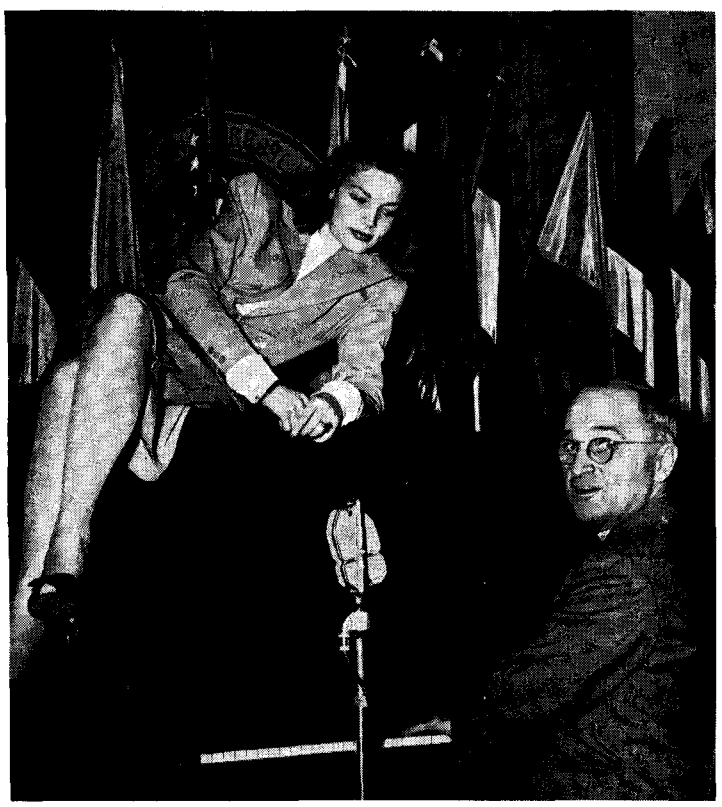
Mrs. Hawks had, of course, pointed at the Mata Hari shot of Miss Bacall, and, though it sounds like pulp-magazine fiction, within a few hours one of Hawks's assistants was on the phone to Miss Bacall, and within a few days she had arrived in Hollywood for a screen test. The test revealed to Hawks that (a) Betty Bacall was no great shakes as an actress, but that (b) she possessed a rare quality known in the cinematic trade as "a cohesive physiognomy"—that is, her face was dazzlingly photogenic from every angle. At once, Hawks signed her to a personal seven-year contract at $250 a week and started training her to be a movie actress.

Hawks began filming *To Have and Have Not* in the late fall of 1943, having introduced Miss Bacall to Humphrey Bogart one afternoon about a month before shooting began, at which time Bogart is reported to have remarked, "I think we're going to have a lot of fun making this picture together, kid." And indeed they did. In fact, Bogart and Bacall fell almost immediately in love, a liaison complicated by the fact that Bogart happened to be married, though for some years his marriage hadn't been an especially happy one. Bogart's wife, his third, was a retired movie ingenue named Mayo Methot, whom he'd met and married in 1937 while the two were working together in a Warner Brothers turkey called *Marked Woman*. Around Hollywood Mayo Bogart was popularly known as "Sluggy," mainly because when she and Bogart appeared in public, at places like Romanoff's, a violent fight almost inevitably broke out between them, which ended with Mayo slugging Bogart, and with Bogart, of course, slugging her right back. When Miss Bacall took up with Bogart, she could scarcely have been accused of breaking up a happy home.

Being seen frequently around Hollywood niteries with Bogart, Miss Bacall got considerably more publicity than the average starlet, particularly after *To Have and Have Not* was shown at a sneak preview in Huntington Beach, Calif., in the spring of 1944, and the audience went wild over Lauren Bacall. Warner Brothers had originally planned to release *To Have and Have Not* without any special ballyhoo, but after he'd witnessed the preview reaction, Jack Warner, the chief of the studio, ordered the picture held off for major release in the fall. And he further ordered his publicity department to give her the biggest buildup in the studio's history. Thus, Lauren Bacall was suddenly the best-known young movie actress in the country. Touted as "The Look," she was sold prepackaged in scores of newspaper and magazine articles as a boggling "combination of Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, and Tallulah Bankhead, with overtones of Veronica Lake and Barbara Stanwyck and undertones of Mae West and Jean Harlow."

'We're going to have a lot of fun making this picture together, kid.'

In October, 1944, when Bogart and Bacall came east by train for the New York premiere of *To Have and Have Not*, Grand Central Station was mobbed with thousands of shrieking fans; it took a police escort to get the couple out of the station without their being torn into bits by admirers.



1945: At a Washington party with Vice President Truman.

1944: With Bogart in first film, TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT.

Fortunately for Miss Bacall, she managed to live up to Warner Brothers' extravagant advance publicity, for she was an enormous hit all over the country in *To Have and Have Not*. Playing the role of a slightly tarnished American girl who turns up in a third-rate Martinique hotel, she had three lines in her first scene with Bogart—"If you want anything, all you have to do is whistle. You know how to whistle, don't you? You just put your lips together and blow"—that were certainly more widely quoted in late 1944 than anything that, for instance, General Eisenhower or Admiral Nimitz had to say, and that have hung on to haunt her as a kind of trademark, in much the same manner that "Come up and see me sometime" was Mae West's trademark line.

Somewhat surprisingly, Mayo Bogart agreed to a divorce, and on May 21, 1945, Bogart and Bacall were married at Malabar Farm near Mansfield, Ohio, the home of the writer Louis Bromfield, who was one of Bogart's closest friends.

Miss Bacall frankly remembers the first years of her marriage to Bogart as the happiest years of her life. "We were absolutely wild about each other," she said recently. "When I was away from Bogie for even three or four hours, I couldn't wait for the moment I saw him again, and he felt the same way about me. Luckily, we were almost always together, day and night, at home and at Warner Brothers, especially when we were working together in the same picture. In our eleven and a half years of marriage, until Bogie died in January, 1957, I think we spent more time together than most couples do in twenty-five years of marriage."

During the early years of their marriage, according to close friends, Bogart had an enormous influence on Miss Bacall, turning her from a glamorous young thing, with little more to offer than energy, ambition and a certain innate razzmatazz, into virtually a female counterpart of himself—that is, a person of tremendous character, integrity and honesty. "Bogie was one of the most honest men who ever lived," noted one of his longtime Hollywood friends the other day. "'Goddammit,' he used to say, 'if you don't want to hear the truth, don't ask me.' And an awful lot of Bogie's character rubbed off on Betty."

It was in the early years of her marriage, knocking about with Bogart at parties and in nightclubs, that Miss Bacall got a reputation as a tough, shrewd, wisecracking and extremely cynical woman, and while she is indeed on the surface all of these things, her friends tend to have another view of her. Abe Burrows, for instance, who has known her for nearly 20 years, recently described her as sweet, warm and gentle. Moreover, added Burrows, commenting on her work in *Cactus Flower*, she is a consummate professional—never late for rehearsal, never temperamental, and entirely willing to take direction and criticism.

"Most of Betty's tough talk is really a cover-up for an astonishing innocence and even naïveté," says another of her closest friends. "And she is a real Puritan. She has a deep Puritan loathing for looseness, immorality and personal weakness, and an almost Victorian contempt for those who crack under pressure or who give up in the face of life's adversities." Miss Bacall herself voiced this Puritan attitude to a friend during a recent discussion of *Inadmissible Evidence*, a John Osborne play about a destructive and self-pitying lawyer who, by the final curtain, all but has a nervous breakdown onstage. "I'm tired of plays about people who can't cope with life," said Miss Bacall angrily. "I despise anyone who gives up when the going gets rough, onstage or off. There's only one thing to do with life when it starts to close in on you—cope with it, dammit."

Though Miss Bacall's private life was close to idyllic in the years immediately following her marriage, her film career, with the exception of the movies she made with Bogart, notably *The Big Sleep* and *Key Largo*, went steadily downhill. In one picture after another, films like *Confidential Agent*, *Young Man with a Horn* and *Bright Leaf*, she was once again called upon to play essentially the same role she'd played in *To Have and Have Not*—the slinky temptress with the sultry come-hither look.

The only one in Hollywood who suspected her natural talent for comedy was Nunnally Johnson, who in 1953 cast her in a comic role in *How to Marry a Millionaire*, in which many of her friends feel she gave the best performance of her career. Nevertheless, after *How to Marry a Millionaire* she was back again in come-hither roles.

Miss Bacall tends to blame Jack Warner for the many bad movies she found herself making. "Jack Warner paid Howard Hawks a bundle for fifty percent of my contract, not a nickel of which I ever

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1955: Arriving for the Academy Awards presentations, the Bogarts were a famous and unconventional couple.

saw, after which I had to do what Jack Warner told me to do," Miss Bacall explained with some bitterness the other day. "And against my will he started putting me into all sorts of bombs. Under the terms of my contract, I either had to do the parts he handed me or go under suspension. So most of the time I took the suspension. Before I came along, Bogie held the record at Warners—he'd been suspended eleven times. But I broke his record—I was suspended twelve times. The pictures I made were bad enough, but, oh, the pictures Jack Warner wanted me to do—*Stallion Road, The Girl From Jones Beach.* And every time I'd refuse to do a part, Jack Warner would call me into his office and tell me his damned rags-to-riches life story. 'Look,' he'd say, sweeping his arms around, 'I'm a poor boy who's made millions in the movie business. And *you* claim that *I'm* wrong!' And he'd hand me something like *Romance on the High Seas.* Eventually, to get out from under his thumb, I bought my contract from him. After he'd grossed millions on pictures I'd been in, *I* had to pay money to that s.o.b. Jack Warner."

In 1949, putting a further crimp in Miss Bacall's film career, her first child, Stephen, was born. Miss Bacall recalls that Bogart, upon becoming a father for the first time at the age of 48, was extremely nervous around the baby, afraid to pick him up for fear that he might drop him. But Bogart was delighted. "I may not strike people as a family man," Bogart solemnly told an interviewer shortly after the birth of his son, "but, by God, I am one." When Stephen was three, Miss Bacall remembers, she went with Bogart on a parents' day to observe their son at nursery school. "We were watching Steve through a window, playing with the other little children, and Bogie started crying. He was crying, he said, because Steve was growing up and going away from us! Bogie was supposed to be such a tough customer, but he was actually a pushover." Stephen Bogart, by the way, is now a student at Milton Academy, a highly rated prep school at Milton, Mass., and, having inherited an analytical turn of mind from Bogart, who was a first-class chess player, he currently plans to become either a mathematician or a physicist.

The impending birth of their second child, Leslie, in the spring of 1952, led indirectly to one of the Bogarts' few major battles, a battle that Miss Bacall ultimately won. At the time the Bogarts were living on a remote farm northwest of Los Angeles, and Miss Bacall wanted to move into the city while Bogart adamantly refused to live among "all of those phonies," and this difference of opinion occasioned several months of violent arguing between the two. Eventually, though, Bogart gave in, and they moved into the city, buying a $160,000 mansion in the exclusive Holmby Hills section of Los Angeles. "I'm a country type," said Bogart, conceding defeat, "but, let's face it, Betty is a city type—a Champs-Élysées girl."

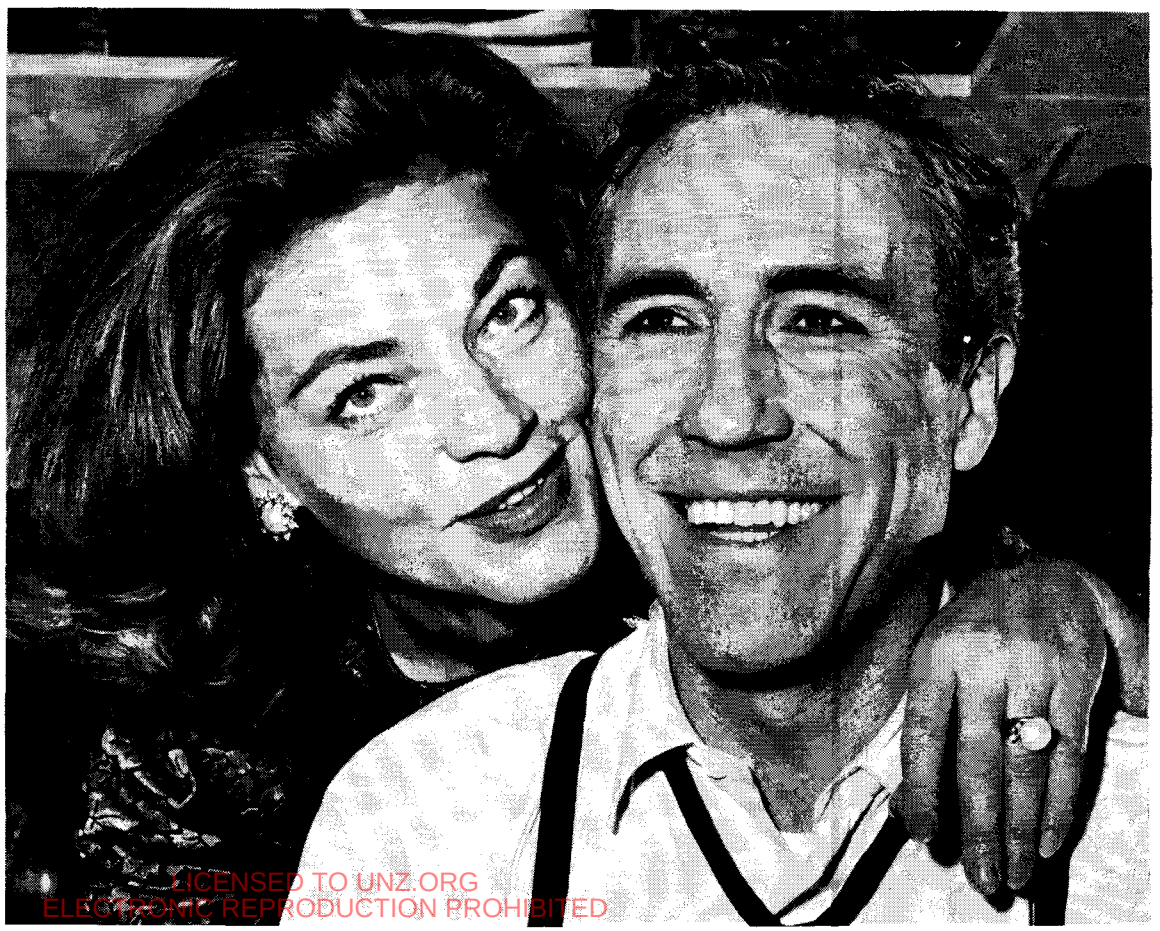
Bogart was being somewhat gallant, however, for Miss Bacall might more accurately be termed a Fifth Avenue, or even a West End Avenue girl. She was born in New York, and until she headed for Hollywood she had lived all of her life at various addresses around New York, most of them on Manhattan's "unfashionable" upper West Side. "And here I am in the Dakota on the upper West Side," Miss Bacall remarked the other day. "That's progress for you—forty-one years and I still haven't made the East Side."

In her pre-Hollywood, upper West Side avatar, Miss Bacall, who was born on September 16, 1924, was saddled with a decidedly unglamorous name—Betty Joan Perske. She was the only child of William Perske, a less than affluent, immigrant Alsatian machinery salesman, and Natalie Perske, née Weinstein, a native-born New Yorker of German-Romanian parentage. When Betty was six years old, her parents were divorced, and she remained with her mother while her father went off to live somewhere in the South. She hasn't seen her father since 1934, nor does she even know where he is now living. After the divorce, Betty's mother took the surname Bacal, which is the Romanian translation of her maiden name, Weinstein, and Betty herself later added the second "l," principally because everyone kept pronouncing Bacal as though it rhymed with crackle.

Her father entirely out of the picture, Betty was raised by her mother, an energetic and hard-driving woman who supported herself and her daughter by working as an executive secretary for the president of a large New York corporation. Throughout her childhood Betty was extremely close to her mother, and, in fact, when she first went to Hollywood, her mother gave up her job and went along to share an apartment with her in Los Angeles. Nowadays she and her mother—who remarried in 1948 and lives with her second husband in Brooklyn Heights—still see each other frequently. "When I was a kid," says Miss Bacall, "it was me and my mother against the world, and she was awfully good to me."

With some financial help from a pair of wealthy uncles, Betty Bacall attended a private boarding school, Highland Manor in Tarrytown, N.Y., but later went to a public institution, Julia Richman High School in Manhattan, from which she was graduated in 1939 at the precocious age of 14. During her high-school years, Miss Bacall did some modeling on Seventh Avenue, but her single ambition, as noted, was to become an actress, a *Broadway* actress, and whenever she had extra money she went to the theater, sitting in the balcony—in the clichéd tradition of all aspiring young actresses—and burning with adolescent rapture at the performances of such luminaries as Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead and Katharine Cornell.

Two days after getting out of Julia Richman, she enrolled in acting classes at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, where she impatiently studied for slightly more than a year. Then, armed for the most part only with youth, good looks and a great deal of *chutzpah*—i.e., nervy self-confidence—she began making the rounds of Broadway producing offices, quickly becoming known in Shubert Alley and environs as "The Windmill," a



1964: Jason Robards Jr., her present husband, had opened on Broadway in Arthur Miller's AFTER THE FALL.

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In New York, Miss Bacall watches a St. Patrick's Day parade with her son, Sam Robards, who was born in 1961.

nickname given her because of her swinging, forceful walk and her long, gangling arms and legs. During this period Miss Bacall spent much of her spare time on the sidewalk outside of Sardi's, learning to recognize such theater influentials of the day as Max Gordon, Brock Pemberton, Moss Hart and George Kaufman. The Windmill's fellow hopefuls later recalled that Betty had more nerve than all of the rest of them put together, buttonholing men like Pemberton and demanding that they audition her—"I'm Betty Bacall," she'd say earnestly, "and I'd be a really great asset to your production." Eventually this lapel-grabbing technique worked with George Kaufman, who not only auditioned her but even gave her a small speaking part in a play which, however, never quite made it to New York, opening in Wilmington and folding three weeks later in Washington. And this technique, too, led to her walk-on in *Johnny 2 x 4*, and the rest is history, or at least brings the roller coaster back to the recently purchased house on Mapleton Drive in Holmby Hills in 1952.

'I'm happy, really happy, for the first time in years.'

The Bogarts moved into their new home—which had a living room the size of a tennis court—with their two young children, three boxer dogs and five servants, and almost immediately established themselves as leaders of the more iconoclastic segment of Hollywood society. "We had kind of an endless open house," Miss Bacall recalls. "There was a light above the front door, and when we switched it on, that meant that we were up, drinking, and not averse to having friends join us. So maybe five nights a week, we'd have a crowd in, people like Judy Garland, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Mike Romanoff, David Niven, Nunnally Johnson, Jimmy Van Heusen and 'Swifty' Lazar, the agent. And, of course, Frank Sinatra was around almost every night."

The Bogarts and their anti-Establishment friends soon became known around Hollywood as the Holmby Hills Rat Pack, a name that Bogart himself gave them. Betty Bacall was appointed the official Den Mother.

"And that's pretty much what Betty was, den mother," says one of the Holmby Hills Rats. "She kept things going—she kept the drinks filled, the ashtrays emptied and the fights down to a minimum. Bogie had a remarkable talent for goading people into fighting each other. And Bogie could be difficult to handle when he'd been drinking. But Betty could always handle him, no matter how drunk he got—she was the one person who could."

The Bacall roller coaster, which had been pretty much riding the heights for nearly a dozen years, began its descent to "ten degrees below hell" in early 1956, when it was discovered that Bogart had cancer of the esophagus. On March 4, 1956, he was operated on, but the operation was only partially successful, and for the next 10 months, until his death in the early hours of the morning of January 14, 1957, he became gradually thinner and weaker while enduring increasingly agonizing pain. Nonetheless, as long as he was able, Bogart sat up drinking and talking and joking with his friends, maintaining his cynical good humor and what one friend, Truman Capote, called his "brave self."

In the 10 months between Bogart's operation and his death, Miss Bacall scarcely left the house in the evening, though friends and even Bogart himself kept urging her to get out a bit. Bogart was proud, however, that she stayed with him. When he was asked why she didn't go out, he replied, "She's my wife—so she stays home and takes care of me. Maybe that's the way you tell the ladies from the broads in this town."

The night before he died, Bogart knew that the end had arrived. Each evening before he went to sleep, he kissed his wife and said good-night, but on that final evening, Bogart's doctor later reported, he merely grasped Miss Bacall's arm, gazed up at her, and, in his imperishable Bogie voice, said two words—"Good-bye, kid."

In the period following Bogart's death, Miss Bacall went through an experience of intense sorrow, and then in the summer of 1957, on the melancholy rebound, she had a brief and highly publicized romance with Frank Sinatra, which ended in bitterness. "Frank and I are friends again now," says Miss Bacall. "I'm too old for hating—it takes too much out of you. We'd simply had our so-called romance at the wrong time—I was still half crazy with grief over Bogie."

In October, 1958, still not over her grief for Bogart, Miss Bacall left Hollywood and flew to Spain for six weeks, after which she accepted a film offer in England and went to live in London. "I came back to life again in London," says Miss Bacall. "I was there for nine months and I had a wonderful time. I have a number of close friends in London, people like Noel Coward, Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud and Vivien Leigh, and they were all marvelous to me. I'd almost decided to settle in London, when George Axelrod, another great friend, offered me the lead in *Goodbye Charlie*, and I came back here to live in New York."

Goodbye Charlie opened on December 16, 1959, to dismal reviews, but managed to stagger along for three months. "It was no picnic," Miss Bacall explains, "but in one sense it was good for my ego, which was plenty low, pal. I discovered that I was a Broadway box-office draw. People kept buying tickets, mainly to see me, I'm not afraid to admit, and that was nice." During Christmas week, 1959, while she was appearing in *Goodbye Charlie*, Miss Bacall went one evening after the theater to a large party given by the actor Roddy McDowall, and there she was introduced to Jason Robards Jr., who was then on Broadway in Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic*. "We hit it off immediately," Miss Bacall recalls, "and then a few days later I ran into Jason again at Lee Strasberg's annual New Year's Eve bash. And, from that night on, well—one thing led to another."

Unhappily for Miss Bacall, just as Bogart had been married when she met him, Robards, too, was married, to his second wife, Rachel Taylor, to whom, in fact, he'd only been married for a few weeks. Miss Taylor was not particularly happy about her new husband's new romance, and matters were rather sticky—"I don't know how any of us survived, it was a hell of a fight," says Miss Bacall. Ultimately, though, Robards became free, and he and Betty Bacall were married in Ensenada, Mexico, in 1961.

As the shadow of Bogart has inevitably loomed over them, the Bacall-Robards marriage has not been an easy one. But she was fiercely loyal to Bogart, and she is equally loyal to Robards. At a party not long ago, for instance, when Miss Bacall was seated talking to Robards, she was approached by the editor of a highbrow monthly magazine who began extolling Bogart's acting abilities while never once mentioning Robards, who was at Miss Bacall's elbow. Miss Bacall listened stonily to the editor for some five minutes, and then, giving him a glowering look, snarled, "Bug off, buster."

The fact that Bogart has lately emerged as a folk hero, the object of a cult of young and not-so-young admirers who have made virtually a fetish out of his performances in films like *The Maltese Falcon*, *Casablanca* and *To Have and Have Not*, hasn't made the Bacall-Robards marriage any easier. Robards, an established star in his own right, has no interest in being billed as Mrs. Bogart's Second Husband. However, Robards has an enormous respect for Bogart both as an actor and as a man, while Miss Bacall is frankly delighted by the so-called Bogie Boom. "I'm very proud," says Miss Bacall, "and Bogie's children are proud, too."

The shadow of Bogart is not, however, too thorny a Bacall-Robards problem. "They're deeply in love," a friend recently commented, "and, in a profound sense, they understand and respect each other. But those who think, as some people do, that Betty married Jason because he is like Bogie are dead wrong—they're not the same type at all. As Betty puts it, 'Jason and Bogie have only two things in common—talent and me.'"

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Miss Bacall openly states that her present marriage isn't the idyll that her first marriage was, but adds that it is nonetheless a very good marriage indeed. Robards, she has said, is "honest, irritating, demanding, unpredictable, vulnerable, impatient, funny, egocentric, extravagant, exhausting and exciting," which would indicate that their marriage is anyway far from dull. But, as a result of divergent careers, she and Robards have frequently been forced to be apart. At the moment, following the January closing of his most recent play, *The Devils*, Robards is in Hollywood making the film version of *Any Wednesday*.

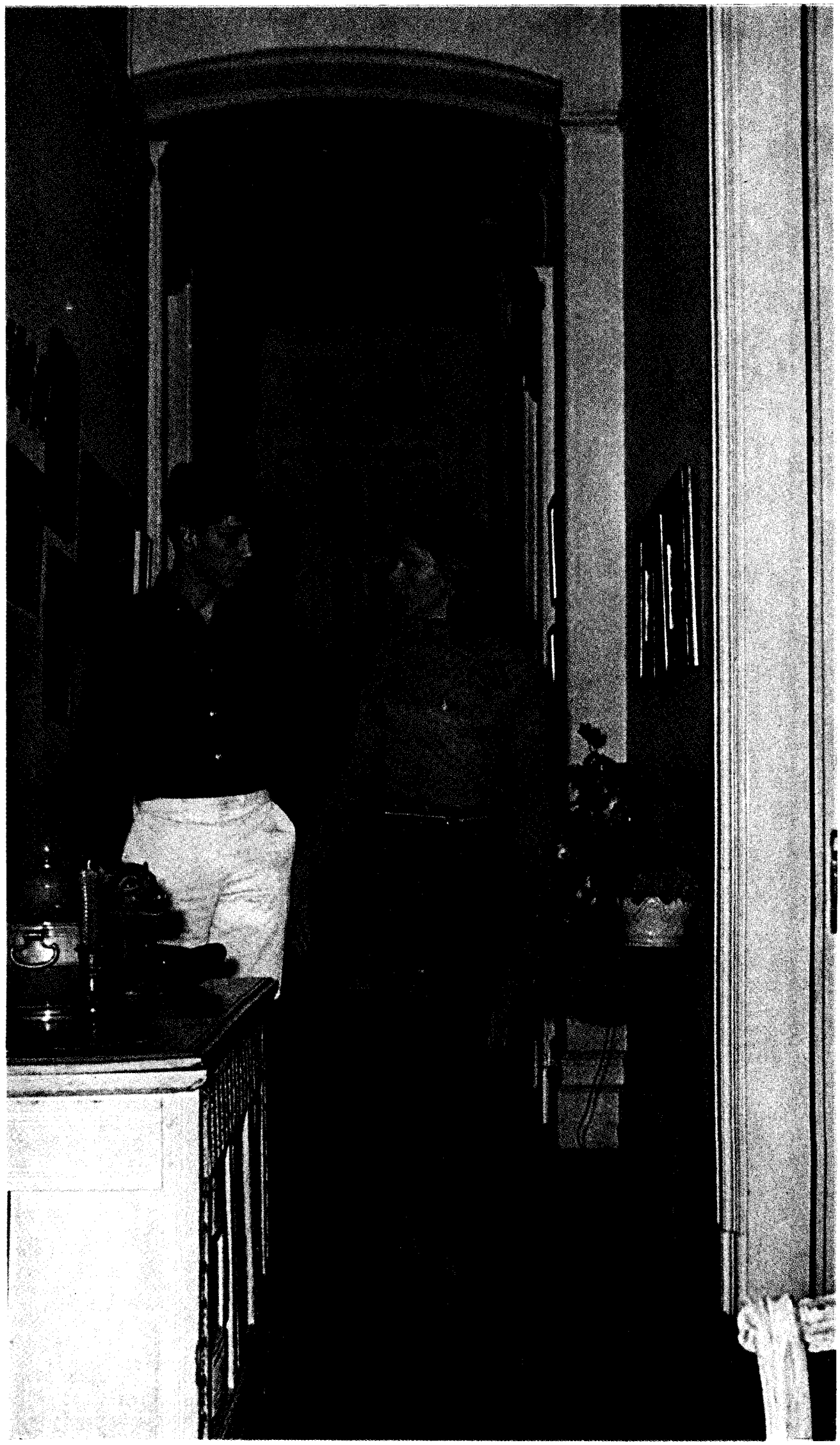
Robards, by the way, is perfectly willing to talk with interviewers about Bogart, a subject that one might assume he found a trifle touchy. "I don't feel at all resentful or competitive toward Bogie," Robards noted a few weeks ago. "I never knew him, but I feel as if I knew him through knowing Betty. He helped to make her the kind of woman I was attracted to in the first place. With her patience and strong will, Betty makes our marriage work. So I thank Bogie for that."

When Miss Bacall married Robards, her career was pretty much at a low ebb, but she was nevertheless unwilling simply to become Mary Noble, Backstage Wife, and she continued to work in movies, most of them, like *Shock Treatment* and *Sex and the Single Girl*, not very good movies. "I never even saw *Shock Treatment*," said Miss Bacall the other day. "I mean, it was bad enough making it without having to see it. By last summer, six weeks or so before *Cactus Flower* came along, I was in the real doldrums. I was feeling about as low as I'd ever felt, but then, last July 14, I went a lot lower, all the way down to the bottom of the roller coaster. Adlai died."

Miss Bacall was speaking, of course, of Adlai Stevenson, who was both one of her great idols in life and one of her three or four closest friends. In 1952, when Stevenson was nominated for President, the unofficial word was circulated around Warner Brothers that any contract player coming out publicly for Stevenson was in danger of having his contract canceled. Bogart and Bacall had for years been active in Democratic politics, and they immediately dropped everything and went touring about the country on the Stevenson campaign train, taking bows at whistle stops in order to help draw larger crowds for his speeches.

"I'd fallen in love with Adlai on television, when he'd made his acceptance speech at the convention," Miss Bacall remembers, "but I fell even more in love with him when I met him. When Bogie died, Adlai was one of the people who helped get me through. I saw a great deal of him while he was ambassador to the U.N. He could always make me laugh and feel good again."

At the moment, the Bacall roller coaster is once more at the top of the run, a circumstance that has brought a new gleam into her eye but that has at the same time made her life a trifle frantic. The other afternoon, trotting breathlessly into her Dakota apartment, 15 minutes late for an appointment, Miss Bacall shook her head and ruefully announced that she is now a victim of the No-Time Syndrome. "Doing *Cactus Flower* eight shows a week, raising a prep-school son, a teen-age daughter and a four-year-old toddler, trying to get some shopping done at Bloomingdale's and running this apartment, I just don't seem to have a free minute simply to sit down, take a deep breath and relax," said Miss Bacall, stalking nervously about the room. "But that's actresses for you—they complain when they're in a flop and they complain when they're in a hit. I guess the essential fact about me right now is that I'm happy, really happy, for the first time in years. For a long time, too, I've been living my life too much in retrospect, dwelling on the old days with Bogie, but I've stopped doing that. I live for now, and, with *Cactus Flower*, now is a lot of fun. This is the year that I'm the star of a Broadway hit, and, dammit, I'm loving it while it lasts." □



Her first child, Stephen Bogart, strolls with his mother through their New York apartment. He wants to be a scientist.

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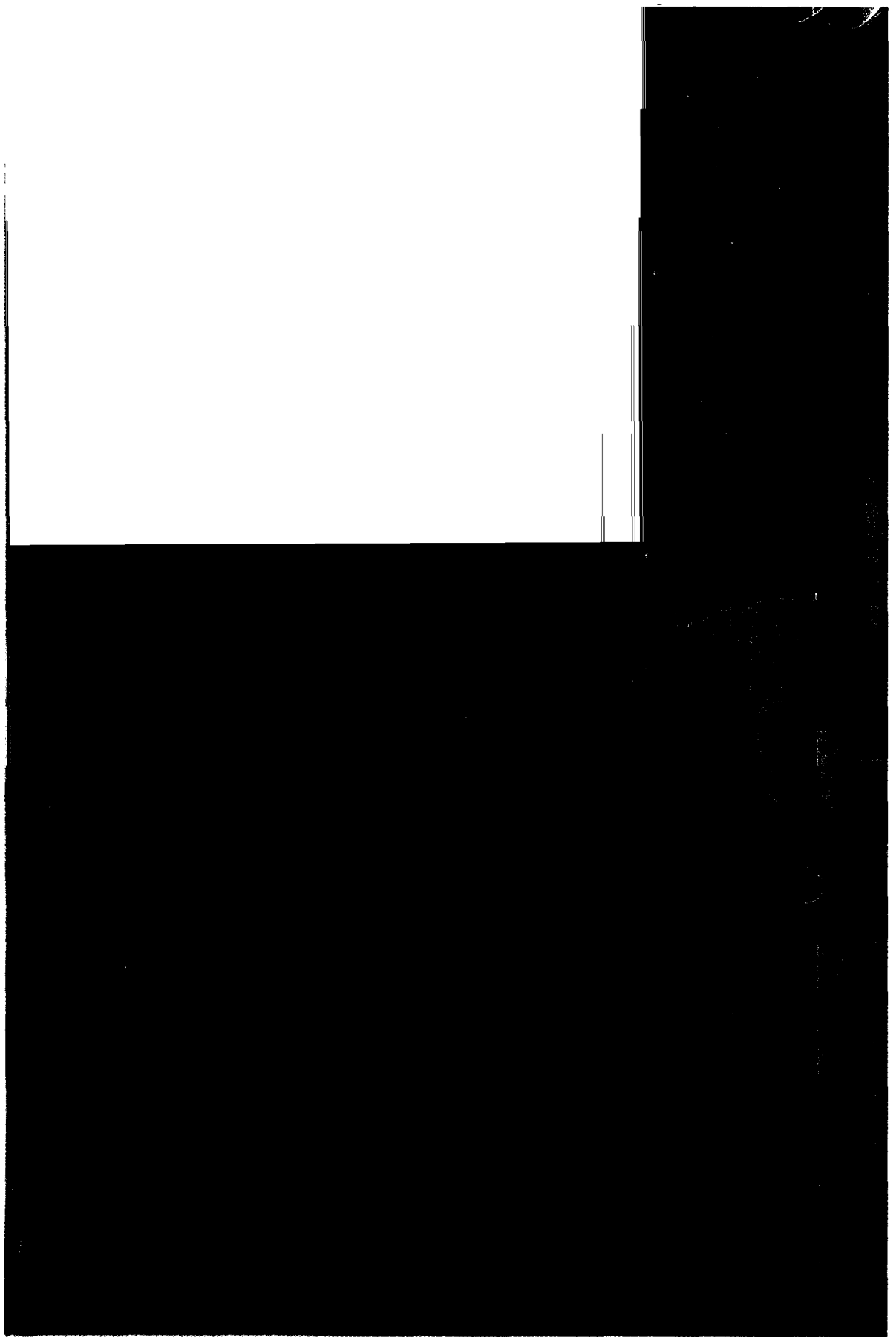

DRUGS

Who's smoking marijuana—

At Harvard, a student stands beneath a bulletin board that offers cars and typewriters for sale, and points out a cryptic message: "Ride wanted to Antioch—this weekend. Will pay expenses." This, the student claims, is a general plea for marijuana. The offer to pay expenses is a declaration of solvency. A local pusher will phone the number given and make an appointment.

At the University of Wisconsin, where single males often appear on campus to search out dates, a student enters a women's dormitory and cries up the stairs, "Anyone want a date? I'm from the U. of C." It's a typical-enough moment, except that "U. of C." stands for the University of Chicago, where some Wisconsin students claim to get their marijuana. The knowledgeable girl who responds to this mating call will show up with $25 and an empty handbag.

On the University of Texas campus, one student sells incoming freshmen annotated maps of the campus. For five dollars you can buy a special map with a black "x" drawn in gothic lettering. On this spot the owner will usually find a patch of marijuana, ready for harvesting.

At the University of California at Berkeley, a student makes periodic trips to Mexico with a trunkful of scuba tanks. Once across the border, he purchases marijuana on the easy Mexican black market, and sets about replacing the compressed air with marijuana smoke. When he returns to Berkeley, he sells the tanks, "just like you would sell a keg of beer to some kids having a party." The tank is passed around like a marijuana pipe, each user inhaling from the mouthpiece. The method is inefficient, but it is considered colorful.

Marijuana has become this generation's illicit pleasure. In the '20's, illegal booze parties took place on ivy-covered campuses on which golden Scott Fitzgerald characters frolicked. In the '50's, when the Kinsey Report stunned a "Puritan" America, college students were experimenting with sex—and bragging about it. Now it is drugs. On campus after campus, scandal and denials follow the revelation that students are "turning on." Administrators deny it, and alumni doubt it. But the police know about it. Health officials and school psychiatrists are aware of it. The students themselves are not only sure it exists but they can usually tell you where to find the action.

In Harvard Square you can obtain marijuana within 30 minutes. Near Columbia University, on Upper Broadway, it takes 20 minutes. From Princeton's Nassau Street to Minnesota's Dinkytown to Seattle's University Way, students are experimenting with non-addictive drugs.

Marijuana is, after alcohol, the most popular intoxicant in the world. Scientists call the plant *Cannabis savita*. Indians call it *bhang*, Turks *hashish*, Chinese *ma*, Moroccans *kef*, Mexicans *marijuana*. Most Americans who have used the drug call it pot, though other names—boo, grass, maryjane, stuff—appear as rapidly as the cult tires of the old words.

The long-haired element on campus (those who are variously called "ethnic," "beatnik," "folkie" or "fringie") is often a major source of marijuana, but it is a grave mistake to assume that these students are the only ones who use drugs. Drugs have begun to invade "respectable" areas of campus life, like Fraternity Row. Special names are given to locally grown marijuana—Brooklyn green, Berkeley boo, Wisconsin weed, Kentucky bluegrass, Kansas standard. When so many are certain that the law is wrong, illegal activities become a huge game like the activities many Americans indulged in during prohibition. When you considered liquor harmless and fashionable, the fact that it was illegal seemed laughable. College students today feel that way about marijuana. Pot smokers, to a man, find their vice "enjoyable" and "harmless." They deny that student users graduate to heroin.

To many college students, marijuana is illegal but safe, and heroin is dangerous, and therefore uncool. The few students who use heroin are referred to as "sickies" by even the most Bohemian of students. Most important, they suddenly become "square." They have allowed the body to dominate, and they have exhibited vulnerability and dependence; cool people do not depend. Most important, with their glazed faces and drug obsession they scare even the habitual marijuana users, or "potheads."

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ON THE CAMPUS

and experimenting with LSD—and why? A coast-to-coast survey.

By RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

In 1965, as managing editor of the student newspaper at New York City's Hunter College, Richard Goldstein decided to look into rumors of drugs on his campus. To his surprise, he found that drugs were being used not only by "the hippy set" but by fraternity men, student leaders, and future businessmen who were neither bearded nor beat. In the year since his graduation, Goldstein, now a graduate student at the Columbia Journalism School, has been gathering material on the college drug scene with the aid of New York friends scattered in graduate schools around the country. He himself has visited 20 campuses from coast to coast, and talked with hundreds of student drug users, pushers, college officials, local policemen and federal narcotics agents. He found drugs on almost every campus he visited. He found that drug users, almost to a man, rejected the adult belief that marijuana is dangerous. And he found that the customs surrounding drug usage varied widely from campus to campus. This is the first of two parts.

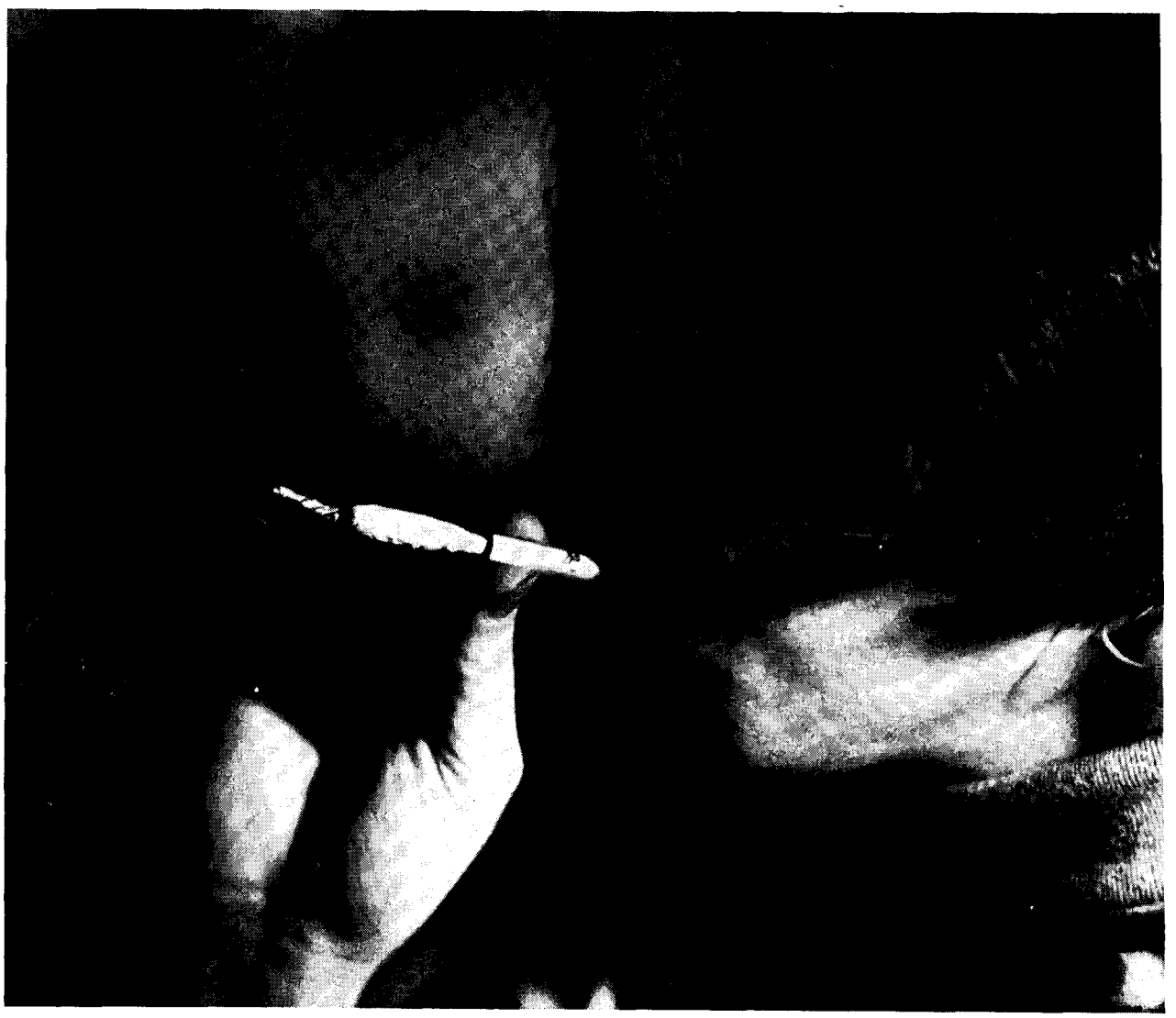
Police estimate that 30 percent of all heroin addicts begin with marijuana—but these statistics simply do not apply to the college scene. A former narcotics commissioner at the New York City Health Department has reported that 90 percent of the city's heroin addicts are school dropouts, and concludes that few college students are likely to use addictive drugs. The slum drug addict, caught in a hopeless, dismal existence, turns to drugs as an escape from slum life, but our student population is the most pampered and worried-about in history.

The question of the danger or safety of marijuana, however, is by no means settled. By general medical agreement, marijuana is non-addictive. It almost never leaves a hangover. It is less damaging, physically, than alcohol. Some psychiatrists and doctors believe that the drug should be legalized, and eventually will be. They predict that marijuana will someday rival liquor as the prime social intoxicant.

Other experts, however, point out that marijuana may be "psychologically" habit-forming, although it is probably less so than either tobacco or alcohol. Some doctors believe that, taken in excessive quantities, marijuana can produce brain and lung damage. Most experts say that, for people who are already emotionally disturbed, marijuana sometimes uncovers psychological problems. And some doctors see dangers in the very fact that marijuana users can still function while "high." One doctor asserts: "The user will be able to perform feats on marijuana, while he would probably just pass out on liquor. For instance, he can drive a car under the influence of marijuana, even though his judgment is impaired. And he can commit acts of violence under marijuana, since it sometimes creates a sense of ultimate power that can be dangerous to the abnormal personality. Liquor does this also, but it also makes it hard for the individual to do physically what he may feel like doing emotionally."

The reasons students use marijuana vary from group to group, but the great majority claim they take the drug simply because it gives them pleasure. Some experimenters give up after one or two times, because "It made me nauseated," or "It didn't do anything for me," or "It's like parachute jumping. Once is enough." But marijuana users claim that a pleasurable experience always comes with practice. Medics are not so sure. One doctor says, "It's a very mild psychedelic [psychedelics are drugs which change perception and disorient the mind]. It just gives you a head start on yourself. For many, it does nothing at all, and they have to fake it." Boston police report one "pot party" in which authorities found a group of teen-agers who seemed to be very high on "marijuana." But little could be done, once the police realized they had confiscated ordinary cigarette tobacco, bought at marijuana prices from a clever pusher.

Students who can get high simply by suggestion form one end of a continuum at whose other extreme is the experimenter who gets nothing from the real thing. Somewhere in between is the "contact high." One student explains this form of secondary intoxication: "You throw all the clothing out of a closet, and you stuff four or five guys inside. You light up some joints, and maybe one or two guys actually smoke. The others just breathe. After a while the whole place becomes



A coed drags on a marijuana cigarette inserted inside a rolled-up matchbook cover so it can be smoked to the end.

©1966 by Richard Goldstein from a book, "1 in 7: Drugs on Campus," to be published by Walker & Co.

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'It was like we were doing something wrong that was fun—like eating candy before breakfast.'

thick and oozy. It's like you're trapped inside some kind of jar. Everything seems to have walls. You don't get as much from a contact high as you do from smoking. But it beats just watching everyone else turn on."

The marijuana user, on almost any given campus, may be placed in one of three categories: a dabbler, a user, a head.

The dabbler has experimented with marijuana, but does not use the drug frequently. For the dabbler, marijuana is something daring—something to tell them about at home. The dabbler refrains from extensive drug usage out of fear, out of moral qualms, or out of immunity to the drug. The large majority of students who try marijuana belong in this category. It is in this group that the "respectable" pot smoker is usually found.

The user indulges on weekends, much the way the rest of the campus uses beer. It is here that the "cult of marijuana" begins. The user enjoys smoking pot, but he also enjoys the mystique surrounding the drug. He is likely to exaggerate the impact of his experience, since he smokes for social as well as psychological reasons. Emotional disturbance is present in such a group, but it does not predominate. What is outstanding is the importance of the group itself. It survives police raids, and even graduation. Often its members dress alike and hold similar political opinions. Drug obsession is rare, and the occasional graduation to stronger psychedelics and amphetamines, or pep pills, is a matter of personal choice rather than group pressures.

The heads, the smallest segment of the drug-taking population, probably make up no more than five percent of all students experimenting with marijuana, but they are often the center of the marijuana cult. The head is high on marijuana most of the time. He often turns on by himself, or with a small group. No matter what the reasons behind his initial experiments with drugs, he now finds an entire personality in this solipsistic world. His most dangerous enemy, as one head says, is any authority, from police to deans and parents; he must learn to live like somebody who is hunted, with the whole respectable world as an enemy. To enhance his stability, the head may often be a supplier. The head may drop out of school, but he continues to make his home on or near the campus. He may eventually become a victim of hard narcotics.

The college student who uses marijuana does not conform to any stereotype, but it is possible to make some rough generalizations about him. He is likely to be either apolitical or liberal; drug experimentation fits into a general pattern of rebellion against society's values. Marijuana was used in Berkeley's Free Speech Movement, as it is within many activist groups.

Sexually the marijuana user claims to be experienced. Most students were contemptuous of promiscuous sex, but many reported favorable experiences under marijuana. Doctors are uncertain of the sexual effect of the drug. Though no one has been seduced merely because he or she is under the influence of marijuana, many have found that the drug reduces their fears about sex.

Academically, the marijuana user spans the entire spectrum of grades. The pot smoker may be a dropout or an honor student.

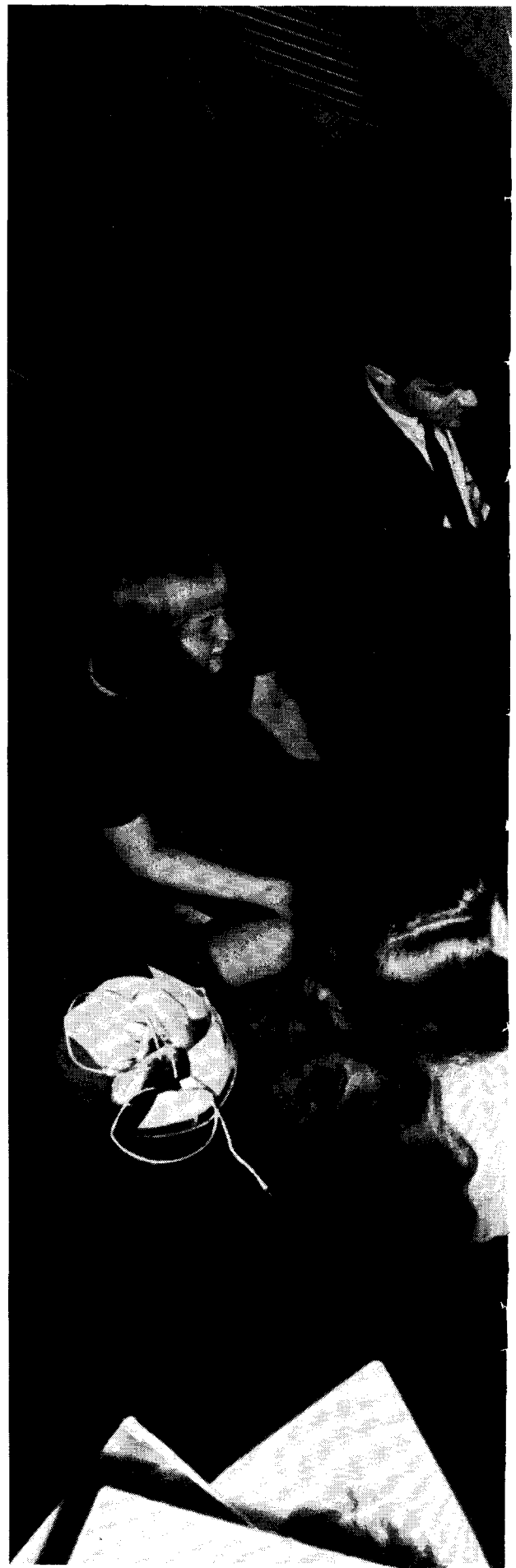
Drug usage also cuts across social classes, but a distinction can be drawn between urban and rural campuses. The use of marijuana is prevalent in the cities. On many Midwestern campuses it is the cliques from New York and Chicago that first experiment with the drug. On rural campuses, where the student body is composed mainly of local residents, the symbol of rebellion and cool seems to be alcohol, often beer. On Friday afternoon many Southern campuses undergo what is referred to as T.G.I.F.—Thank God It's Friday. The drinking, to hear students tell it, begins Friday afternoon and ends Sunday evening, around curfew time. In urban colleges marijuana plays a similar role for students. Marijuana users call beer-guzzling students "hicks" or "foamies." The beer drinkers call the potheads "junkies" or "fringies." One Southern student summed up the reaction to marijuana in rural areas: "Man, you could tie me down. You could do anything, but you'd never get me to go near the stuff." Police officials point to the Northeast megalopolis and the West Coast urban sprawl as the chief areas of marijuana consumption. Except for such areas as New Orleans and parts of Southern Texas, pot is less of a problem in the South. In the Midwest, it is a problem mainly in urban areas, or where urban students gather.

Most authorities admit that there is a danger of permanent impairment after use of the stronger psychedelic drugs. They cite numerous cases of suicide and psychosis brought on by LSD, and the majority of students agree with the authorities. They say, "It's just not worth the risk." Many admit they are frightened by such drugs, and most seem aware that "kids who are hung up should stay away from LSD."

But students are not convinced that there is similar evidence about the dangers of marijuana. One of the major reasons why the marijuana rebellion has sustained itself on campus after campus is the lack of convincing medical evidence against the drug. One student explains, "The only thing that taught us liquor was bad was the hangover. The only thing that made us let up on sex was unwanted pregnancy. But with pot, all they can dig up to make us stop is the narcotics squad."

Why do so many future businessmen, accountants, teachers and doctors, who differ so markedly in ideas and outlook, share this illegal weed?

A pretty Hunter coed says, "For me, it intensifies everything. Once, under pot, we went into a sleazy little Chinese restaurant . . . I mean the



In a locked Cambridge, Mass., apartment, students pass a pipe of "pot." The windows are shut to keep in the smoke.

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kind of a place you usually call 'the Chink's.' Suddenly it seemed like the most beautiful place in the world. The wonton soup sparkled."

A Berkeley student reports, "It broadened the perspective I had on myself. I'm not so fooled by what people around me think. I've got a firmer grip. Really, I'm much calmer now."

From Antioch College: "We all took the stuff and rolled our own cigarettes, and then put on this really cool jazz, and started to smoke. We put blankets on the windows and candles on the floors. The whole room became like the inside of a flame. We were all together in there, and it was like we were doing something wrong that was fun—like eating candy before breakfast—any minute our parents would come barging in to stop us."

What does pot do?

"It relaxes me. It's like two drinks without the aftertaste."

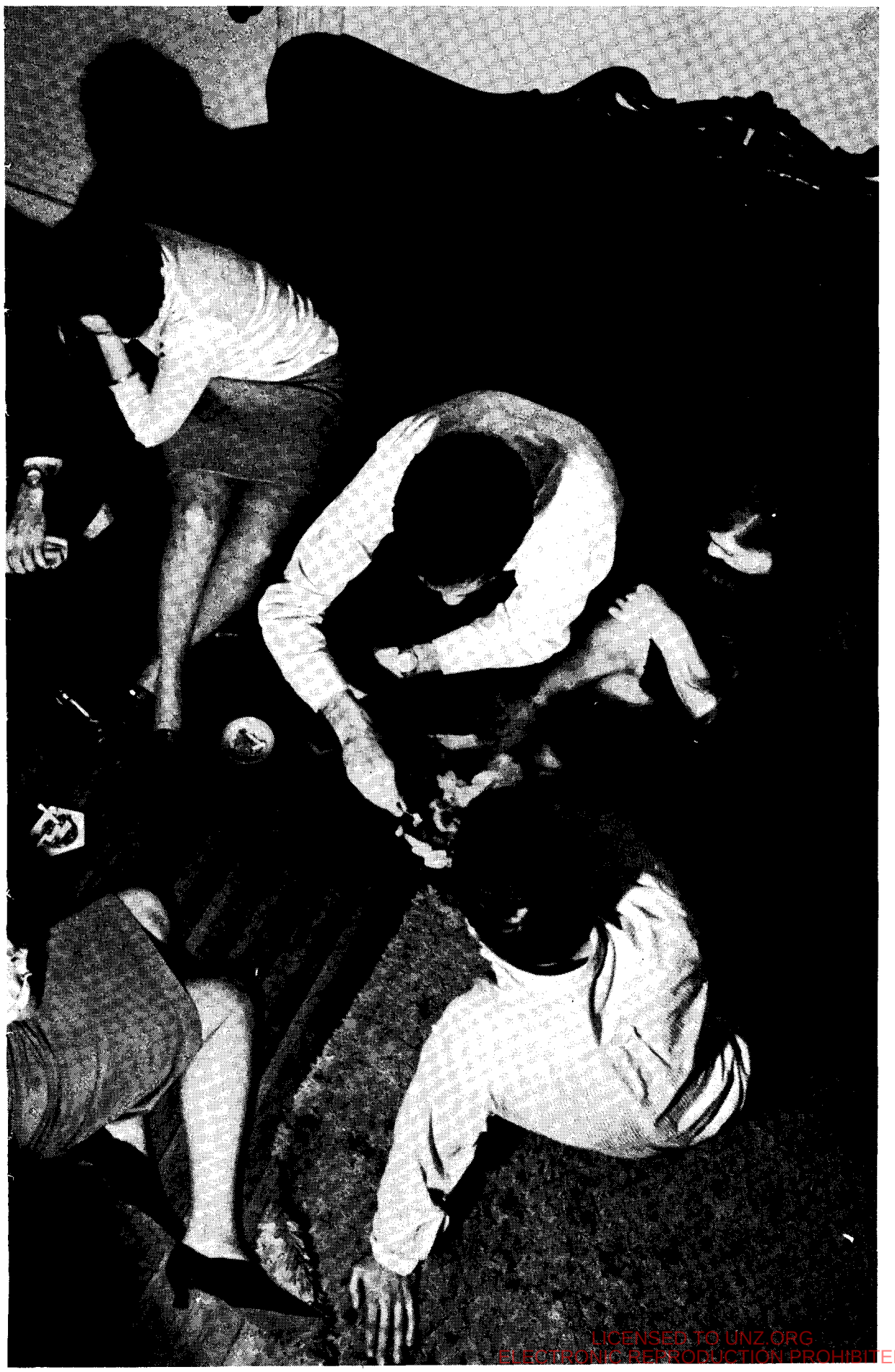
"Nothing. If I'm in a good mood, it makes me feel a little better. If I'm feeling lousy, it makes me feel lousier. So I only use it when I'm feeling good."

"I imagined I was a lion. I started roaring."

"I could see inside myself."

"If we take it before we go to bed together, it makes it all seem better."

"I saw God inside a flower."



"It's like looking inside your own throat."

"Nothing. Nothing at all."

"More than anything, I wish they made marijuana-flavored ice cream."

You climb the stairs in a shabby yet still respectable tenement. You knock on the door, and when it opens you hear the sound of bongos and soft conversation, and you see students lounging in shirtsleeves, in sweaters and skirts. You smell the marijuana—that oozing, languid smell.

The pot party may be anywhere—beneath white porticoes of fraternity houses, or inside tents especially constructed on handy rooftops—but usually it's at a student's apartment, away from the campus and prying parental eyes. The apartment itself—no one calls it a pad—is small, but well-kept. There's a carpet in one of the rooms, and the walls sport cubist prints and Japanese paper lanterns. Scattered around the floor are candles of all shapes and sizes. There is talk of politics and music and much talk of school. The pusher is lounging in a corner with his girl. Everyone sits in small groups. By now, 25 students are present: Talk ceases.

Steve, your host, passes the pot around. He rolls it carefully into cigarettes, using the roller the group chipped in to buy. It is good pure pot bought at a good price and not cut with oregano, which has the same color and texture. Eight cigarettes lie side by side on the floor. You take one up and begin to smoke it, then pass it along.

You hold the smoke in. The windows are closed, and the smoke will soon thicken, making it possible to inhale the atmosphere. You take another drag as the cigarette is passed again. You can feel the preliminary symptom known as the "buzz."

Soon the butts of cigarettes, or "roaches," are gathered together and mixed with fresh marijuana to make up a new round. The smoking begins in earnest now, around cupped hands. Nobody wants to let anything escape. You forget the others. You close your eyes for a minute. You are on the beach. There are cigarette butts and seaweed on the floor. You can sense the girls who sit along the rock jetty, waiting for the older boys who have boats to come and pick them up.

Without ever knowing it, you are up. There is no signal, no magic click, just a gradual feeling and a suddenly freer sense of association. Your entire body tingles slightly. There seems to be a constant breeze around you, and it smells unbearably sweet. You are suddenly hungry, and you walk into the kitchen. Now you are slightly nauseated from the motion.

In the kitchen you pick an orange. The color seems gemlike. When you eat, you can feel every muscle in your mouth and throat working; the fruit no longer tastes like any other orange—it has a wholeness of its own.

You return to the room. They are playing the Rolling Stones. The Stones are part of your pot party, because they seem to fit into the room. They sing with their fingers. They seem to be doing exciting things to every song—they are raping the lyrics, word by word. Right now they are singing "Hey, you, get off of my cloud."

Across the room, the president of a big fraternity, or maybe it's the editor of the college newspaper, is smoking from your "joint." Through the smoke you get a feeling of togetherness from that—something like what the radicals must have had in the '30's. But this seems a lot safer than screaming about class warfare—and a lot less taxing.

You find yourself drinking wine, not because it is intoxicating, but because it is sweet and red, and wine. The label says it is a kosher wine. Suddenly you are an ancient Hebrew, blowing a huge spiral horn while wall after wall comes crashing down upon you. You quote Biblical passages, but later you will not be able to remember them.

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All this has taken hours, though it seems like minutes. For a while you go outside. Policemen and ice-cream vendors never suspect you are high, because it is all inside. You can talk when you want to, though the words may become slightly slurred, as though someone else were speaking out of your mouth.

The party lasts well into the next day. Perhaps you fall asleep, perhaps not. Perhaps you return home and awake the next morning to face grumbling parents or house matrons—still slightly high and thus able to take it all.

All you know is that it has been fun, able to be turned on or off at will, and, unlike liquor, without a hangover. And there were no bad experiences—at least, as far as you can remember.

You are still high. You go into the bathroom and brush your teeth. And all the Rolling Stones sway around you—long hair, tight denims, all those hot lights—and you are singing with the microphone between your lips, suddenly happy because you are a Rolling Stone and everyone has finally gotten off of your cloud.

It's Christmas in Boston.

The Common—a large tree-lined park in the center of the city—is decked with holiday lights. Dioramas depict the Nativity. Sheep and reindeer run loose in spacious pens around the park. Under a bejeweled statue of the Three Kings, five students meet. One is from Princeton, two from Harvard, and the others from Boston and Northeastern universities. Some 20 feet away is a policeman's shack, disguised as a chapel.

The boy from Princeton is a pusher. He has come to Boston via New York City, where he bought nearly five pounds of marijuana from a part-time student at Columbia University. The others are local dealers who supply friends and acquaintances on their respective campuses. Amid the brassy music of a Salvation Army band and the squeals of delighted children, money and marijuana change hands. No one sees; the cops are drinking coffee. The five students wish each other a Merry Christmas, and separate.

Within three weeks the marijuana purchased that night could appear almost anywhere else in Boston that university students gather.

A few days after the purchase, in a darkened room near Harvard Square, five or six students sit listening to a Bach concerto. The walls are bare, except for a carefully mounted print. The dealer arrives, carrying a green cloth bookbag. Inside the bookbag he carries pot. Two girls produce short-stemmed pipes. The dealer joins the others in an informal circle on the floor.

Some three hours later someone remembers that the dining hall closes in 30 minutes. There is a general scuffle. The windows are opened and magazines are used as fans. The dealer takes the remaining pot and stuffs it into his bookbag. Ten minutes later everyone is eating stew in the dining hall, still high but perfectly respectable. There is a little laughter, someone whispers that the carrots look like pencils, and someone answers that the tomatoes are really bloody eggs. At the next table other students are giggling over the new Fellini film. After dinner everyone will study.

This is one Harvard party. There are also the big Harvard pot parties, almost always with girls present, and usually held in private apartments in the slum sections of Cambridge. The drug "scene" at Harvard is normally played in private. The pushers, or dealers, are often students themselves. They make connections in Harvard Square.

At Harvard Square, pot is slightly more expensive than in Times Square (five dollars will net twelve cigarettes in Boston, fourteen in New York). Stronger psychedelics, on the other hand, are cheap in Boston. The price of LSD has dropped from $5 per dose to 75 cents. The reason, police claim, is the increase in supply around campuses.

'We're like a campus police station,' a Boston cop says. 'We have to work in dormitories, rooming houses, anywhere college students gather.'

Public concern over marijuana at Harvard can be traced to an article that appeared in *The New York Times* last year. In that article, Harvard students estimated that from one fifth to one half of the students at Harvard will have tried marijuana sometime during their stay at Cambridge. The article unleashed a storm of criticism from Boston judicial authorities and from Harvard administrators. A Harvard College dean told one reporter that "adult estimates of marijuana usage here run about one percent."

A more recent estimate, from a *Harvard Crimson* reporter, runs close to 30 percent. Last December, Harvard placed four students on probation for the use of marijuana. Other students reportedly have been placed on probation after unpublicized discoveries of drugs.

There are nine Residential Houses at Harvard, and the Residential House, with its own dining room and library and tutoring staff, is the basic social unit. It is normally within this unit—and not on the streets of Cambridge, as police claim—that the students engage in drug experimentation.

Most houses attain status-images. As a result, the "preppie" type is likely to live in either Eliot or Lowell House. The athletic student can usually be found at Winthrop House. And the Bohemian element prefers Kirkland or Adams House. One ex-student of the college explains their social habits this way: "Walk into Winthrop House, and they'll offer you a beer. Walk into Lowell House and they'll serve you an aperitif. Walk into some of the other houses, and you might get a marijuana joint."

Few smokers are ever expelled—if they agree to spend some time with a psychiatric worker at the University Health Service. A student at the college says, "It's generally known that if you have a drug problem you can go to the Health Service and they will keep it confidential." Dana L. Farnsworth, director of Health Services, says: "The Health Service is anxious to help students find medical solutions to the drug problem before they are implicated to the point of being subject to legal action. . . . The best thing we can do to protect the student is to help him protect himself."

There are some 30 schools of higher education in Boston, and this does not include Cambridge, or any of the numerous Boston "suburbs." Life for a Back Bay cop is sometimes like that of a private campus guard. "We're like a campus police station," a narcotics agent says. "This is all a new field for us. We have to do work in dormitories, and rooming houses, and anywhere that college students gather." He calls marijuana in schools such as Boston University "a problem that has been mushrooming." "Last year we took in isolated cigarettes," the agent declares. "This year it's in five-dollar bags, in ounces, even in pounds. Last week we hit an all-time high—sixty pounds in one seizure." He removes a key from his pocket and opens two long footlockers, exposing tightly packed marijuana. "That came from Mexico, through California and New York, and here it is in Boston. But we lose most cases we bring into court, because of the type of defendant—the caliber of the people involved."

Two fine-arts students at Boston University demonstrate "the caliber of the people involved." They are serious students. "We get our pot from friends, mostly," one of them says. "Someone will buy in bulk because it's cheaper that way. He sells what he can't use. So, we get his name and maybe call him up. There just is no underworld involved at B.U." Another student admits that he grows marijuana in his parents' home, "in the backyard," and harvests a crop during every holiday. "My folks think it's philodendron," he says.

Police officials believe that drug usage at Boston University and other schools in the area is an offshoot of Ivy-university experimentation. One college official commented, "Apparently my students began to smell the odor wafting across the Charles River. I think they get high on romantic notions more than they do on narcotics. I think the Harvard men made it seem like the thing to do, and police raids made it seem like the thing forbidden to do. Everybody just jumped on the bandwagon."

Why do the students use marijuana? The pressures at Harvard are mentioned. "Pot takes the pressure off in a very real way," says one honor student. "There's a sense of total, timeless ease."

The impersonality in a large university is blamed. "When you smoke," says one student, "it's like a big conspiracy. It's personal; there's a common enemy for the whole group."

A long-time administrator asserts: "Kids are rebelling against adult norms. They think they are more rational and realistic than their parents. and smoking marijuana is a way to prove it."

"I'd be lying if I didn't mention the social factor," says a Harvard student. "Pot gave me a real sense of purpose, an assurance, a kind of concept of the straight and narrow, though that might sound ironic. The whole thing is the kids you smoke it with. You really start to share bits of yourself with the smoke. And after a while you've got friends, and an ideology, and even girls—you'd be amazed at how many Cliffies [Radcliffe girls] equate pot with seduction.

"Even after the pot is over, I mean even after you graduate and begin your career, and, you know, begin wearing bowlers and vests, the group still holds together. I predict that when we're all thirty, we'll be shocked by whatever is the pot of the new generation. But we'll still be together."

On most campuses, there is a rigid line between pot and more dangerous psychedelic drugs, such as LSD. At Harvard the line is much less firm.

Such drugs were recently available under the aegis of Richard Alpert and Timothy Leary, two professors of psychology at Harvard. Their experiments with the consciousness-expanding properties of LSD and psilocybin (another hallucinogen) brought the university its first major scandal over drugs. Before their experiments were discontinued, 167 persons, many of them Harvard men, had tried such drugs. Leary ecstatically noted that 95 percent of the students reported positive, meaningful experiences under psychedelics. But for the other five percent the psychedelics were a living hell. Two students wound up in mental hospitals after taking the drug. A third was almost killed when he walked into oncoming traffic, convinced that he was God and could not be hurt.

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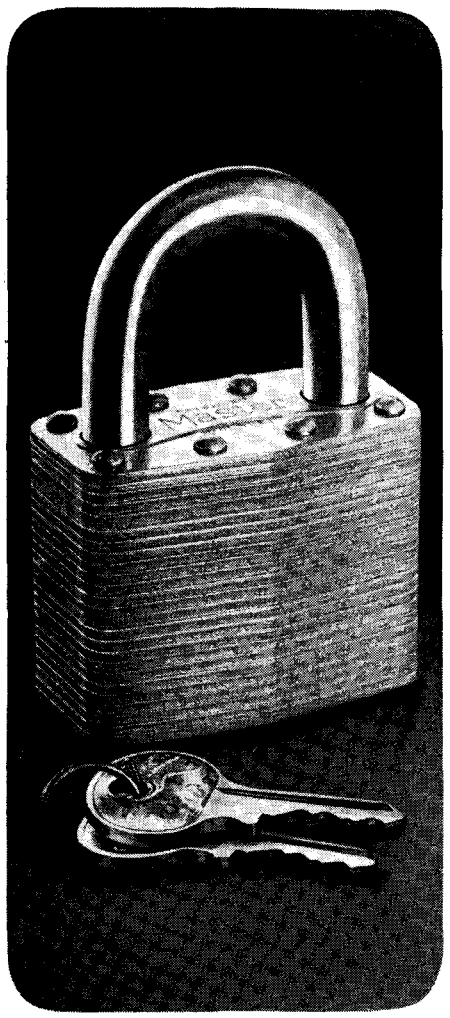

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DRUGS ON THE CAMPUS

In 1962 the university gave undergraduates a formal warning about dangers in the use of hallucinogenic drugs; in 1963 the university fired both professors. Since then, the two men have become martyr-heroes to the psychedelic cult at Harvard. Harvard men, curious over reports of "mystic insight" and anxious to take part in this new and "meaningful" ritual, began to investigate sources for the drug outside the university. They found them soon enough.

One student who has used psychedelics while at Harvard admitted that "students aren't sufficiently aware of the dangers around psychedelics. I know one hundred people at Harvard who have used psychedelics. One cracked up completely. And one in five have had bad highs."

Psychedelics are not as widely used at the colleges which surround Harvard. At Boston University they are "rare and very personal." At Northeastern they are "talked about but never seen, like flying saucers."

But Harvard is not the only Ivy League college campus at which drugs are plentiful, forbidden and mysterious. If Yale University in New Haven, Conn., has not yet suffered a major drug scandal, it is not because the student body has shunned pot. "Pot is fairly common here," says one student, "but no one seems to be able to put his finger on it. It's very private here, and smoked in very small groups." Another Yalie declares: "Everything went underground after the Harvard scandal. Everybody here has a career to think about, and a future. No one is willing to risk it all for the sake of one tiny forbidden thrill. But marijuana does exist here. The hip people are hip, but they are being very quiet about it."

The use of marijuana at the "seven sisters" women's colleges seems related to contacts within the Ivy universities. Smith, Radcliffe and Barnard girls are common appendages at pot parties at Yale, Harvard and Columbia. They are not stunned onlookers, but delighted participants.

But women students seldom turn on with members of their own sex. One student at Smith College explains, "Somehow, pot is a masculine business. It's groovy enough to brag about going with a pothead, and of course it's fine to imply that you're joining him—in everything. But you don't smoke the stuff with your friends, or in your dorm. It just doesn't mix."

And a Cliffie sums it up, "We go across the street to pot parties. Sometimes we come to my room, but we're always with a crowd of guys and girls. Women just don't smoke by themselves. It's unladylike."

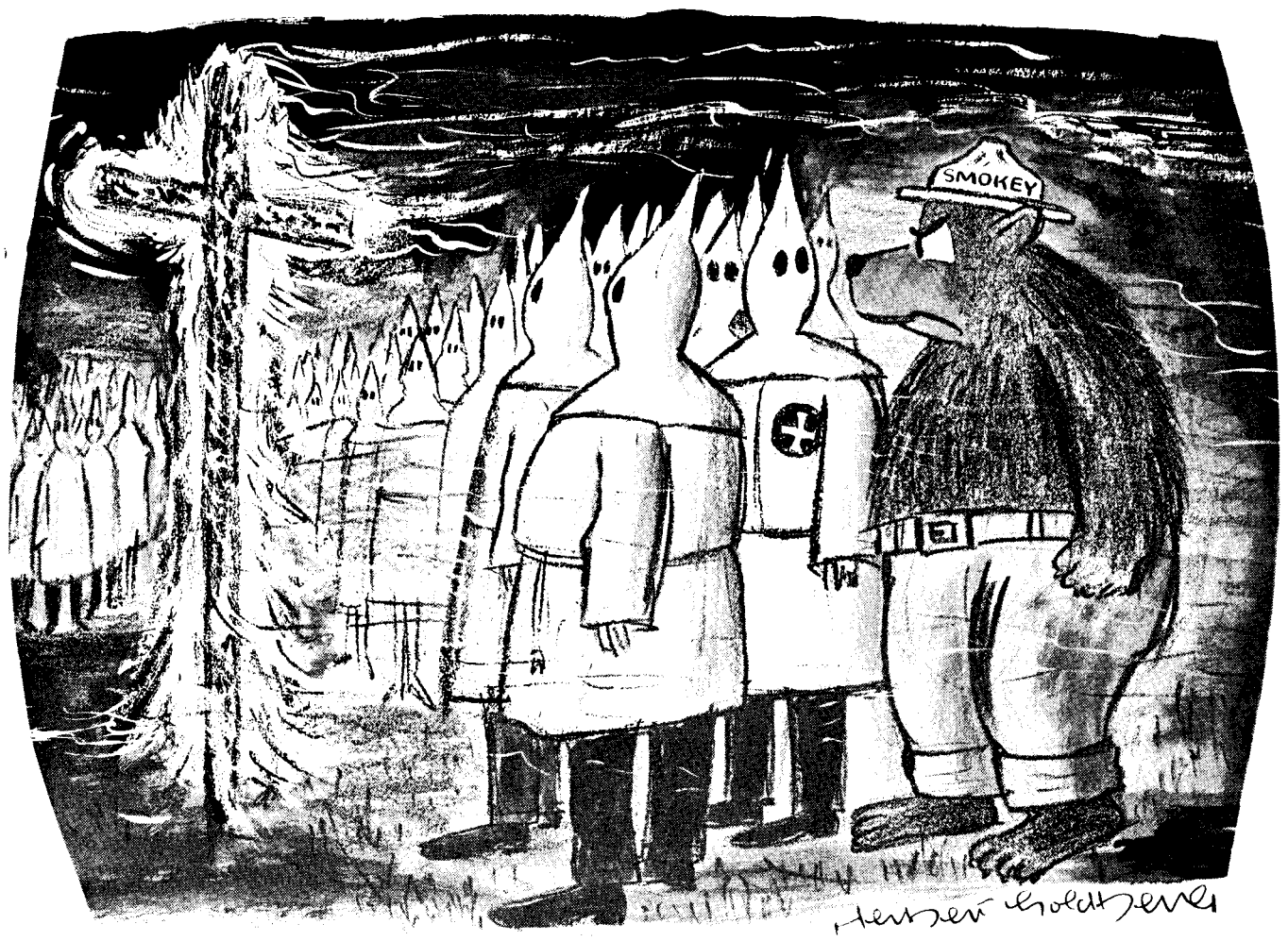
New York City is America's largest college town. Its student population of 250,000 could fill many American cities. Its Student Union is one of the world's great Bohemian quarters—Greenwich Village. And, since the great majority of students in New York are native New Yorkers, their manners and mores differ sharply from what has come to be called "collegiate." Campus dances are well attended, but the endless row of foreign movie houses on the East Side, folk clubs in the Village, and theaters provide an inexhaustible supply of off-campus entertainment. The average New York student lives either at home or in an apartment surrounded by non-students. His parents are not voices on the long-distance telephone, but, usually, a physical presence. If he wears a beard, or shoulder-length hair, he must do so in the middle of a well-scrubbed Brooklyn or Bronx neighborhood, which is no easy task.

There is a simple explanation for the prevalence of marijuana on New York City campuses. Police officials admit that the fascination with that particular kind of "high" is an urban phenomenon, and New York City, as one of the world's greatest urban conglomerations, is the natural place to find the most marijuana at the cheapest price. But the Federal Narcotics Bureau denies that the "mob" is involved in marijuana traffic, since the profits are paltry compared with those culled from illicit heroin traffic.

Drugs are present on all of New York's campuses, but there are some colleges at which drug experimentation is rare, and almost never public. This is especially true of the Catholic universities. A student at Saint John's University says, "Maybe there is drug experimentation here, but it's completely underground. You expect that on a campus of this nature, where protest and rebellion just aren't part of the scene, the way grades and dating are."

And on Fordham University's Bronx campus, a senior says, "It's all beer here. In many ways, Fordham is like a respectable Southern school. It's not that the students are overly pious; they just have a well-developed sense of propriety. Besides, everyone knows that in the Bronx, the Irish drink beer, the Italians sniff glue, and the Jews smoke pot. And this is an Irish school!"

Explanations of sociological phenomena based on ethnic considerations are always suspect, but it is a fact that marijuana is a problem on many city campuses where Jews form at least a sizable minority. Many sociologists have estimated that Jews are unlikely to join the nation's growing ranks of



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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alcoholics. They point to a long-standing tradition in Jewish culture which treats the consumption of alcohol as a commonplace occurrence. For the Catholic student in New York, rebellion often takes the form of frequent alcoholic bouts. But for the young Jewish rebel, marijuana, non-addictive, but thoroughly unrespectable, could be a better vehicle for parental defiance.

For those who want it, pot is easily obtained at New York University, the city's largest private educational complex, which enrolls 40,000 students. The university's major campus is located in a center of the city's drug traffic—Greenwich Village. Last January, N.Y.U. expelled an undisclosed number of students from a red-brick dormitory on the Washington Square campus, apparently for suspected marijuana smoking. The administration has steadfastly refused to discuss the case in public, but students were outraged at the action. They accused the dean's office of spying, conducting an inquisition, and bowing to outside pressure. The city's press, in turn, was shocked at what appeared to be the widespread acceptance of marijuana by students.

Isidor Chien, professor of psychology, offered an explanation. He said, "Adolescence . . . is a period in which the problem of identity is most intense. If past experience is any guide, the greatest bulk of even the most radical experimenters—if not punished—will grow up to be staid, respectable, middle-class citizens complaining about their own children."

Roger, an N.Y.U. sophomore, tells about the availability of marijuana on his campus: "Anyone who lives near New York and comes to the Washington Square campus to study knows that sooner or later he's going to be offered pot. It's so absolutely easy to find. It floats around. It's possible just to go to pot parties with friends and stay high weekend after weekend without ever spending a cent. I mean our student union is Macdougal Street in the Village. Look out any classroom window any time, and if you're sharp enough, you can witness drugs changing hands."

Hunter College, in the Bronx, is part of The City University of New York (C.U.N.Y.), a conglomeration of 11 colleges including Queens, Brooklyn, and City College. The city transit system is all that unifies the student body of the City University. Since students go home every night, there is little pressure to become standard collegiate, and the college is not responsible for the lives of its students after 3 P.M.

No one knows who started it, or how it spread, but somehow pot became cool at Hunter. Even smokers denied this at first. Then last year *Meridian*, the student newspaper, decided to survey the campus on the use of drugs, because, as a reporter in charge of the survey said, "We knew that it would make news."

It did, although the results were so staggering that they were never printed in their original form. On a campus of 4,000 day students (those who go to school full time), 400 or 500 students had smoked marijuana more than twice and considered themselves users, the *Meridian* found. But it was not the statistics that surprised the *Meridian* editors. It was the discovery that the fraternity man—long the stereotype of respectability, the one who was headed for conventional success in the suburbs—smoked pot. *Meridian* found that the average user was beardless, dungareeless and guitarless. He was a respectable student, without emotional problems or disturbing qualms about where he was going. He used pot "because it's fun," and "because everyone does." Furthermore, *Meridian* found that marijuana was present within the student government.

"Once we knew it was safe, we figured it was cool," one fraternity brother explained. "You were on the fringes of being a degenerate when you used pot. But you were still safe."

The *Meridian* report was presented to the school administration. The reactions ranged from skepticism to gratitude, but some two weeks after the presentation, panic set in. The word went out that the dean had a list of all marijuana users on campus, the FBI was present in droves, and there was going to be trouble.

Some three hours after the rumor hit the student cafeteria, the waiting room of the dean of students began to fill with worried students. They were assured that there was no FBI and there were to be no recriminations for past off-campus activity—but the dean's office had been given concrete proof of pot at Hunter.

Eventually, however, police entered the scene. Five Hunter students were arrested. Found in the apartments of two of the students were no less than seven pounds of marijuana,

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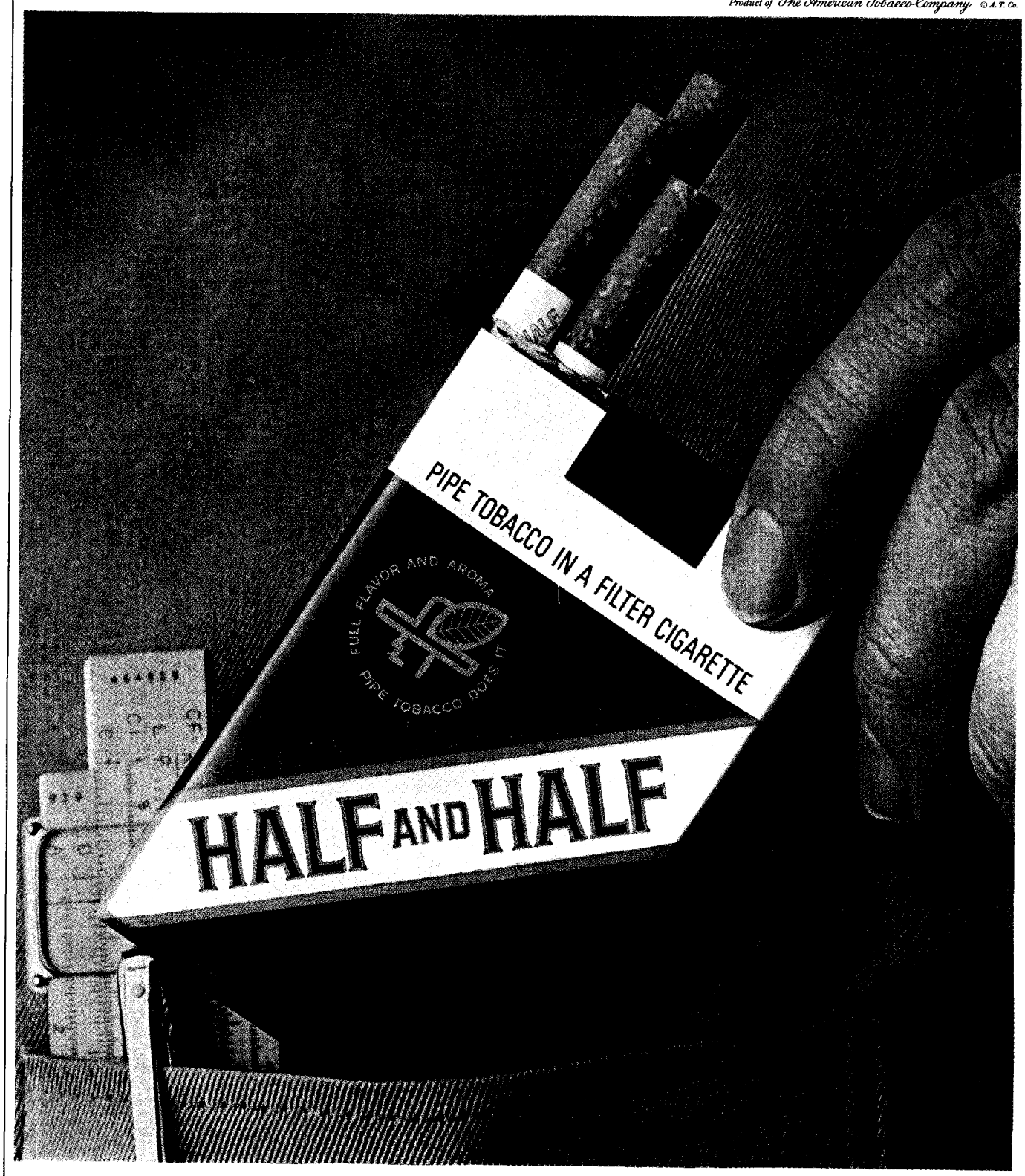

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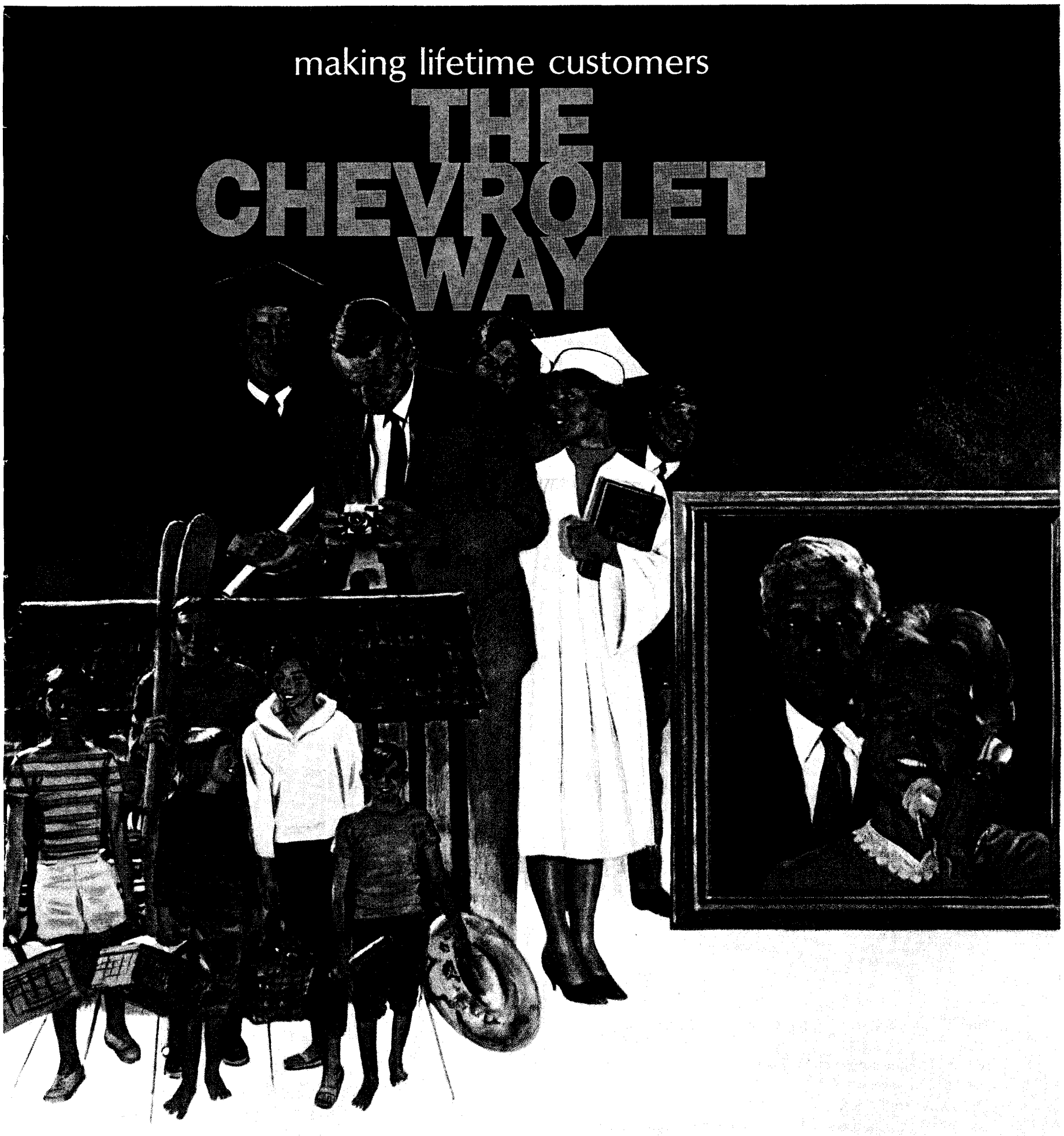

A family's biography can be written in terms of the cars they buy. ☐ The young couple in a Corvette or Corvair, for instance, soon becomes the budget-minded family in a Chevy II. Or the busy suburbanites in an Impala Wagon. Or the proud parents whose graduation gift is a sporty Chevelle. Or the dignified couple in the Caprice. Things keep changing for all of us and our car preferences change, too. That's why Chevrolet now makes five entirely different kinds of cars. Two things don't change, though. Your desire for dependability and your quest for value. Chevrolet built its reputation by keeping that in mind and by always keeping you in mind, too.

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Stuffy summer cold? Take a 12-hour breather

Take Contac and even tough summer colds are easier to take.

Because Contac stops your sniffles.

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Clears your stuffy nose.

And breathing is a breeze. Thanks to the good medicine in every 12-hour Contac capsule.

(Actually, you get over 600 tiny "time pills" of good medicine in each capsule. Set like clocks, they give you a whole day's or night's worth of *continuous* relief.)

Stuffy summer cold? Take Contac, the cold capsule more people prefer. At your pharmacy.

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For a beautiful vacation visit and enjoy your National Parks.

a half-ounce of cocaine and a small quantity of LSD.

Students, stunned by the arrests, realized something that they had conveniently forgotten back when marijuana was an adventure: Whatever its attractions, pot is illegal. Suddenly friends were behind bars, and news reporters were scattered around the campus. Suddenly parents were grumbling about "that Commie school," and asking their children, "The truth or no allowance—are you a junkie?"

"The bust was the only thing that made us feel using pot was wrong," one Hunter student says. "We finally realized we were doing something illegal. Before that, so many kids were doing it so openly, you never thought the cops would dare bust us. So, we all stopped using it for a while, at least until things blew over."

Things have since quieted down at Hunter College. But marijuana is still there. Everyone knows about it, though no one says very much. Once in a while the school newspaper has printed sly references to confirm the fact in code—"Hunter Grass Festival Next Week," or "Be Ahead—Join Meridian."

The City University's largest college is the City College of New York, C.C.N.Y., and, according to a C.C.N.Y. official, drugs are not a problem.

Jim agrees that pot is not a problem at City—at least from his point of view. As a campus pusher, he is ecstatic about the whole thing. After pushing marijuana for just four months, he temporarily retired—$2,000 in the black. At 50 cents a cigarette—the going New York price—that's quite a lot of marijuana.

Ray, a City College junior, is a good friend of Jim's and a good customer. He says, "The campus is a good place to smoke. You meet your friends there; it's congenial. It's a social gathering place."

He takes you around the campus, to the places where "the scene" happens. There are secluded sections of cafeterias, chipped-plaster tunnels, rooftops and lawns. On the South Lawn you watch a dozen students smoking in a small circle. Their books are open and one strums a guitar. It is only as you get closer that you realize they are smoking marijuana.

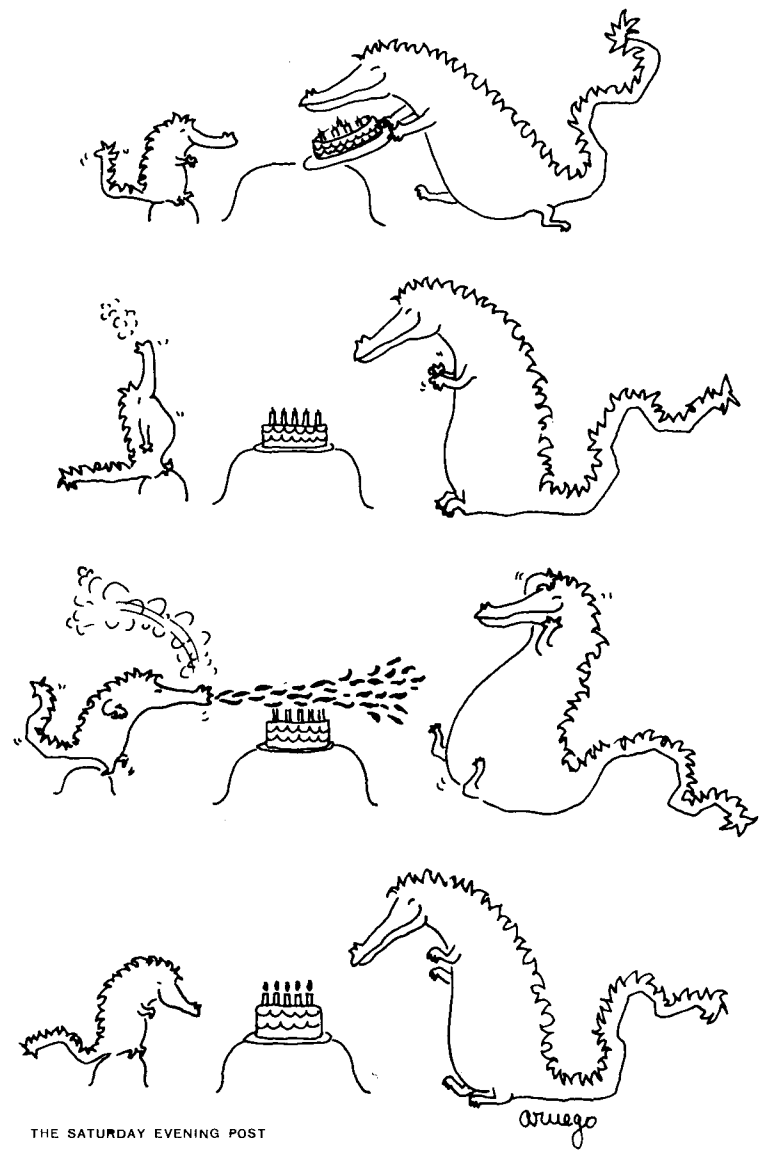
"Many smokers like to turn on around the South Lawn," Ray says. "It's pleasant in the spring."

Just what is the extent of marijuana usage at C.C.N.Y.? Jim begins figuring in a C.C.N.Y. notebook.

"Including fraternities . . . and hippies, 20 percent. Almost no one ever gets to heroin or anything like that.

"That's this year. It's all starting to change, you know." Jim looks up from his book and smiles. "There's such a difference in the attitude. That's what's so amazing. A while ago everyone was shocked when you mentioned marijuana. Now everyone knows about it, and even kids who never use it talk about it—a lot. Sometimes they even pretend to be high. But you can always tell. They're not really happy."

A few blocks away, in the Morningside Heights area of Manhattan, Dean David B. Truman recently told the undergraduate newspaper, *The Columbia Daily Spectator*, that he would be



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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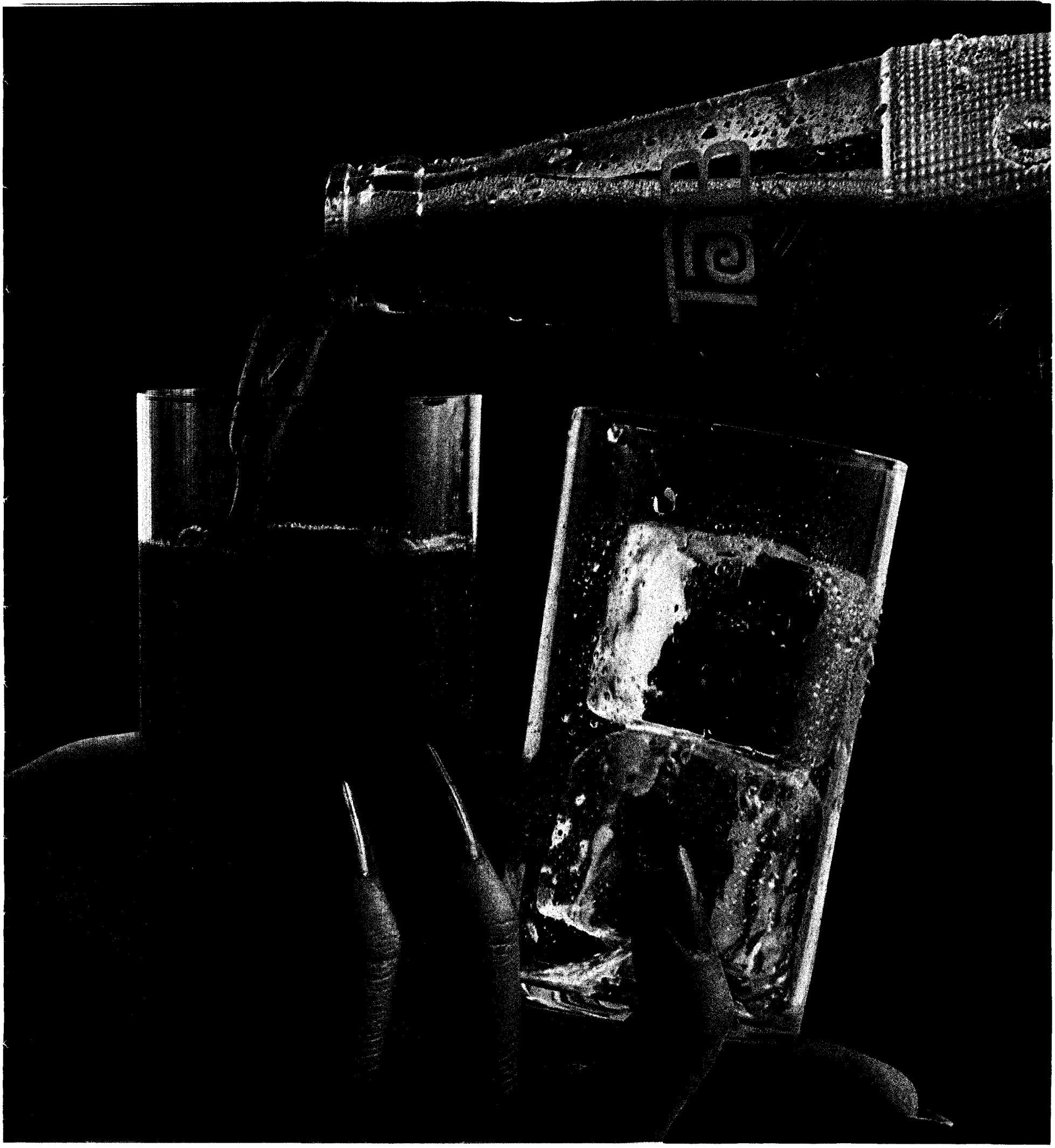

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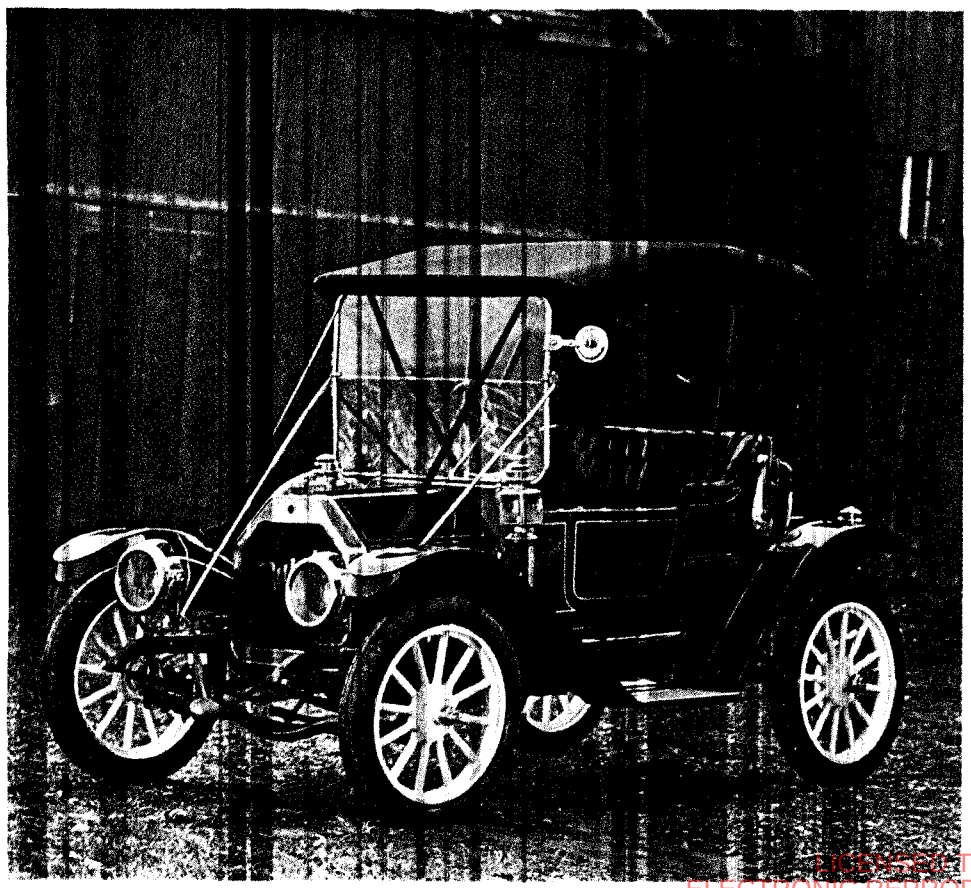
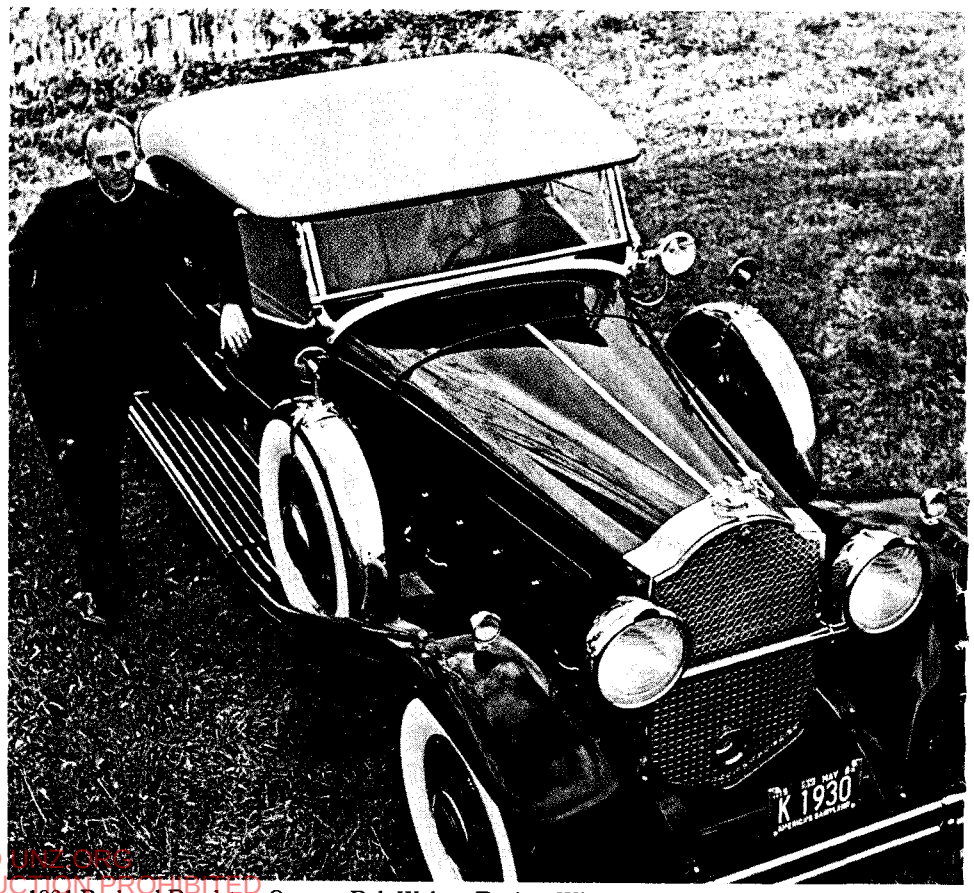
1931 Auburn Convertible Sedan. Owner: Wallace Rank, Milwaukee, Wis.



1912 Buick Runabout. Owner: John Dietz, Wauwatosa, Wis.



1931 Packard Roadster Owner: Bob Weber, Racine, Wis

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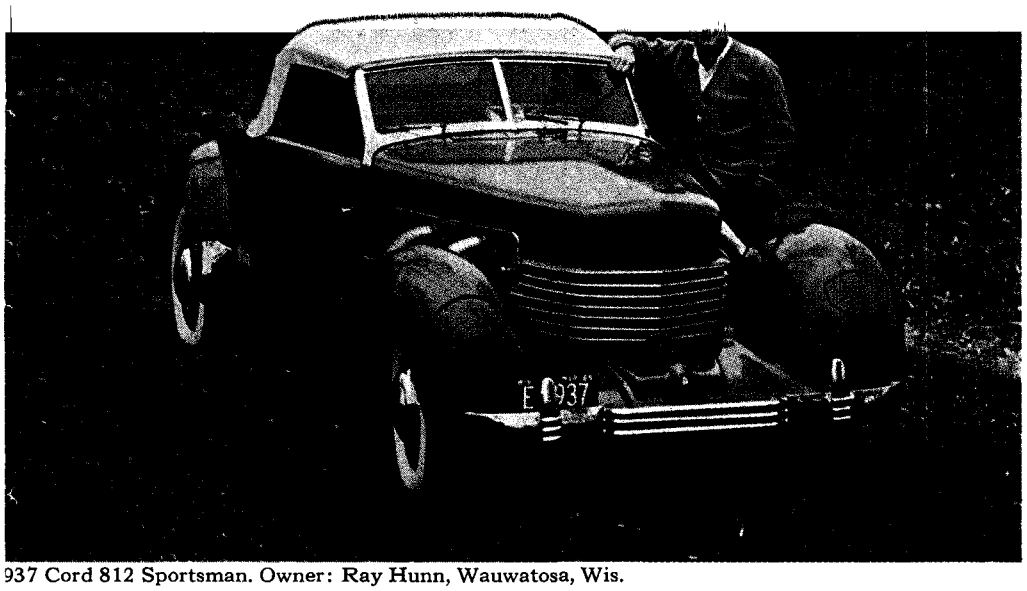
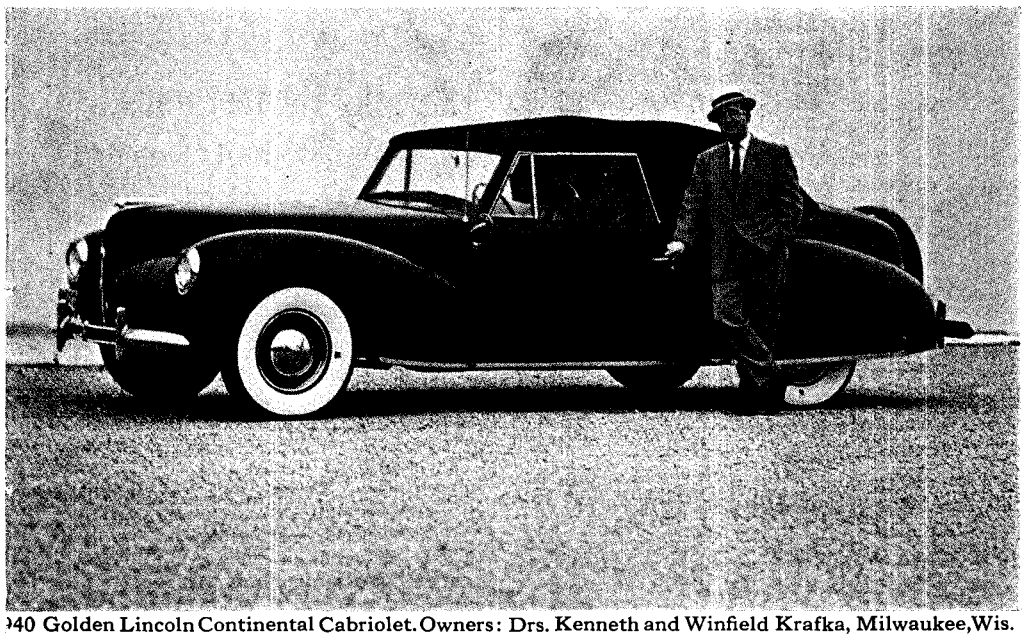
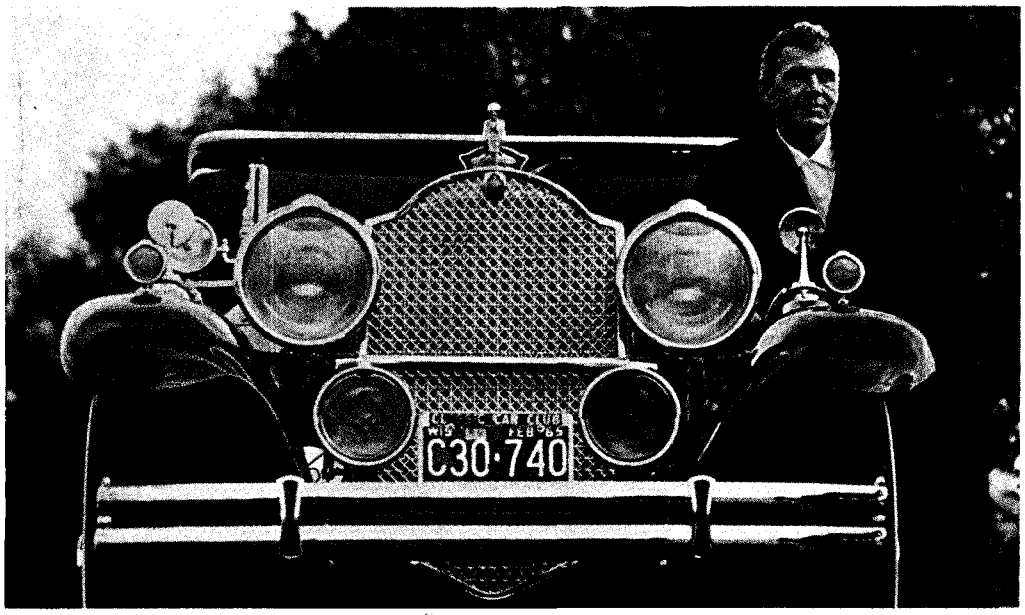


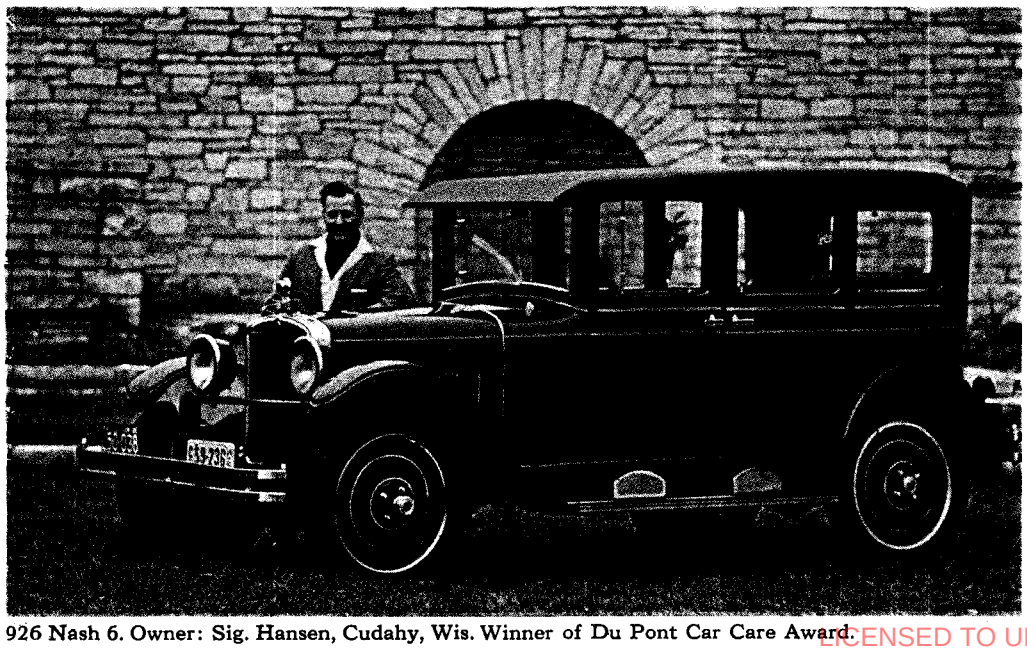
937 Cord 812 Sportsman. Owner: Ray Hunn, Wauwatosa, Wis.



940 Golden Lincoln Continental Cabriolet. Owners: Drs. Kenneth and Winfield Krafka, Milwaukee, Wis.



930 Packard Dual Cowl Phaeton. Owner: Robert Adams, Kansasville, Wis.



926 Nash 6. Owner: Sig. Hansen, Cudahy, Wis. Winner of Du Pont Car Care Award.

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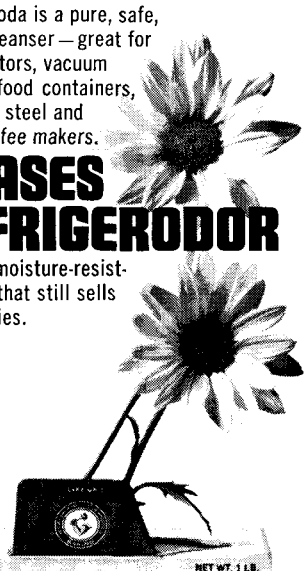

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surprised "but not totally astonished." to find out that one third of the campus had smoked marijuana.

Truman's statement followed the apparent suicide of a "model" student, Tim Rolfe. When police found Rolfe's body in his dormitory room, they uncovered a cache of narcotics—including marijuana—and a diary containing names of students. One reporter on the *Spectator* describes what happened as the suspicion spread that Rolfe was a drug pusher. "Well, there was quite a panic here. Everyone knew that the dean and the police had the diary. But the students mentioned in it were never caught. Some came voluntarily, both to admit they had used pot and to insist that Rolfe was not a pusher."

It is difficult to determine exactly what the administrative attitude toward the use of drugs is at Columbia. One administrator made a stab at it when he said, "We treat drug users as individual cases, and not by any hard-and-fast rule." The rule—if there is one—seems to be: If the student is pushing, he is suspended; if the student is experimenting, he is referred to psychological counseling.

Anthony F. Philip, chief psychiatrist for the student health service, admits, however, that the use of drugs may not indicate a severe emotional problem. "There's nothing potentially dangerous in essentially healthy students' trying marijuana," he said. "It's part of the maturing process, trying new experiences. But for some students, for those who lack commitment to any set of goals or feel lost in a very profound way, it can be quite bad."

At Columbia, marijuana is sometimes given as a Christmas present (one pusher revealed that he specially packages $2.50 doses of marijuana—which he calls a "thrupence bag"—for purchase by Columbia students around Christmas time).

And pot is smoked with a special swagger among fraternity men. A reporter on the *Spectator* claims that "marijuana is used extensively in more than one of Columbia's fourteen fraternities. And when I say extensively, I mean they hold secret parties for that special purpose."

A member of one such fraternity described a pot party here as "more of a primitive rite than a wild party. It's all very organized, and secret. You have a special knock. You can't bring guests, and girls just aren't allowed. Everyone sits around and passes pot. It's done very slowly, and there are records going.

"Then, after a while, it becomes wild. There's this weird sense of competition about the whole thing. Everyone has got to get a better, more unusual high than the guy next to him. It's all really kind of a farce. Sometimes I watch these kids faking and bragging, and it just makes me want to crack up. All those faces they make—it's phony. But I do it anyway. I mean, after all, these guys are my friends."

Huge marijuana raids are not infrequent in the area around Columbia, and the school is some 20 blocks away from the most notoriously addict-filled area in the city, a stretch of Broadway that culminates in a small plaza known locally as "needle park." "With all the dope around here," a policeman says, "it's a miracle these students never run into any of the hard stuff. You hardly ever get students in a real dope raid. Only on the petty stuff, like marijuana."

Rod, a 19-year-old junior at Columbia, has been a campus pusher for "a few years." Tonight he stands along tree-lined College Walk, beneath a statue of Alma Mater—a stern, seated lady.

He is easy enough to reach. You get his first name from a student customer. You call him up. You make an appointment. He makes "a few thousand each year." He sells "marijuana, LSD, pep pills, and a small amount of heroin. There's not much demand for pills around here, except around exam time."

Rod is a rarity—he is a college student and a heroin user at the same time. No one would suspect what his "hobby" is, from looking at him. He has no beard, he wears no political buttons, he carries his draft card safely on his person. He obeys all laws and all social customs. He dresses well, talks well and "makes out OK." He pushes "to earn a little extra money."

Unlike the campus pusher who buys marijuana for a small group of friends, Rod guarantees nothing to his customers, and he admits that those who

"He lived a short time in New York City!"

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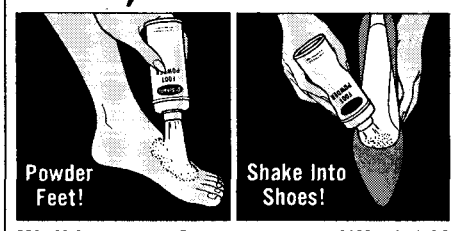

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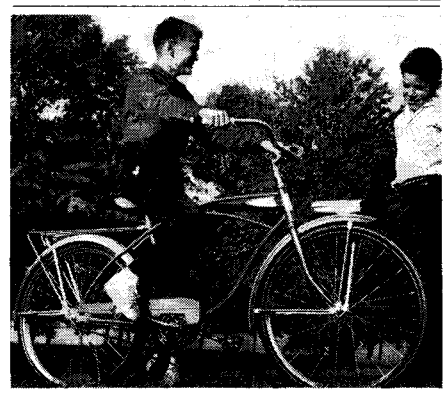

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buy from him receive marijuana that has been heavily cut with oregano.

"In this business, nobody asks you questions. This is a free-enterprise system around here. It's not my business what happens to my customers, or what kind of a high they get."

But Rod leans against the statue of Alma Mater, his finger tapping against her bronze toe.

"It's like the Romans said: 'Let the buyer beware.'"

In the college drug world, the New York City student plays another key role—that of migrant supplier of drugs. Every year thousands of New Yorkers leave their native city to study at suburban or Midwestern schools. Though they disperse themselves among the student populations, they tend to congregate at certain schools where they know they will find others of their backgrounds. Cornell University, in upstate New York, is one such institution. Berkeley is a West Coast haven for New York students with a wanderlust. Antioch College in Ohio, Bard College in the Hudson River Valley, the University of Miami, nestling among the palm trees in Vacationland—these are other places where New Yorkers gather.

Sometimes, as in the case of the University of Miami, they arrive expecting lush tropical vegetation and academic recreation. Sometimes, as at Berkeley, they search for a place where any idea or way of life will find acceptance. They enter Antioch or Bard because these are small "progressive" schools with a sense of student identity which they find missing in the big-city multiversities.

Wherever New York students go, they bring their culture with them, often including pot. They soon find a hangout; they congregate in private apartments. As their number grows, the word spreads—pot is fun, safe and ever so illegal. In due time, the police get involved.

Bearded agents recently posed as students and made two purchases of marijuana (at a cost of $435 for three pounds) in Philadelphia. They trailed the dealers back to Rutgers University's South Jersey campus and arrested seven students in an apartment near the university in North Camden, N.J. These seven were charged and arraigned on various counts, ranging from possession to sale of marijuana. At 3,000 cigarettes per pound of marijuana, the police had bought enough for close to 9,000 cigarettes—all destined to be smoked by students. The New York State Narcotics Bureau has evidence of marijuana consumption on at least 15 upstate campuses.

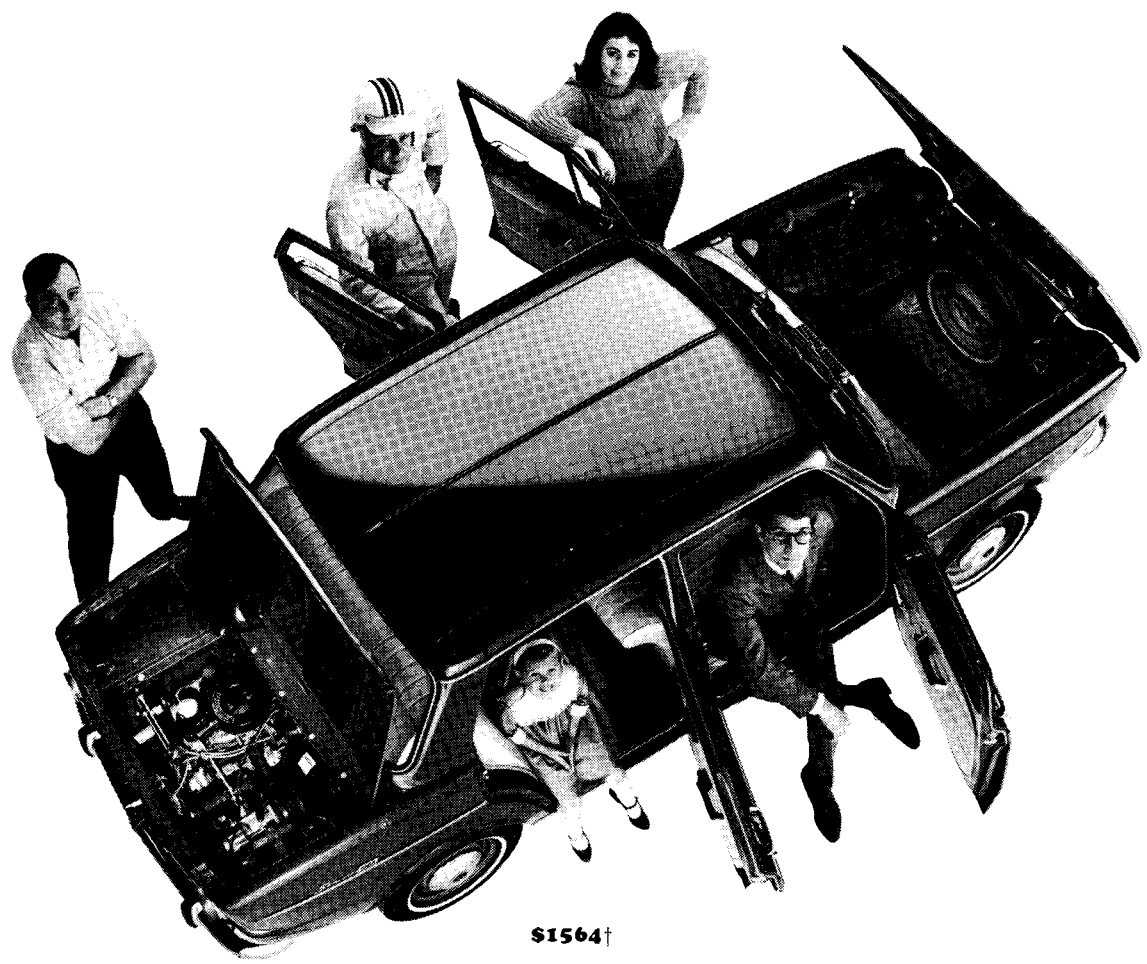
Or, take Miami U. A pleasant university—palm trees, beaches, air-conditioned classrooms. One student at Miami recently said, "I wouldn't say pot is in much demand with the Southern crowd out here, 'cause they've got other ways of telling who's with it and who isn't. It's with the kids from the cities, especially New York, that you get pot parties. It's all very outdoorsy. There's a lot of fuss made about going outside and running along the streets high. I think the idea is to confront all the straight people."

At Miami, as at most schools throughout the country, the "straight" people seldom strike back for fear of publicity. They remember what happened at Cornell. That upstate New York university has been plagued with scandal after scandal over marijuana.

Cornell University borders on the small city of Ithaca. Its 13,000 students make up nearly one third of Ithaca's population. Those students who do not live in campus dormitories take apartments in "Collegetown," a small section of stores and student services adjacent to the campus. For those who cannot afford to live in town and who cannot find a place in Cornell's dormitories, joining a fraternity is the most convenient way to live.

Cornell has its New York hippies. They wear the same boots and English-style hairdos as on other campuses, but somehow in the horse-and-buggy atmosphere of Ithaca they seem more extreme, more rebellious, more hip. Other students stare at them. In their Collegetown hangouts they talk and laugh at their own jokes. There is a notable sense of the exclusive about everything they do. The hippies do not speak for Cornell. Marijuana is less commonly used than at either Harvard or Berkeley. Yet if any one campus has achieved a notoriety for drug usage, it is Cornell. The first pot raid involving the Cornell campus occurred in the spring of 1963. This was swiftly followed by another raid in the fall of 1963, the same day President James A. Perkins took office, and still another in the winter of 1965.

The 1965 raid is typical both of Ithaca police methods and of the curious ring that operates from campus to campus around the East. During the



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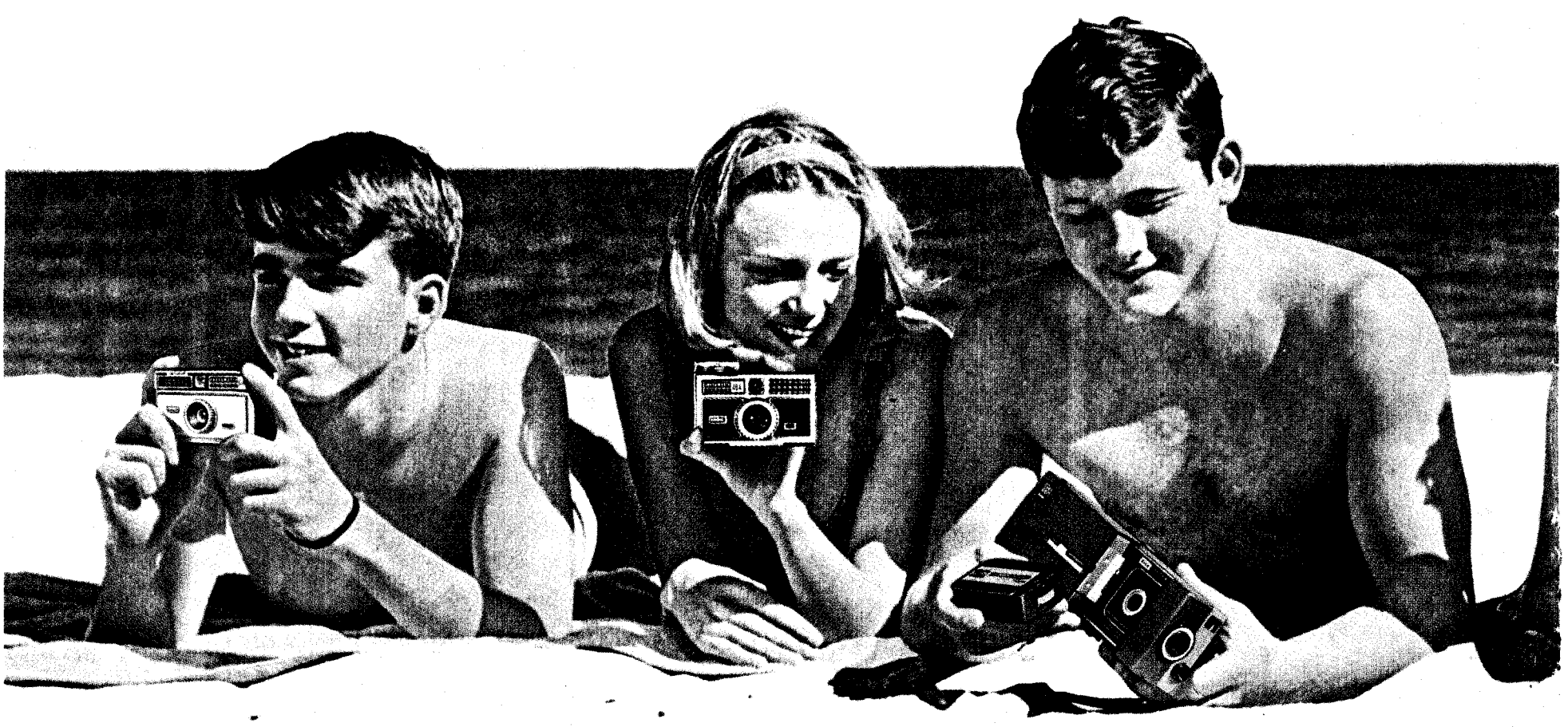

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DRUGS ON THE CAMPUS

1964 Christmas recess a 21-year-old Cornell student mailed a "nickel bag" ($5 worth) of marijuana to a student at Connecticut College; the recipient eagerly opened the package and lit up. She became ill and went to the infirmary. Word got around. Connecticut College President Charles E. Shain notified Cornell, and Tompkins County District Attorney Richard B. Thaler began an immediate investigation.

Rumors spread across the Cornell campus that another marijuana raid was imminent. The hippies panicked. At a meeting of the student government, a member claimed that a pot investigation involving over 80 students was under way. *The Cornell Daily Sun,* the student newspaper, got hold of the rumor, and the administration finally released a statement:

> Cornell University views with utmost concern the availability of marijuana in our community, and its use by even a few students. When the university learned of the present case, it reported the matter to the District Attorney's office. Cornell hopes the investigation will lead to the real offenders in this vicious business—the organized network of producers and agents who prey upon young people and persuade them to experiment with habit-forming narcotics.

The *Daily Sun* revealed that University Proctor Lowell George questioned 25 students, but the results of the investigation were inconclusive. The Cornell girl was charged with the sale of narcotics. So was the boy she bought the nickel bag from, a former Cornell student and the son of a professor. District Attorney Thaler blames the makeshift results of his investigation on the *Daily Sun.* "The paper left us hanging in mid-air. It completely broke the secrecy of our investigation, and we found it much more difficult to proceed. Everything went underground.

"This is a fad," Thaler says. "The kids think this is a sophisticated way of feeling they can handle anything. It's kind of a superman thing. But what happens, after a while, is that the kids lose track of the legal restrictions." He asks for special legislation to deal with marijuana experimentation. "These kids are different from slum users," Thaler admits. "There should be a way to bring across the point that marijuana is wrong and harmful without incarcerating them for five years." Thaler points to the difficulties in enforcing the law. "The court is very unlikely to convict an above-average student—which is what most of these people are—for puffing a marijuana cigarette. You have to get them pushing, or else it's hard to do anything except get them kicked out of school."

How effective has Thaler's campaign against marijuana at Cornell been? The police call drugs "a continuing problem." The administration says it is keeping the situation under close surveillance. But Judy, a long-haired coed at Cornell, finds marijuana "just as plentiful, and even more popular here than it was, say, two years ago." She estimates that "up to 15 percent" of the campus has used marijuana, and she says that this figure represents a noticeable increase. "Because it seems to be more forbidden here than anywhere else, kids use pot with more of a relish. I mean, there really is a danger involved in smoking it, so it's not just a safe rebellion."

Marijuana flourishes on campuses like Judy's, where a small group of urban students band together to shelter themselves from dominant campus mores, which conflict with their own. When this happens at a small Midwestern college, the few Easterners who experiment with drugs can be conveniently dismissed as "kooks," "beatniks" or "rebels." By the time police and administrators take note of the scene, the urban student has accomplished what he has set out to do: He has carved out

"It's probably just a phase."

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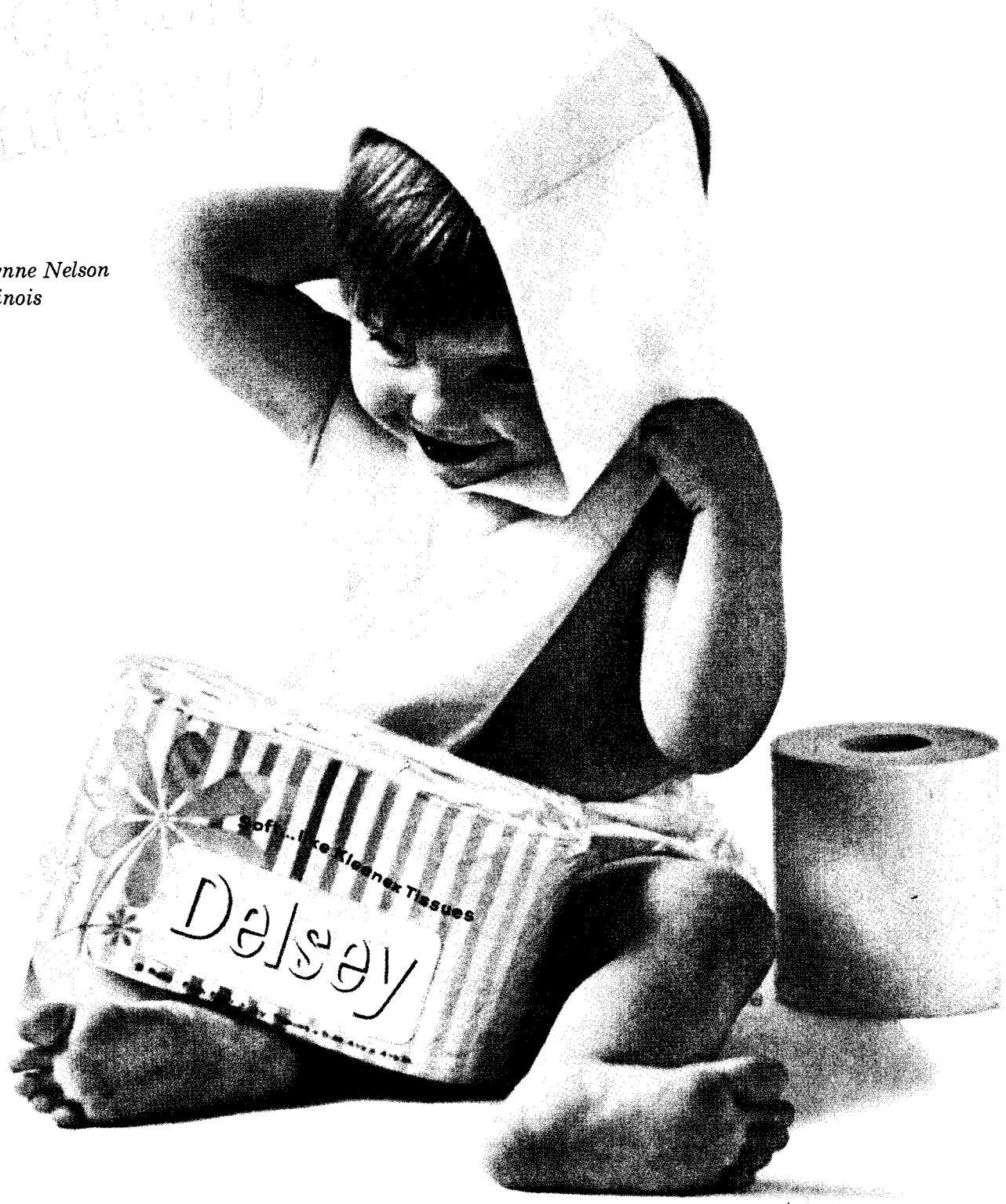
says Miss Janet Lynne Nelson
Chicago, Illinois



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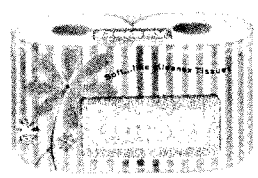

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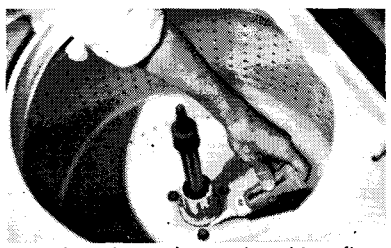

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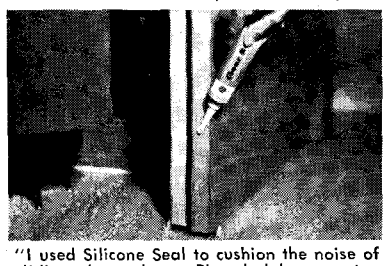

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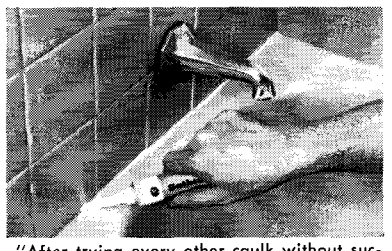

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

a place for himself and his peers in the university structure. And he has given the school a reputation so that others of his persuasion will want to follow.

There are a few schools in which such transplanted students make up virtually the entire student body. Perhaps the best known of such "transplanted schools" is Antioch College, located in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Antioch offers a curriculum and a disciplinary system unusual among American colleges. For 1800 Antiochans, college is a five-year adventure. Ten quarters are spent at work, on jobs located all over the country. The "work break" provides Antiochans with a wider range of experience than the average college student could ever hope to encounter.

But academic scheduling is only part of what makes the Antioch experience unique. In areas of personal and group morality, the college operates on a strict honor system. The college community votes on its voluntary curfew for visiting within the dorms, and once that curfew is established there is no one present to force students to abide by it. Tests are often given out of class, and the student is expected to take them on his own time, and on his own honor. On the whole, the honor system works.

But the honor system has not been able to cope with the use of marijuana by Antioch students.

Estimates of just how many Antiochans try marijuana during their college "adventure" vary, but many students questioned indicated that the figure is unusually high. There are many reasons why marijuana experimentation might be common at Antioch. The college is a closed, sheltered community. There are few student hangouts in the town of Yellow Springs, and few occasions when the students mingle with townspeople. There is resentment against Antiochans among residents of Yellow Springs. But, as one Antiochan says, "When you're subject to criticism and slander from the outside world, you emerge with a tremendous sense of solidarity. We tend to take care of each other."

Antioch's dean of students, J. D. Dawson, recently told an assembly of students, "There are rumors and misunderstandings floating around, and much concern about the college's position on drug usage. In acting on an educational basis rather than on a punitive one, we have been wrongly interpreted by some as condoning the use of drugs." The dean warned the students of "the physical and psychological dangers" and "serious legal consequences" of illicit drug usage. "Students engaging in this type of secret practice sabotage the honor system and the open community."

Yet, despite the warnings, many students insist that the right to quiet, private experimentation with drugs is inherent in the notion of the open Antioch community. "It's not a frenzied scene out here," one student notes. "Nobody uses drugs out in the open, and no one flaunts it around for cool. That's because it's so easy to get here, and such a peripheral part of things. It's available to almost everyone."

At Shimer college, a small "progressive" Midwestern school in Mount Carroll, Ill., malicious mind-busting is the only cardinal social sin.

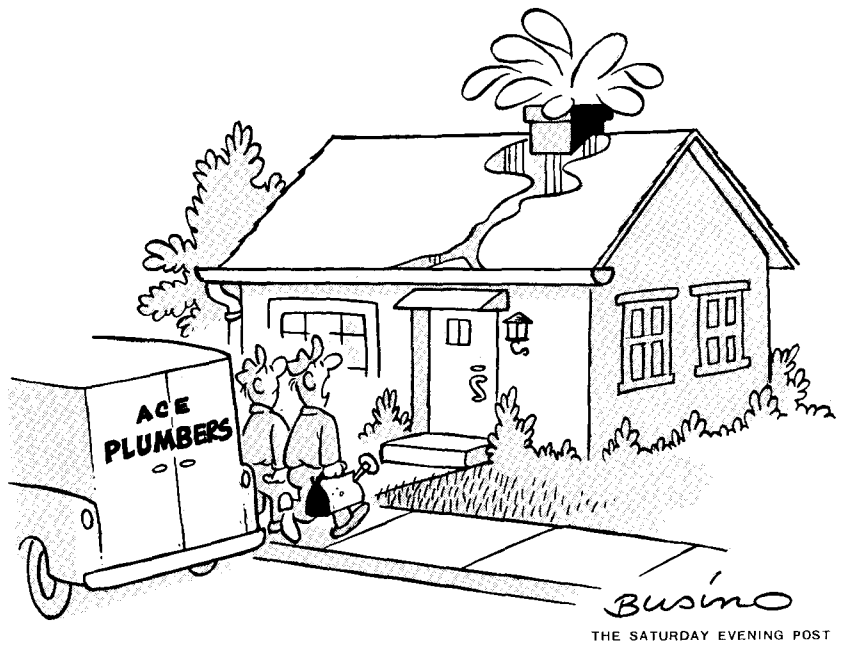
Mind-busting is taking advantage of a student who is high on pot—and thus susceptible to suggestion.

For instance, "You tell someone who's inhaled pot for a while that he's been holding his breath for twenty minutes, and he's liable to believe you. It really busts his mind."

Or, "You keep shouting at some head, 'What's the matter with your face, huh? Hey, look at it, it looks ugly. You've got two noses.' And you keep shouting that kind of thing over and over again."

Or, "You start creating a tunnel around the guy's head with your hands. You start chanting at him, 'I'm drawing your mind out of your head, it's coming out through your eyeballs, it's coming into my hands.' And then, after ten minutes of this, you suddenly clap your hands hard together. It blows the other guy completely."

Shimer students draw the line between "malicious" mind-busting, which results in terror for the victim, and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Uh-Oh! That's a bad sign."

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"ego games," which add pleasure to the marijuana high. In an ego game, for instance, you wear a pair of glasses with lenses tinted in complementary colors. Or "You let your friend look at the steel tip of an umbrella for ten minutes. Have him really concentrate on it until he can see it change colors. Then suddenly you open the umbrella in his face."

The effect is not as bad as it might seem. "The guy usually starts laughing—it's so unexpected. It's like seeing a magician pull a hat out of a rabbit."

All this is one small aspect of the marijuana mystique at Shimer College, and Shimer itself is one small part of the marijuana mystique among students throughout the Midwest. But the college, nestled among the quaint brick streets and small farmhouses of Mount Carroll, is the Midwest in miniature.

The town of 2,200 is dominated by the college. And Shimer itself is an academic small town, with a small, well-integrated student body. Its curfews are standard (midnight for girls, none for boys), and its regulations are respectably strict.

Shimer students are an isolated, self-contained community with their own language. At Shimer, a "frat-rat" is "a guy who's flunked out of another college and comes to Shimer with all the trappings of a fraternity type." A "teenie-bopper" is "a guy who is completely stuck on rock 'n' roll, thick sweaters and convertibles," "the center people" are those in student government, and "the folk" are the hipsters and the Bohemians.

The obsession for labels extends to the marijuana cult. "Scissors" is code for marijuana. "Can I borrow your scissors?" means "I want to buy any pot you can sell me." "I need a haircut" means "I want to turn on with you." The folk turn on. The center people may be involved, but they are mellow—respectable. The athletes turn on, but not publicly. The teenie-boppers are sometimes hippies, and their pot cult is loud, ostentatious.

And when the Shimer College student smokes marijuana he partakes of two aspects of the pot scene that are especially apparent in the rural Midwest: secrecy and ritual.

During semester break, eight Shimer students fill individual pipes from a plentiful supply of marijuana which lies in the center of the floor, and they inhale deeply. The tiny, short-stemmed instruments are called Toke pipes. They are purchased in Chicago from a girl in Chinatown who provides the best in opium and marijuana smoking equipment. The pipes are shortened, and the holes in the bowls narrowed so that only a thin stream of smoke passes through to the user's lips.

At Shimer, the Toke pipe is a prime object of the pot mystique. It is decorated in bizarre patterns, with silk thread, feathers, dyes and colored glass. It is carried in special pouches.

And, to complete the ritual, the students produce a large, multicolored candle, with complex geometric patterns carved into the melting wax. "We never turn on without it," one of them explains.

Where does he get his pot? A prime source is Chicago. One Shimer student claims, "Shimer and the U. of C. [University of Chicago] have a game going. There's no real pushing involved. Everyone just chips in five dollars, and we send someone down to Chicago to bring some up." Students claim there has been some police investigation of this supply route (cars and rooms of visiting Chicagoans have supposedly been searched), without much success.

There is also Berkeley and New York. "Kids just kind of float through here, and in a week they can push up to a kilo [2.2 pounds] to other students."

But the major sources of marijuana for Midwest students are the surrounding corn fields. Marijuana grows wild in

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Illinois, as it does all over the country, and students were quick to take advantage of this natural bonanza. One student says, "We picked three sports car loads of pot in forty-five minutes, right outside of town. We stripped the leaves behind a barn, and then we put them into laundry bags. We drove to school and threw everything in the dryers in a campus dormitory till the humidity was removed."

The student dealer who tells that story reveals that seven friends subsequently turned a dormitory room into a marijuana drying house. "We put a cover of muslin on the floor, then a layer of pot, then some more muslin, and some pot, and finally we strung heating lamps from the ceiling.

"When it was all over, we filled a whole footlocker with good, smokable pot. It was worth over ten thousand dollars. I bought two motorcycles from the profits."

There is as much marijuana in Chicago as you would expect within a metropolitan area of six million people. There is also supposed to be "the syndicate"—a mysterious, vague source which reaches even into the student pocket for its revenue. (No one speaks about the syndicate on campus, but everyone assumes that it controls marijuana traffic within the city.) In addition, there are the campus dealers who carry their wares in the trunks of convertibles and in motorcycle toolkits, and supply students in nearby universities—like Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Antioch, and Shimer.

In Chicago's Hyde Park section, on the south side, the scene is played in the small nonalcoholic restaurants where the university meets the ghetto. Both Hyde Park High School pupils and students from the University of Chicago, which is located in the Hyde Park section, meet in these coffee and pop bars. Dealer meets customer at these same coffee bars, but the actual exchange of drugs rarely takes place in public.

In Hyde Park, pot is smoked in the small student apartments within this university "town." In one such apartment, a fifth-floor walk-up with a view of the Illinois Central Railroad tracks, Joseph Peters [pseudonym] sits among his record albums, his books and his Beatle posters, and talks about the scene at the U. of C.

"Being under twenty-one and living here," he says, "it's easier to buy a nickel bag than a pint of gin. And Hyde Park is not such a bad place to make a connection. The FBI is around—everyone knows it, and everyone knows how to spot a narco [a federal agent], so the whole scene is pretty secretive. Small parties, that kind of thing. But no one congregates around here. You don't go around Hyde Park asking questions."

Joseph estimates that 10 to 15 percent of the University of Chicago is involved in marijuana consumption, though he admits that estimates are hard to make.

"Many people have the image that the U. of C. is the homeland of the Midwestern radical," he says. "This isn't usually true. Most of the kids are straight—at least when they come in."

What makes some of them potheads by the time they leave the university? Bill Jackson [pseudonym], Joseph's roommate, says, "First of all, almost everyone at the U. of C. accepts pot. About eighty percent of the kids know what it's all about. The only thing they don't know is where to get it, and if they did, a lot more would be using the stuff."

"The idea is to stay cool, not hooked."

A Chicago pusher may be a student, a townie, a dropout, or a supplier with shadowy mobster connections. One pusher, a University of Chicago student, says he deals only with friends. "I didn't come into this crowd as a pusher," he claims. "I had money to begin with—my folks are pretty well fixed.

"Frankly, I started because it seemed like a good way to make friends. It was like a treasure I was giving out when I began to deal in pot."

Bill Jackson calls this pusher "emotionally screwed up, but harmless. He goes into laughing fits whenever he's high, even on beer. He talks to paintings, starts necking with trees, you know, like that." But Bill Jackson will remain friendly with his pusher because "basically I know his limits, and heroin is beyond them."

Another pusher, a townie who dropped out of high school and began using marijuana at 13, was "always on the periphery of the circle," according to Bill. "But when we found out that he was using H [heroin], he was dropped completely. There was this stigma about using hard stuff, and it just went into action as soon as it became apparent he was hooked. I think we were all a little surprised at ourselves for being so intolerant. After a while we'd never mention him. He just floated away and into another group."

The University of Chicago administration knows little about the world of the campus pusher. George Playe, dean of undergraduate students, admits that "no administrator anywhere is fully aware of what the drug situation is like on his campus."

But Dean Playe insists that "a very insignificant proportion of the student body, perhaps only five percent," uses marijuana. He characterized such students as "rebellious, uncomfortable in social situations and marginal—academically."

Dean Playe terms the cooperation between police and university officials "reluctant." "We try to make a distinction between the user and the pusher here," he says, "but when the police are involved it's out of our hands. I certainly don't know of any university that can take the stand that punitive means of dealing with this kind of problem are to be desired."

But Dean Playe admits that "the fear of retribution is the primary reason for the lack of wide-spread marijuana experimentation at the University of Chicago." If the legal barriers were removed, it seems likely that drug usage would soar.

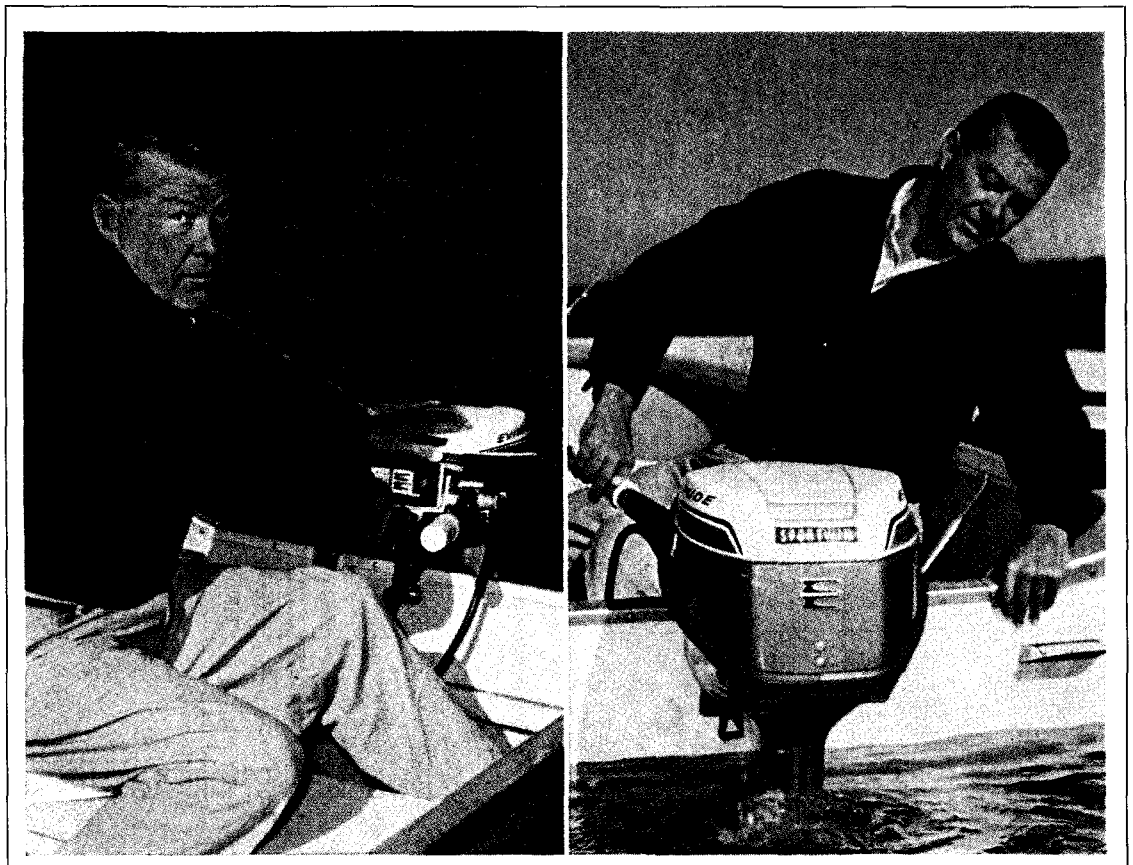
"The people from both coasts are likely to be the sharpest in locating the supply," Dean Playe declares. "And there's always the kid from New York who comes up with his own suitcase full of pot."

Mike, a student on the University of Illinois campus in nearby Urbana, speaks while high on pot and beer. "The new thing is digitalis [a drug used to prevent heart failure among victims of angina pectoris]. It takes you up and brings you down again like a rocket. It makes pot feel like cotton candy. The real hippies—I mean the ones that matter under the purple sunglasses—go in for the stronger stuff. Under pot, Urbana is a swinging place to be in. Under psychedelics, Urbana no longer even exists."

Mike lives in Chicago, and he is glad to be home again, even if only for vacation. After it's over, he will return to the University of Illinois laden with a fresh supply of marijuana—"Acapulco gold, the best stuff," he claims. But now Mike relaxes in the house of a friend, listening to a folk-rock record, and chatting.

"I like to turn on along the lakefront when the weather gets warm," he says. "It's long and spacious, and very blue. It smells blue under pot. And you forget about the whole city. It's like a little strip of space in which to have your own high-on-pot-type thoughts. It's very central to my pot experience. I like to be alone, and outside, and—you know—feel free."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)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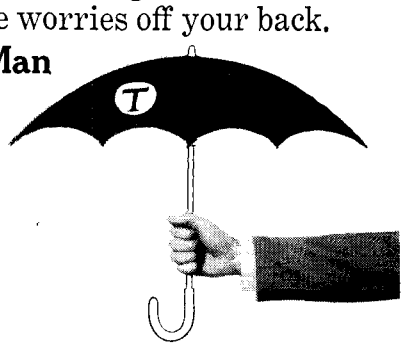

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Funny Man

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

Welcome to televisionland—
where famous faces wear other faces,
where girls are pussycats, bikinis are business suits,
and kings run scared.

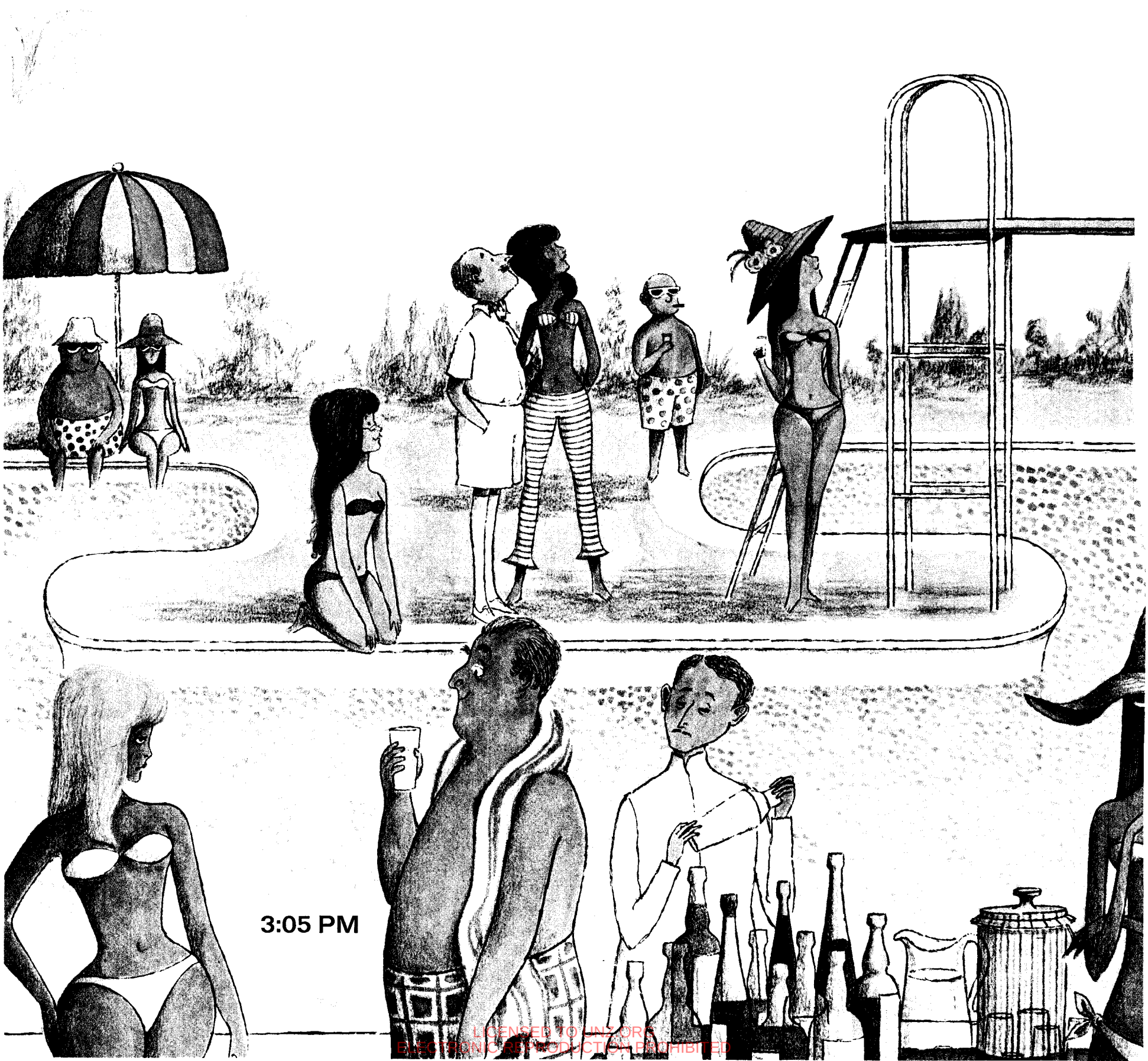
© 1966 by John D. MacDonald

He woke up quite alone in his half acre of bed in the sealed, soundproofed, shadowy expanse of bedroom, measuring the bulge of pain behind his eyes, tasting the sourness of his tongue. Soon, willing himself to make the effort, he hitched to the side of the bed, swung his legs out, and sat up quite slowly, making a face, scrubbing at his thinning black hair. He wormed his bare toes into the fur of the big white rug beside the bed and saw himself indistinctly in a distant mirror, a round doll-man in bright pajamas. He reached to the big panel of buttons set into the headboard, and punched the one for the curtains. The electric motor whined into life and opened the heavy curtains that covered the big window wall, letting in the flood of mid-May sunshine.

He pantomimed an extreme agony, covering his eyes with a heavy forearm, holding the other hand out in defense, saying in one of his Balkan accents, "No, Andreyev, not the torture of the lights, comrade, I beg you." He peered over his forearm, blinking. "I did it! I did it! I sabotaged the hush-puppy production, you all."

He sighed and pushed the button for the tape. After a few scratchy sounds, the music came on with a depth and fidelity too impressive for the song. It started up in the middle of a rinky-tink version of the Bahamian-sounding ballad *Yellow Bird*, a girl singing the lyrics in a gassy, mock-sensual way.

He hummed a skillful harmony as he stood up and became a mortally wounded fellow bent on reaching the



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Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

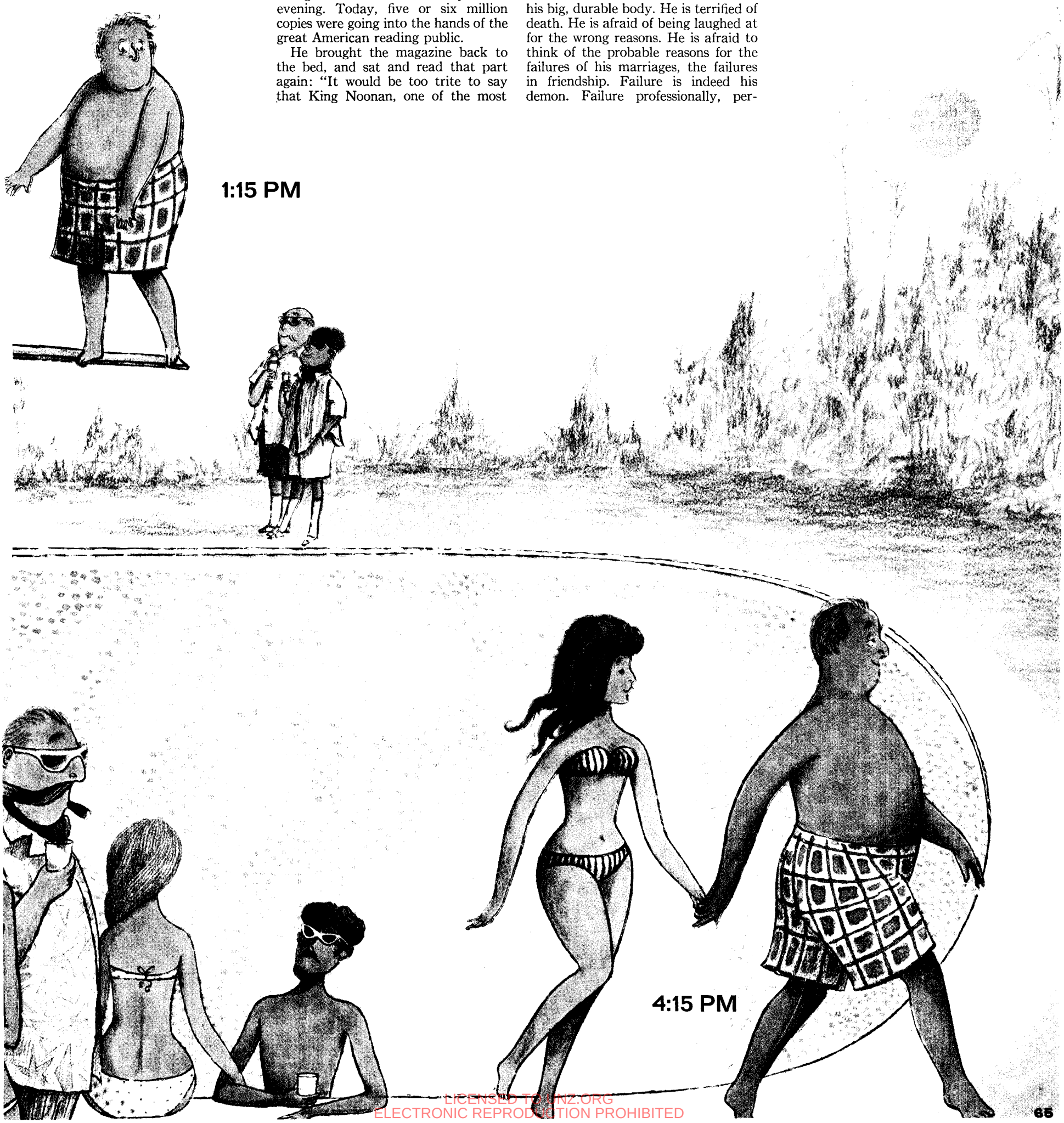
bathroom before expiring. He burlesqued it, employing all the ingrained art of that big, fat, spry, useful body, faking the smack of forehead against doorframe, the dazed rebound.

The big bathroom opened into another room in matching tile, containing his exercise equipment, rubbing table, barber chair, steam box. His spacious stall shower had six shower heads and a back-wall mirror. After soap and heat, he danced and gasped for a time in the chill spray of ice water. He knotted a large coral towel around his belly and went back to the bedroom. He went directly to the button board to ring for Robbie, but stopped just before his finger touched the button. Just one more time, he thought. He had been aware of the magazine on his desk from the instant he was completely awake. The special messenger had brought it out to the house the previous evening. Today, five or six million copies were going into the hands of the great American reading public.

He brought the magazine back to the bed, and sat and read that part again: "It would be too trite to say that King Noonan, one of the most fabulously successful comics of our time, is, underneath his exuberant exterior, a lonely and complex fellow. And perhaps it is no longer fashionable to look for the basic motivating force. But, if backed into a corner, I would say that the King's engine is fear. He is not lonely—not with that permanent retinue. Nor is he complex in the ordinary meaning of the word.

"King Noonan runs scared, and thus he runs very hard indeed. He is afraid of the effects of the abuse he inflicts on his big, durable body. He is terrified of death. He is afraid of being laughed at for the wrong reasons. He is afraid to think of the probable reasons for the failures of his marriages, the failures in friendship. Failure is indeed his demon. Failure professionally, personally, socially, emotionally. And so he drives himself in the pursuit of a perfection which will make failure unthinkable, and we are the ones who gain thereby.

"One day one of the demons will catch him. But, in the meantime, we are privileged to watch the chase and enjoy the by-product of his fear: that great comic art—sometimes vulgar,



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sometimes as sensitive and delicate as great theater, always competent. Fear is the engine, and laughter is the long, bright road."

He slapped the magazine shut and scaled it across the room, pages rattling. He went after it and picked it up and put it back on the desk. He wandered to the window wall and looked down at the pool. There were a few swimmers; all the others were stretched out, flesh oiled, in the sun. No sound of them came into the room, no splash or shout or girl laugh, though he could see their mouths working. Like a film with the sound gone bad. An idea moved through the back of his mind, a skit where the sound came and went, the silent parts always giving the audience an incorrect and bawdy idea of what was going on. Could they fake running a film backward? Ask Jorgie about that. Maybe do the rubber-cane bit in reverse pantomime.

Robbie appeared less than a minute after King punched his button. He came in briskly enough, and the smile was there, but King sensed something tentative about the man. The narrow, jockey face looked closed and defensive. So maybe it had been a rougher night than King remembered.

"I see some strange pussycats in the pool," King said.

"Oh, Franklin sent those two out. What they are, they're for the stewardess part. What he said, either one is okay with him, so you pick. They got the knives for each other, naturally."

"Chrissake, Robbie, that isn't until August."

"I know. He says let's get set as far as we can, as soon as we can, on everything that doesn't start nibbling the budget. Franklin says what's the matter with you maybe hustling Kerner on the script some."

"Tell *him* to goose Kerner, and what's the matter with you? I fire you last night?"

"Two or three times, King. Look, we've got in maybe forty calls. What they say mostly is that Jessup is a rat fink; after all the time he spent with you, then writing that fright thing. They say you want he should have a broken leg? Okay, I called Barney like you said, and he said 'nothing actionable.'"

King Noonan stared at him. "Like *I* said?"

"Last night, you said call Barney."

"Chrissake, baby, I must have been sauced. Look, do I ever give a damn what's written about me? No. Jessup is in the business of selling magazines. Right? I'm in the business of selling King Noonan."

"Well, it was rough. You know that. It was rough."

"Everything is rough wherever you look, Robbie. Let's join hands and start the dancing around here. This is the way we open. I want Mitch to come pound me some to get my heart started. Ten minutes of that, and then Hymie come give me a shave and a trim. While that is going on, I can be going over the Chicago material with Mert and Willy. That's tomorrow night out there, and it isn't smoothed out yet. Breakfast here in . . . thirty-five minutes, *mucho* eggs scrambled, and a herd of those little sausages like yesterday. Have Mary Ann up here to go over those series ideas while I eat, and Maddy to take notes. But the first priority, you find Joseph and send him up here with an ice-cold pitcher of orange juice belted real good with vodka."

Robbie moved toward the door. "Fennison is here with that deal about the French television."

"Baby, *after* Mary Ann. *Then* we schedule, and run like a train."

He was stretched out on the rubdown table with big Mitch chopping at his shoulder muscles when Joseph scurried in and poured a tall glass of juice. Hymie was waiting by the barber chair, stropping his razor. Mert and Willy came in with pink copies of the Chicago material. The juice had reminded King of something. He had Mitch quit, and he sat on the table and said: "This juice—I remember I was eighteen, nineteen, working this club in Camden, New Jersey. A little palace for cockroaches, and the material strictly blue, the bar whisky two bits a shot, the broads cruising like vultures—you know the type place. So on a Saturday we all hear the place is closing, it's the last night. Midnight we roust the customers we've got, maybe three, and word is around, so the bartenders, the broads, the entertainment from the other joints along the street, they come in through the back. And what we have is these odds and ends of bottles—aquavit, curaçao, stuff like that—so we make a hell of a big punch bowl, and it tastes so bad we squeezed a hell of a lot of oranges in."

He was into the rhythm of it then—the clown face mobile, words flowing into the apt gestures, timing professionally precise, voice flexible. He told the little audience of four how one of the girls, anxious to use up all the bottled goods, had, when they mixed the second batch, dumped in the entire contents of the bartender's little bottle of chloral hydrate, thinking it some kind of bitters. He bounced off the table and imitated the way they went down—the glaze, the sag, the little blind stagger. He had the audience howling and weeping with laughter. "It was three years before I could stare an orange in the face," he said, and got into the barber chair. Hymie tilted him back and wrapped his face in the steaming towel.

He put on his dragon robe for breakfast. Mary Ann Mize was waiting for him at the bedroom table, sipping hot coffee. Maddy was over at the desk, her steno book and pencils ready. He ignored Mary Ann and went over to Maddy and kissed her, then hooked a finger in the top of her blouse, pulled it away from her body, stared severely down and shouted, "You men down there! Back to work! We need more barrage balloons to save London." Maddy flushed and giggled.

He went to the table and began to

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EEEK MY NECKLACE!
MY RING! HELP!
HE'S GETTING AWAY, TRACY!
NOT A CHANCE, SAM. AND THIS TIME WE'LL FIND HIS HIDEOUT AS WELL...
CLUNK
CLICK
REMEMBER AUTOLITE FOR CAR TUNE-UPS
HIS CAR'S COMING IN LOUD AND CLEAR, TRACY!
CAR 109, SUSPECT HEADING TOWARD DOCKS ON 1ST—FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE.
CLUNK
CLICK
I THINK WE'VE GOT HIM, TRACY—
I KNOW WE HAVE, SAM!
WAREHOUSE 39
CHESTER GOULD'S
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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eat, without word or glance for Mary Ann. She was a fox-faced woman in her forties, with a sour, inverted smile. She waited him out.

"So make the pitch again," he said at last.

"I will make the pitch," Mary Ann said. "And keep making it. Pressure, sweetie. This year is in the can, and the ratings are holding. Pressure from the network, the sponsors, the agencies. And pressure from me, sweetie. We should give them another thirty-nine weeks like the last thirty-nine weeks. It is hot and running. Everybody thinks you'd be insane to move to a new format, even if we could come up with a good one."

"Do you think I'm insane?"

"Sweetie, after fifteen years I think I know how your mind works. Always you want to quit ahead. Right? About next season—you wonder if it could go stale, and you get scared that ——"

He turned the direction of the piece of buttered toast and, cat quick, thumbed her chin down and shoved it into her mouth. "The King is never scared, Mary Ann."

She chewed and swallowed, her eyes narrow and angry. "You buy my advice, so take it, King. I say ride it another season. Already we've got six good scripts. We shuffle the writers some, to hold it fresh. We'll hold a top rating, believe me."

He aimed a finger at her. "What you do, you brief me on the new ideas right now. Maddy writes down my reaction. I come back from Chicago, I say whether we ride the same thing another year or we come up with a new one."

"The time is getting short, you know."

"And if we go with the same one, it's a risk for me. For taking a risk, I get paid money. They understand I'll want more?"

"They understand and they're crying, but they'll pay."

"Shut up and start reading."

All things considered, it was an easy day. By one o'clock in the afternoon he had disposed of Fennison and the French deal. He had given Mary Ann some new ideas to whip into shape. Mert and Willy were putting final touches on the Chicago material. He had made a couple of long, lazy telephone calls to friends on the Coast, proving in an indirect and discreet way that Warner Jessup had been faking it and hadn't moved in close enough to sting the King.

At one o'clock he put on some baggy madras shorts and went down to the pool. Joseph was tending the garden bar, and some of King's people were beginning to set up the lunch buffet. Hobbie and Marda and some of that crowd had come over, and thirty seconds after King had a drink in his hand he realized that they were going to give him the rough treatment on the Jessup bit, with Hobbie leading the way. So he did the only thing he could: he took it right to them, pantomiming extravagant terror of every small thing. He went on the high board and did a guy too frightened to jump, who finally fainted and fell off. When anybody came up behind him, he would give a great shuddering leap. He renamed himself Chicken à la King, and after he started them all swinging his way, he zeroed in on Hobbie Thorn, with particular attention to the cancellation of Hobbie's own television show, and he kept driving it in until Hobbie finally went roaring off in his golden convertible, the back of his bull neck brick red.

It was sometime after three o'clock when, among the pool group, he noticed one of the pussycats Franklin had sent up from town. He took her aside. A blonde, young, wise-eyed, with a lot of facial business, conversational extravagance, the choppy gestures of the industry. Her name was Adele Bowen, and she recited a whole string of credits with watchful aplomb.

He sat on a bench and beamed up at her and said, "The way we'll work the picture, dear girl, we shoot it tight, like in thirty days, but we play it free and loose, like improvise, so we can all have some fun. I like to move around in the lines, and you got to pick it up without breaking up."

"King, I've done a lot of ——"

"You do me some quick takes right now, dear girl. Walk by me, and double take into horror and astonishment."

She went into it without pause—the bland glance as she passed, the halt, the slow turn of the head, eyes widening, mouth sagging, a look of comic, stricken idiocy.

"Fine. Now you are getting set to pounce on a very attractive guy. You're working up to it. Play it broad."

She fixed him with a vast, suggestive, avaricious leer. Slowly, slowly, she raised each palm in turn to her lips, pretended to spit. She moistened her lips, gave a little hitch to her bikini pants—one slow, suggestive roll of her hips—and then came swaying toward him, eyes slitted, working her fingers like claws.

"Give me some heartbreak."

She stopped and looked at him, half smiling, half frowning, her head tilted. "Oh, no, darling!" she whispered, and with the tender smile still in place, her eyes filled slowly, and one tear trickled as she shook her head.

He took her wrist and pulled her down onto the bench beside him. She sniffed and wiped her eyes. "Now, cookie," he said, "you are me, and Hank Franklin sends up these two broads, so which one do you pick if you are me?"

She moved away a little to stare suspiciously at him. "What do you expect me to say to a mad, mad question like that, King?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Frank, my boy in New York says he's in market research—what the Sam Hill do you suppose that means?"

"What's the name of the other pussycat?"

"Wendell. Priscilla Wendell."

"Appraise her for me, dear girl."

"Well, I'll just assume you do want me to be terribly honest and fair. As she has made damn certain you and everybody else would see, she truly has one hell of a figure. She's got a union card, of course, but honest to God, King, I can't think of her as a pro. What she's had is experimental theater and girl-college stuff. And some chorus line. Put it this way. What I just did, she couldn't do. She seems nice, but a thing like this would be out of her league. She's so damned anxious to beat me out for it she's all tightened up. But she seems nice enough. You know. Maybe she could cut it later on, but this year she's green."

He pinched her by the chin and kissed the tip of her soft young nose and said, "Hang around, pro. I'll have the word."

Priscilla Wendell was in a green-striped bikini. She had a long, rich shine of chestnut hair and soft, green-brown eyes. She was trying to play it very cool, but her eyes swiveled too much, and her hands were damp, chilly, and trembling. He was slightly stoned and a little bit sleepy, so he took her around through another door and through the big, silent house and up to his bedroom study. He picked an old script at random and leafed through it and found a long female speech and told her to read it. She stood very erect. She had a precise and cultivated voice, and he knew she was no good for what he wanted of her. Adele Bowen would do the stewardess.

He paced and listened to her, and then went up behind her as she read and fitted his hands to the curves of her waist. He stuck his nose into the chestnut hair. She was tall, almost as tall as he. The contact made her voice thin. She lost her place and found it again, and read with less assurance.

He turned her around slowly and brushed the script out of her hands and stared at her. Her smile remained wide and fixed and rubbery, while her eyes tried to run, darting little glances around him and beyond him and across him. She put her hands, awkward and butterfly-light, on his shoulders, and he knew she was scared weak, but steeling herself to acceptance.

Scared. Suddenly he found it very touching. All this bounteous and terrified flesh, and this terrible anxiety to please.

The two of us, he thought. And some of his little houses came tumbling down. What if you said it, just once?

"Pussycat, look at me. Listen to me. I want to say something. Pussycat, every damn minute of every damn day, unless I'm stoned out of my mind, I'm scared. Believe me, baby. I am *scared!*"

To his consternation, his voice broke, and his throat thickened, and his eyes began to sting. He looked at her smooth, young, uncomprehending face, and before his first sob could erupt from him, he yanked her into his arms. He bawled and snuffled into the sweet and pungent hollow of her neck and shoulder, holding her rigid and alarmed body, and suddenly he knew he could not give this much away to anyone. So he caught at it quickly and, with the skill and force of all the years, twisted it into the crying bit, the thing he had started way back in the Johnnie Ray days, the regression bit that ends with that uncanny and perfect imitation of the mewlings of a newborn child. When he had control of it, he released her and went into it, watching for her reaction. She was dazed and puzzled, and then she began the laughter the clown must always have. He adjusted his act to her laughter and brought her along into helplessness, gasping, doubling, laughing until she cried. Then he ended it and held her in his arms again, feeling the little spasms of her hilarity in her young body. He gave her a hearty and vulgar and painful tweak, and she leaped, and hugged him strongly, and then, with her half laughing, half crying in his arms, he began to lead her over to the huge, gaudy bed.

"Oh, you funny *man!*" she gasped. "You funny, *funny* man!" □

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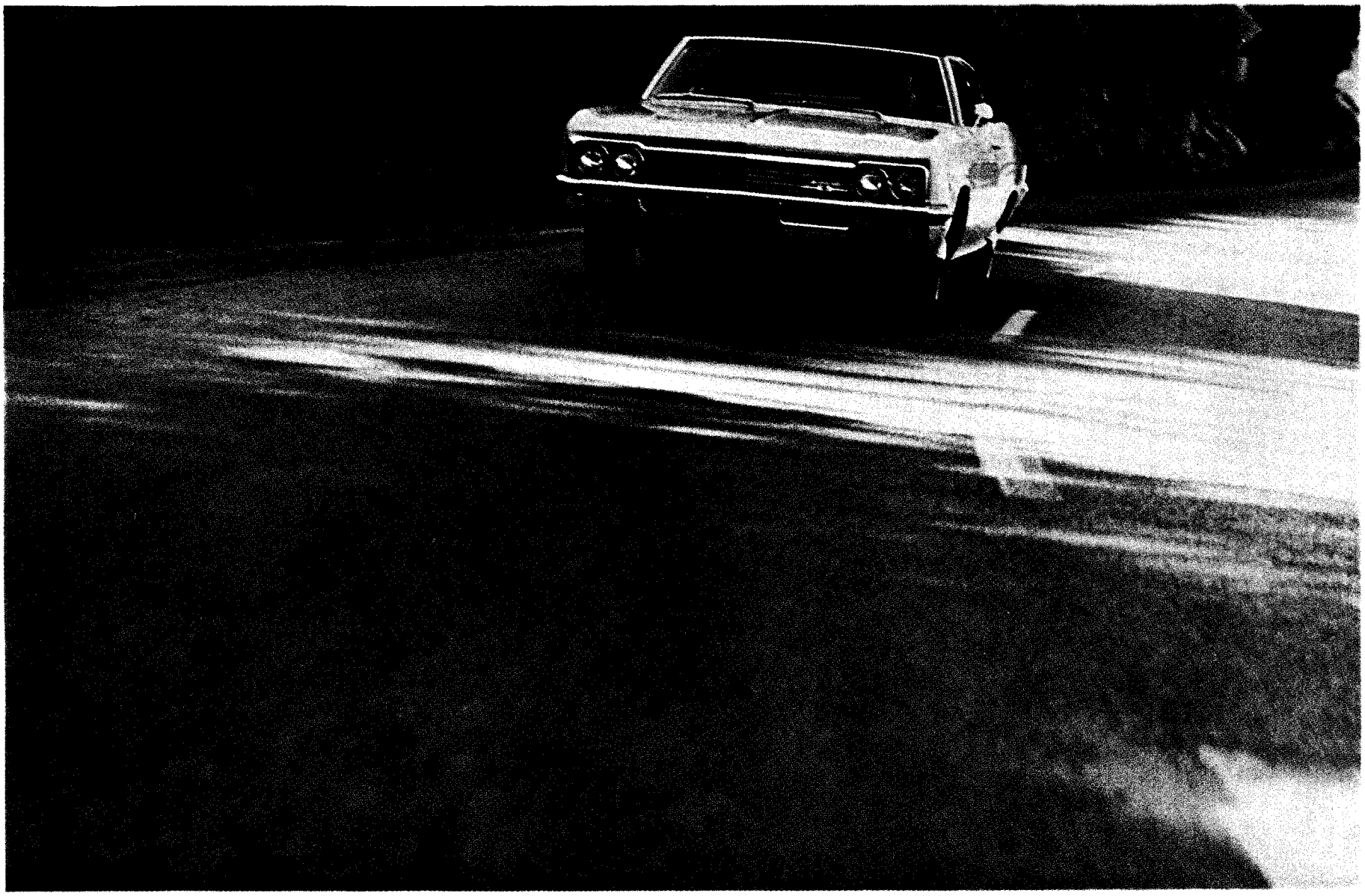

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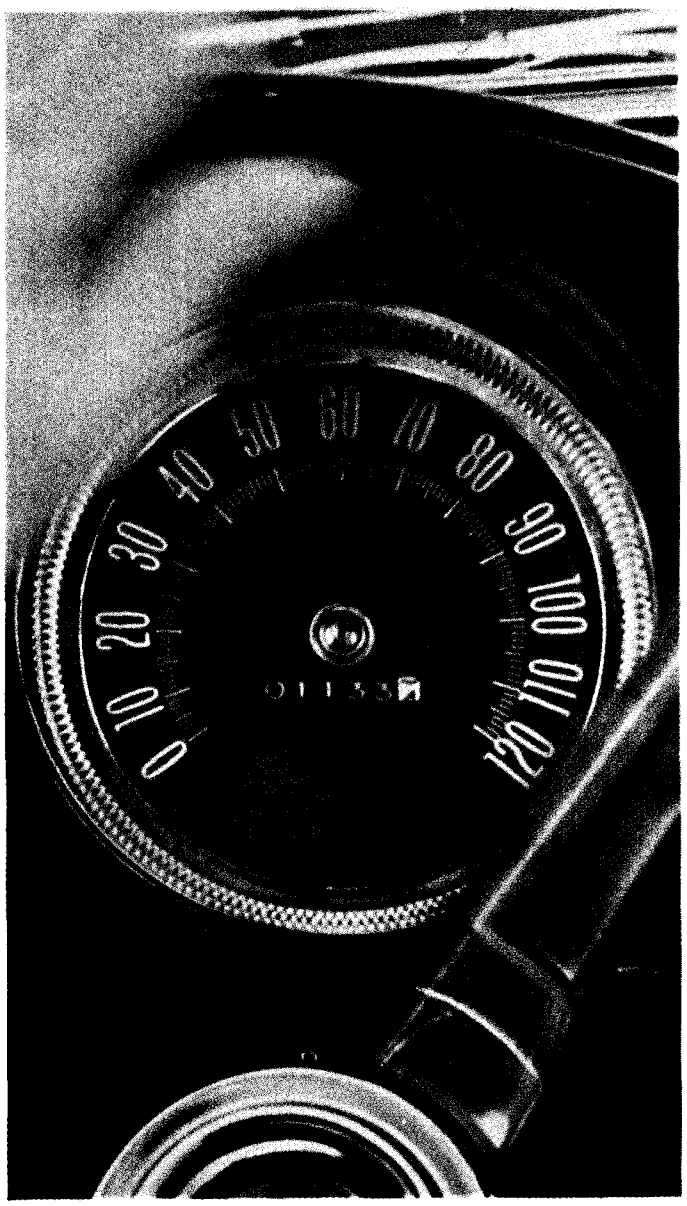

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Illustrated by Wilson McLean

BY ARTHUR HEINEMANN

Margaret wasn't afraid
for herself.
Her terror was for the girl,
who didn't know
the danger she was in.

THE VANDAL

Margaret Wister paused, as always, before descending the sun-bleached wooden stairway to the beach, not to get her breath but to look about her. Her terry robe was as old as the bathing suit under it, but both were serviceable, and she was not about to charm anyone, not at her age. She was a sturdy, rectangular woman, with a rectangular face and a little bump of a nose, and eyes that reserved comment on what they saw.

A morning mist still hid the Connecticut shoreline, but Long Island Sound was blue and motionless, and two or three sails were sprinkled on it. The public beach was beginning to sprout bright umbrellas and a mid-week scattering of mothers and children; their distant voices were like pleasant bird sounds on the wind.

On Margaret's own beach, four empty beer cans gleamed at her. Beach wanderers occasionally left their droppings. She put up with them, for she was the oddity here, she and her brown-shingled cottage, leftovers from another generation. She picked the cans up, depositing them in her metal trash basket, and stepped over to the weathered beach cabin where she kept her blanket and beach chairs. Years ago the cabin had served as a guest cottage, but it was little more than a storeroom now, cluttered with dusty, rattan furniture.

She had left the cabin door closed, but not locked. It swung open at her touch now, then slammed back against her hand. There was a scurry of movement inside, and a voice said, "Damn it, hurry!" An astonished, primitive anger rose in her. Without thinking, she threw herself against the door. It fell open, and she stumbled in headlong, hitting the opposite wall. In the spinning dimness she saw a girl struggling with the straps of her bikini, a boy in swim trunks helping her. The boy turned, scrambling through the doorway; Margaret's hand reached out in blind instinct and caught the girl's ankle, tripping her, and for a moment they wrestled ludicrously. Then she felt herself being pulled away. She tried to hit at the boy who was pulling her, but his fist came at her, and she was down, tasting blood and feeling a swooning agony as the back of her head struck the wall.

The dizziness passed. When she could, she got to her feet and satisfied herself that she could stand and take a step. The face reflected in the wall mirror was that of a stranger: gray hair stringy and awry, eyes puffy, blood oozing over swollen lips. Outrage put every other thought out of her mind, and she pushed through the doorway. Her beach looked at her, innocently empty, as though no one on the pebbly sand had ever been caught up in violence—no one except herself.

She climbed painfully up the steps to the top of the bluff, up the path to

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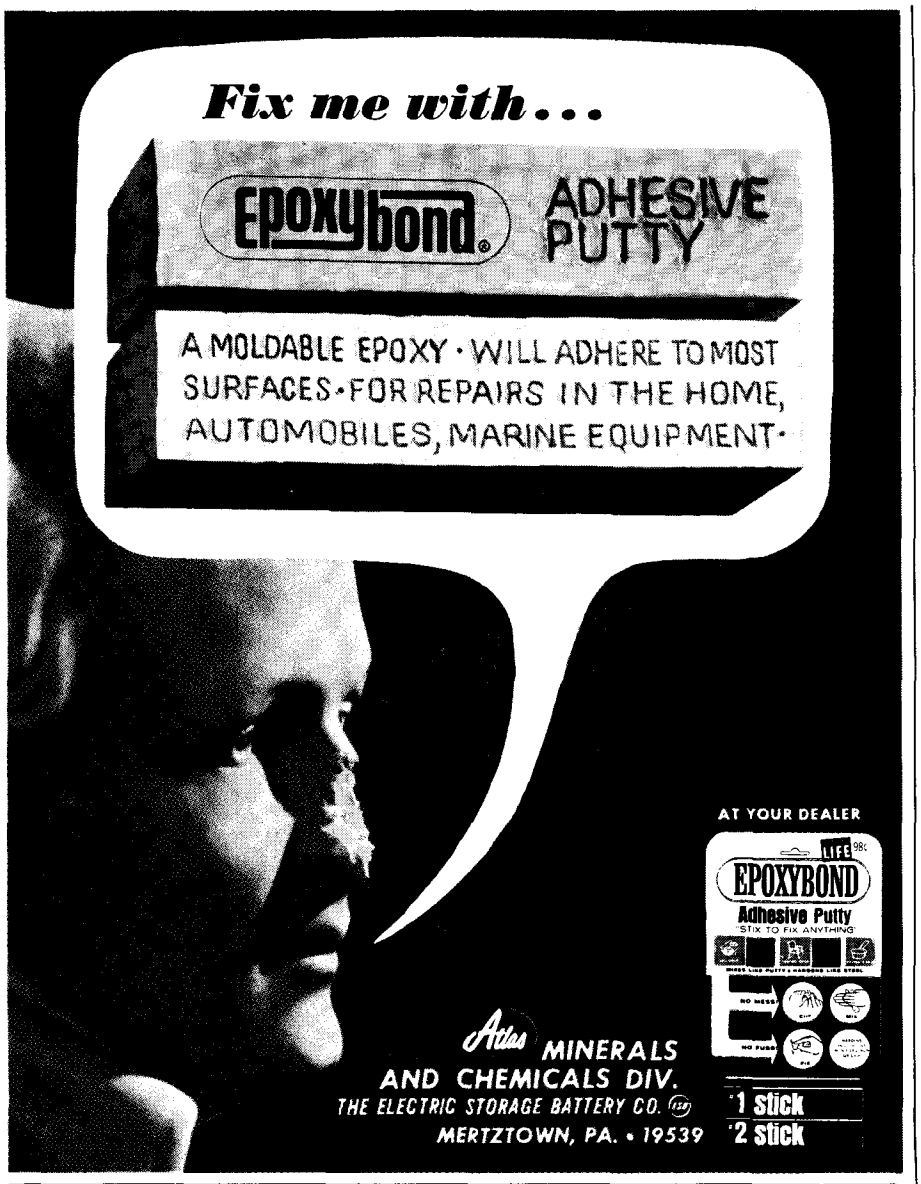
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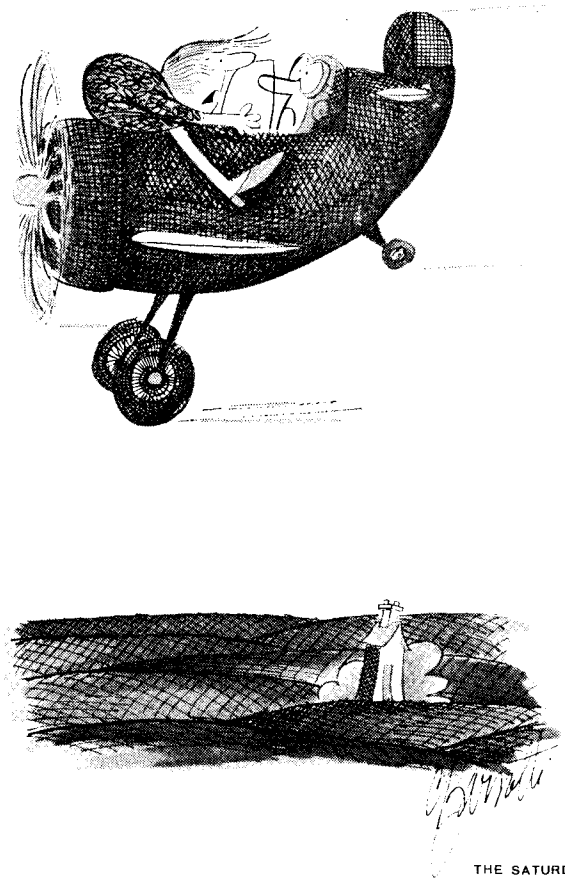

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But, darling, I want to be a part of your work."

THE VANDAL

her bright little garden, into the darkness of her shingled cottage where she telephoned for the police.

Naturally, Emma arrived just as the prowl car pulled away. That was perhaps two hours later.

Emma was her sister, eight years younger, a childish, chattering, goodhearted woman with orange hair and pink cheeks and a body too plump for its girlish dresses. She insisted on looking after Margaret as if Margaret were senile; and Margaret endured her with dry patience.

Emma said the obvious now, and kept on saying it. "What on *earth* have you done to your face?" and "What were the *police* doing here?" and "How *dreadful!*" Margaret held her patience and allowed Emma to be useful and drive her to her doctor's and her dentist's; and when she was satisfied that her face and her teeth were still properly in place, no matter how they felt, she let Emma drive her back home. Then she said she wanted a nap, and Emma left, after one last inanity: "You're too *old* to live alone, Margaret; I've been telling you that for *years.*"

"Yes, you have," said Margaret dryly. As soon as Emma was out of sight, she went down to the little beach cabin again.

The room was as she and the detective had left it, the image of frantic flight still on the tumbled rattan furniture. Without the faintest idea of what she might look for, she got down on her stiff knees and crawled and peered until her head hurt and her knees ached, and she mumbled to herself about her folly. And, in the midst of the familiar, she saw the unfamiliar.

It was a bit of wire, stiff, silverish, less than two inches long, with clasps at its ends, shaped for a purpose. It lay on the floor, behind the table. She picked it up. As she stared at it, a memory crept out of her adolescence, a memory of discomfort and embarrassment and her mother's voice saying: "You are *not* going to be ashamed of your teeth all your life, as I've been. You've *got* to wear them."

Braces. Or were they called retainers now? Retainers were removable, braces fixed. It didn't matter. She felt a sudden anguish of kinship with that girl in the bikini, and as if she were watching them she saw her and the boy in here again. The image blurred, and she was the girl herself, feeling the painful pressure of the braces as the boy kissed her, breaking away for a moment, turning so the boy could not see her fingers fumbling at the braces, slipping them out, putting them on the table behind her, and turning to the boy again, shyly and eagerly. How long ago? And then she and Timothy Wister had married, and she had put the braces away forever and could forget about them. But this boy wasn't Tim. Tim was dead and buried, and she was an old woman, a widow for the past twenty-five years.

Awkwardly she got to her feet and wrapped the wire in her handkerchief. Her lips hurt. Half a century ago, she had mislaid her braces, and her father had raged at her, and she'd had to search the house and grounds for two days until she found them. They were expensive. You don't throw that kind of money down the drain.

She went up to her cottage, into her bedroom, and put the bit of wire into her handkerchief case. Then, setting her alarm for seven in the evening, she gave in to weariness and slept.

By seven-thirty she was back in the cabin, sitting on the floor of the little

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curtained closet next to the front door. Her body hurt, but she made herself as comfortable as she could with pillows and a blanket, and waited. If she reached out, she could touch the door, and she would, later, when it became necessary to wedge it shut with the rubber doorstop. She did not know how long she might have to wait, or if her whole idea were foolish and futile. She was no detective; she was Margaret Wister, sixty-eight years old, widow, retired nursery-school teacher, and she ought to know better.

The cabin smelled musty. Time, the vandal, had made his mischief with it. She dozed, and woke, and felt cramped, and almost did not hear the alien sound in the night.

There was a vertical crack at the doorway that suddenly widened, then narrowed again. Margaret heard the sound of breathing, shallow, shaking with fear. It was the girl. Margaret waited, compassionate and calm, listening to the whisper of hands searching wood surfaces. Her own hand ghosted out from the curtained closet and slipped the rubber wedge into place under the door. There was a fretful sniff of impatience, and the room glowed faintly. She could see the flashlight, the girl's fingers covering its brightness, the reflection of it on the young face.

Margaret said, "You won't find it."

The girl gasped. The light swung wildly and went out, and there was a thudding, stumbling noise. The door stopped her; she wrestled with it, panting. Margaret got to her feet stiffly. "You can't open it," she said. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"Get away from me!"

"I don't intend to go near you." Margaret's hand found the floor lamp and turned it on. "I just want to have a look at you." She had to blink in the brilliance. The girl cowered at the door, hiding her face. She was wearing dungaree shorts and a boy's shirt. She was slim and long-haired and young—she couldn't be more than seventeen—and she was an animal in terror.

Margaret asked, "What's your name?" She did not expect an answer. "You might as well tell me your name. I found your braces. I'm sure the police will be able to trace you through them." She waited, patiently, because she was in full control.

"I didn't do anything. I didn't."

"You broke into property that did not belong to you. You took part in an attack on me ——"

"I *didn't!*"

"—that might have had serious consequences. I don't know what you and that boy were doing in here before I came in, but I'm sure it would distress your parents." She made her voice more gentle. "I have no desire to get even with you or to punish you. If I had, I'd have given your braces to the police when I found them."

"What are you going to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind."

The girl was facing her now. She could be a pretty thing, with her tanned face and huge eyes; she'd be beautiful in a few years, but she was thin and graceless now, and terror had made her ugly. "Please don't tell anyone."

"At the moment I don't see why I should. What is your name?"

"Promise me you won't tell anyone."

"Don't bargain."

"Will you give me my braces back?"

"They're of no use to me."

The girl said, "I'm Mary Peterson."

"*Your* name. Not someone else's." She waited.

"It's Deedee."

"Deedee what?"

The girl hesitated. "Warren."

"What does Deedee stand for?"

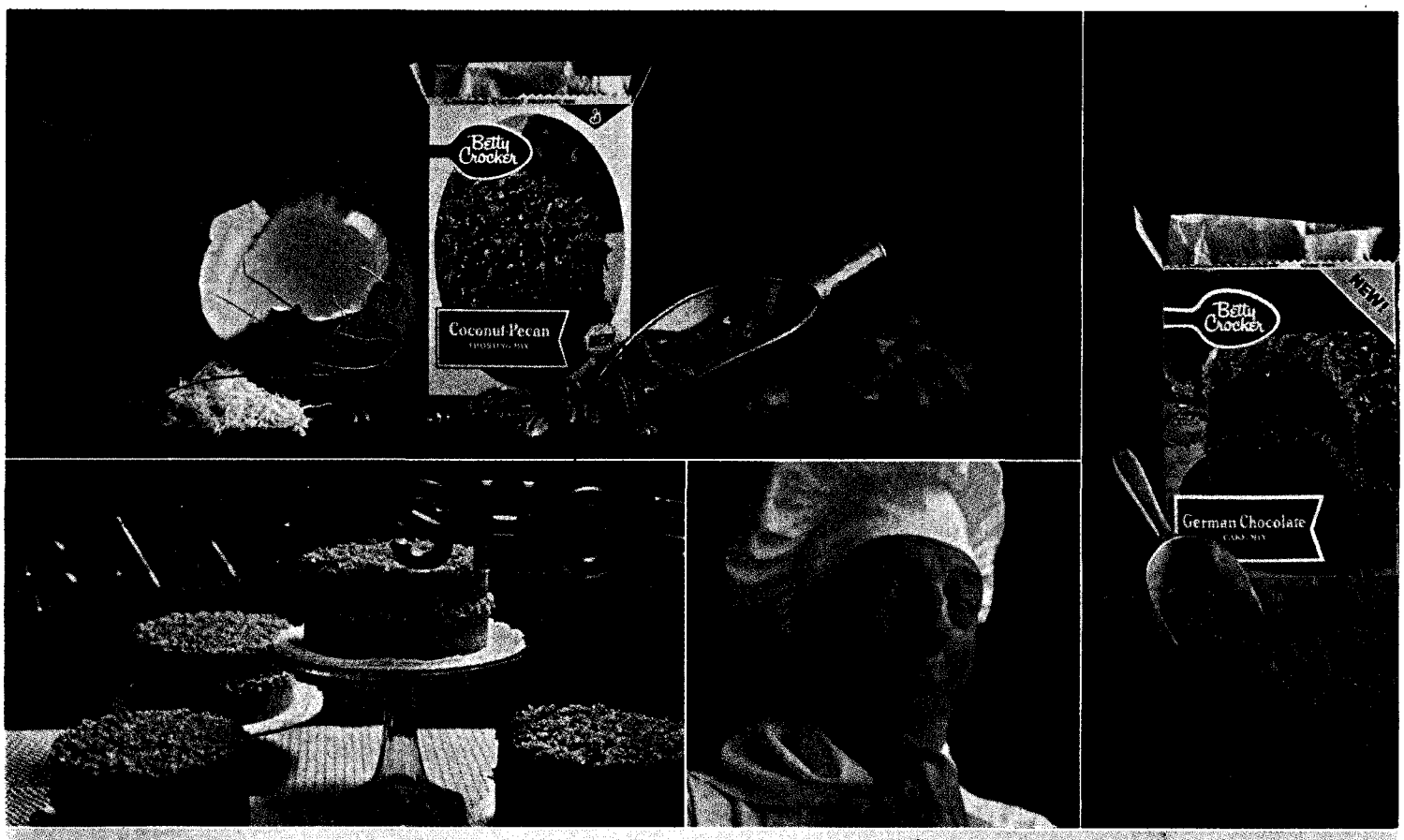
"Diane."

"And the boy's name?"

The girl was silent.

"The boy's name, Deedee. He was the one who hit me." The girl blinked, and an impulse to smile tugged at Margaret's lips. "You don't want to betray him." The loyalties of the young. She herself would have died on a flaming cross before giving Tim away. "Suppose I were to tell you that you can't have your braces back unless you give me his name?"

No answer, of course.



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Margaret said, "Come with me."

"Why? What are you going to do?"

"We're going up to my cottage," said Margaret. She went to the door and pushed the wedge away with her toe.

"What for?

"Because that's where I have your braces. I'm giving you back your braces, Deedee Warren."

"Is that all?"

"For the moment. But tell your friend I want to have a talk with him."

"I'm sorry he hurt you," Deedee said belatedly.

"Thank you," said Margaret.

She went out into the star-speckled night, and Deedee followed her.

Next day she was furious with her body; every cell in it ached, and a feverish lassitude held her prisoner. She was the more furious because now Emma would insist on staying with her. Yet when Emma did arrive, Margaret was grateful. Emma said something about garbage on the front walk, which Margaret couldn't figure out, and a timeless interval after that the doctor was at her bedside, poking at her and telling her that she was lucky not to have pneumonia. Whatever it was that he gave her put her to sleep. When she awoke the aching was gone, but Emma was not.

Emma was not gone until four days later, and when she went there was garbage on the front walk again: orange rinds, coffee grounds, wilted lettuce, plate scrapings. Emma said, "I didn't want to upset you, but it's been happening every day. I think you ought to call the police."

Instead of the police Margaret telephoned every Warren she could find listed in the local book. There wasn't a Deedee or a Diane among them. Finally she telephoned her dentist and, pledging him to secrecy, gave him as accurate a description of the girl as she could. He did not have such an orthodontia patient himself, he told her, but he would check his colleagues in the area. By that time an odd kind of memory was tugging at her. She sat and waited for it to show itself.

There had been a child in one of her nursery-school classes, a thin, solemn-eyed little girl of four. "Does not participate in group activities," Margaret had written of her. When the others sang, she would sit alone, cuddling a rag doll; when the others played with clay, she would be at the piano, touching the notes almost soundlessly, singing to herself. Her mother had been a pretty, fussy woman, somewhat deaf, forever busy with her prettiness. Deedee Williams. Of course.

Her dentist called her back then, to report that a colleague had mentioned a Deedee Williams. She lived on The Hill, in one of the rambling, landscaped monstrosities the developer had christened "estatelets."

Deedee's mother said that Deedee was visiting a friend in Nantucket and would not be back until next week. Margaret said she would telephone again.

She could wait.

On some mornings it was beer cans; on others, nothing at all. Twice it was broken glass. Margaret swept it up patiently and put it in the garbage can, wondering at the kind of boy who could do this. A normal one would have been bored with it after a day or so and stopped. There was a sickness here, and knowing that the sickness touched the child Deedee upset her.

That next week she went shopping in Manhattan, and boarded her return train at four-thirty. In the last car, which was air-conditioned, she saw Deedee sitting alone in a double seat. It was as if their meeting had been planned.

Margaret lowered herself into the empty seat beside the girl. "Deedee Williams," she said. "Williams, not Warren. You should have known I'd find out."

Deedee stared at her, not speaking, and Margaret wondered that she had not remembered the girl instantly; that four-year-old who stood alone looked at her from this girl's face, and she wanted to touch the soft cheek as she used to. Instead she asked, "Did you enjoy Nantucket?"

Deedee's eyes flickered. "How did you know?"

"I've learned a great deal about you."

"How?"

"*How* doesn't matter. You live on Larkspur Lane. Your father is an accountant and has an office in Manhattan on East Fortieth Street. Your mother's a pretty woman, slightly deaf. You went to the Stony Hollow Nursery School when you were four years old, and one of your teachers was named Margaret Wister. Do you remember her?" She waited. "No, you don't, do you? It's the old who remember."

"What do you want?"

"Don't you know?" Silence. "He's told you what he's been doing, hasn't he? He's bragged to you about it. He's been littering my front walk with garbage almost every day. Does he think he's frightening me? Do you know?"

The girl seemed to shake her head; Margaret could not be sure.

"Well, what do you think of what he's been doing?"

No answer.

"Don't you have an opinion? If you didn't have an opinion before, do you have one now?" Margaret smiled faintly in the silence. "I don't give up easily, Deedee. I have sixty-eight years of patience."

The train rolled and rumbled, the conductor came and punched their tickets, and they sat in the cold breath of the air conditioner. Margaret asked, "Do you have a crush on him?"

Deedee looked away, and Margaret felt a pang of sympathy. "I'm an intrusive old woman, I know. But you two intruded into my life first. We have shared pain and fear and anger, and one of us is going to hurt the other two very badly if this doesn't stop. Do you know that?"

Silence. Margaret tried another tack. "What's he like? He's bright, isn't he?"

"Yes." It was a whisper.

"Older than you?"

"Yes."

"Attractive? Naturally. He seemed tall, though I really couldn't take the time to measure him. Well built.

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FLECTO

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I never really minded the mice so much."

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Muscular." She touched her jaw. "Does he go to college?"

"He quit last spring."

"Why?"

"He said it bored him."

"What's he been doing since then? Has he a job?"

"I don't see why you have to know all that."

"All right. We won't answer that one. You're . . . seventeen, aren't you? Seventeen and in love, and he's . . . twenty. He is, isn't he?"

A nod answered her. "Deedee, don't you have any opinion about the actions of a bright twenty-year-old who day after day dumps garbage on an old woman's front walk?"

The girl asked, "How do you know he's the one?"

"You'll admit I have reason to suspect."

"You can't prove it."

"Don't challenge me, Deedee; we should be honest with each other."

"What do you want, anyway?" It was almost a cry.

"For one thing, I want him to stop."

"What do you expect me to do about it?"

"Can't you get him to stop?" There was no answer. The girl was retreating from her. Margaret tried to reach her, knowing all at once what was under her turmoil. "He won't listen to you, is that it? And it hurts?" It was the wrong remark, the worst she could have made; they were as far apart as age and anguish could separate them.

Margaret said, "I wore braces on my teeth when I was your age. I know what it's like. That's a silly reason for not wanting to see you hurt, isn't it?"

They were pulling into their station. People were standing in the aisle. Almost desperately Margaret said, "I'm sixty-eight years old, Deedee. At my age one knows how little time is given us. We shouldn't throw it away." Deedee pushed past her, and Margaret let her.

"You don't know what I mean, do you?" Margaret asked, but it was to herself, for Deedee was swallowed in the crowd. "Or care, either."

There was nothing to sweep up the next day, or the day after that, or the week following. It gave Margaret a strange feeling, for she did not know whether she had won or lost. It was an anticlimax; there was nothing in her life but the absence of annoyance. Deedee became merely a silly teen-ager with a crush, and the boy was an offstage villain afraid to show his face, hardly worth a hiss. So she weeded her garden and had her daily swim, and the intruding presence remained at the edges of her property, not even growling at her any longer.

On a bright morning in August she opened her front door, picked up her bottle of milk, and saw the package on the step; a shoebox, inexpertly covered with imitation wood-grain paper. A prickling started in her shoulders. She put a hand out cautiously and lifted the cover. Inside, bedded in cotton, as if bedded in a coffin, lay a dead squirrel.

After a while she took it to her refuse can, feeling only a kind of distaste, but when she went into her bedroom to telephone Deedee, a dizziness took hold of her and spun her violently. Then her kettle, boiling away for coffee in the kitchen, began to whistle. She put the telephone down and started over to silence it.

How it happened, she did not know. Perhaps the leg of a chair tripped her. She found herself on the floor, sprawled like a great dummy, gasping for breath, with her left hand twisted beneath her. The kettle screamed at her, and she tried to push herself up, to free the hand, but pain raced up her arm, and she collapsed, for a moment thinking the kettle's scream was hers.

She could see that her hand was broken. So she sat on the floor, trying to discipline her racing thoughts. The most upsetting was of Emma, back here again, carrying a tray of goodies to the sickbed. After a bit, Margaret got to her feet again, shut off the kettle, went back to the bedroom telephone, and dialed her doctor.

She had plenty of time to think during the rest of the day. In the late afternoon, with her hand like a plaster baby dangling in its sling, she made two calls: one to the woman who did her heavy cleaning, who assured Margaret that she would come over and take care of her; and the other to a woman at the real-estate office, who for some years had been after her to sell her property. The real-estate woman was there in twenty minutes, and ten minutes after that a FOR SALE sign grew out of the front lawn like an invading weed.

At dusk Margaret settled at her kitchen table with pad and pencil, and started methodically listing every possession she had, from china, Mother's Spode, to bed linen. After some items

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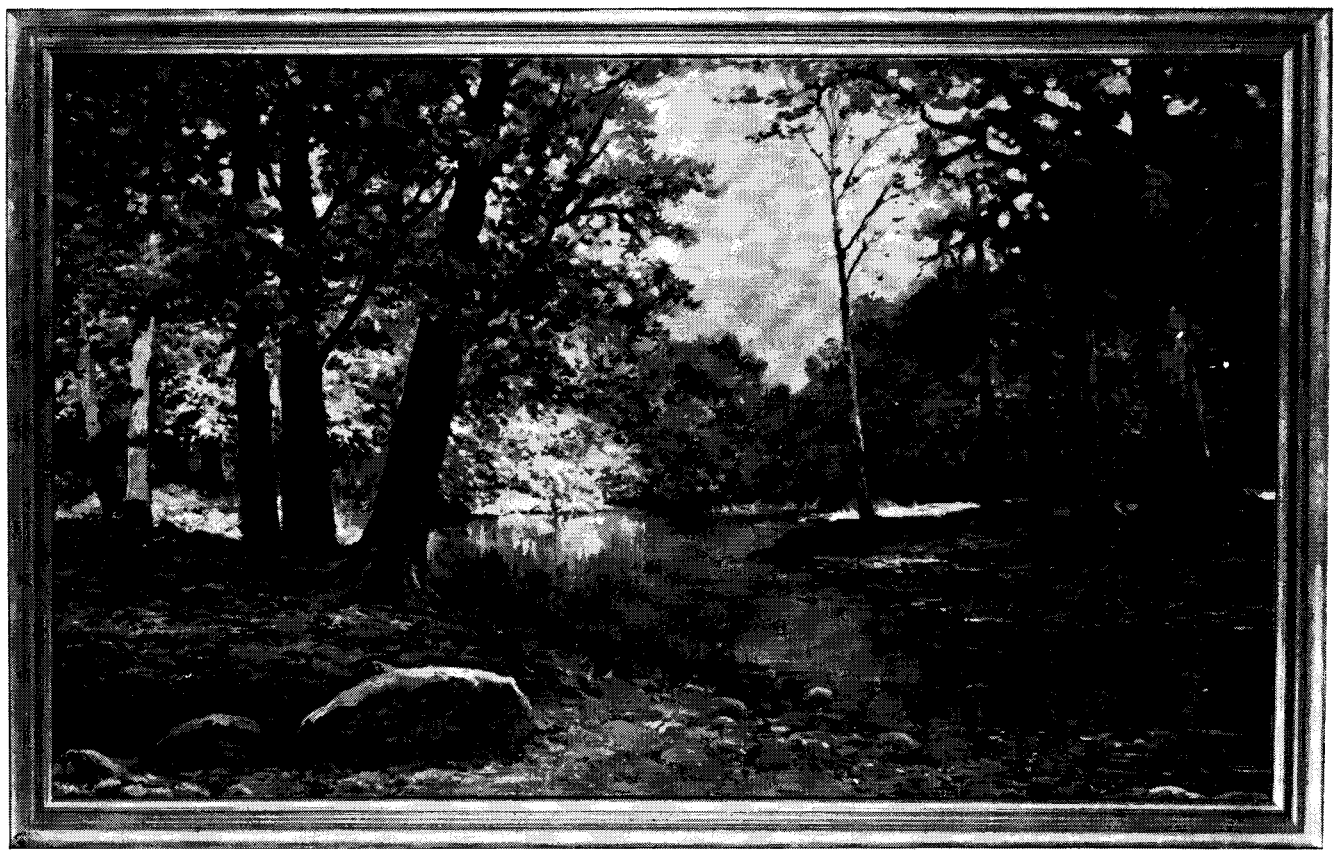

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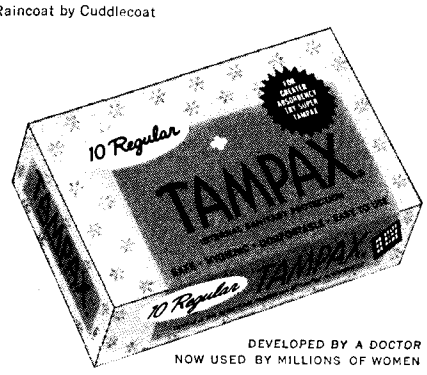

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she wrote "Keep," after others, "Sell," or "Salvation Army," or "Ask Emma." It was astonishing how many things one old, unsentimental determinedly practical woman could accumulate, and how many memories they stirred.

At eight-thirty the doorbell sounded. For a moment she did not recognize the girl outside. "Deedee?" she asked, as if from another century.

"May I come in?" Deedee asked, and Margaret stepped back automatically.

The girl stared at her cast-encased arm, and Margaret said, "Don't mind this. I did something foolish this morning."

"I saw your sign," Deedee said, standing there in the hall.

"What sign?"

"For sale."

"Don't tell me you want to buy it," Margaret said.

"No." Deedee hesitated, and then her words tumbled out. "You don't have to, Mrs. Wister. He won't do it any more. Honestly he won't. He won't ever." Her young face was splotched, and Margaret could see that she had been crying.

"The squirrel," Margaret said after a while. "He told you about it."

"Yes."

"So when you saw my sign you assumed I was selling because ——"

"You don't have to. He promised me he'd never do anything like that again. Never."

It was hard for Margaret to gather her thoughts. She said, "Come inside," and "Sit down," and "Can I get you something?" The girl sat on the edge of a chair as if she might scoot off any minute. Margaret lowered herself to the sofa opposite, looking at the lovely, unhappy face, and a wave of emotion rose in her. She thought, Deedee did this for me, and, disciplining her voice to dryness, she said, "I appreciate this, Deedee."

The girl shrugged.

"But I'm not selling because of what he's done to me. I discovered this morning that I'm an old woman and shouldn't live alone. Not in a house like this." She added irrelevantly, "My sister wants me to live with her, but I'll probably take an apartment in town."

"Oh." Deedee seemed at a loss, and moved as if to get up. "Well, I guess ——"

Margaret cut her short; she could not let the girl go, not yet. "I'm grateful to you anyway. It'll be a while before I can move out, and I'd be just as pleased not to have more such gifts from him." She hesitated, and added, "It must have been difficult for you."

Again the shrug.

"Apparently both of us made painful discoveries this morning."

"What?"

"It's hard, when liking doesn't go along with loving."

A flush had risen on Deedee's face. "He isn't . . ." she started to say, and repeated, "He isn't . . ." and she could not say what he wasn't.

"Bad? Wicked?" Margaret offered her. "I'm sure he isn't totally. But you wouldn't be here if you thought nothing was wrong with him. You don't like what he's done. You don't like what it means. Do you?" She made her voice gentle. She wished she had the girl next to her, so her hand could comfort her.

Deedee sat, unable to answer.

"Has he ever told you why he did these things?"

Silence.

"Deedee, has he? I must know."

It was a mumble, and she had to strain to hear it. "He said, for laughs."

"Oh, child . . ."

"He hasn't hurt anyone. When he hit you, he didn't mean it. It was an accident. It was ——"

"I was there."

"He hasn't done anything else. Honestly he hasn't. And he promised he'd stop."

"What makes you think he'll keep this promise?"

"He will." The girl moved as if to avoid the question, and stood up with awkward defiance. "I just came here to tell you you didn't have to sell. I didn't come for a lecture."

"Deedee, I know I have no right to interfere ——"

"Then *don't!*" The girl headed for the door, and Margaret rose, helplessly, wanting to say "No," and "I don't want you to get hurt," but the cry had gone unheard before, and it would now. So she said, almost in surrender, "I'm still grateful to you."

The door resisted Deedee, then yielded, and she went out into the darkness. Margaret heard her gasp, and panic took hold of her. She almost tripped, hurrying to see. She knew it was the boy looming in the darkness out there. "*You*," she said, and anger swept the panic off. "You!" Recklessly, she went out onto the porch. "Show your face. Come here where I can see you."

"Okay," he said, and came toward her, so tall and overpowering that she had to step back, in spite of herself, into the light and safety of the hall. He followed her in, with Deedee, looking frightened, behind him.

"Here I am," he said, smiling. His face was beautiful, with features that belonged in marble. Bright eyes glinted through a heavy fringe of lashes, and a ruddy tan gave the semblance of health, as if there were no sickness there, ever. He was wearing a torn, dirty white shirt that gaped open over his chest, and torn, dirty shorts. His tanned legs were naked down to his sneakers, and those soiled things were his image rather than that beautiful face and that beautiful body.

Margaret found her voice again. "What were you doing out there?"

"Waiting for Deedee."

"What else?"

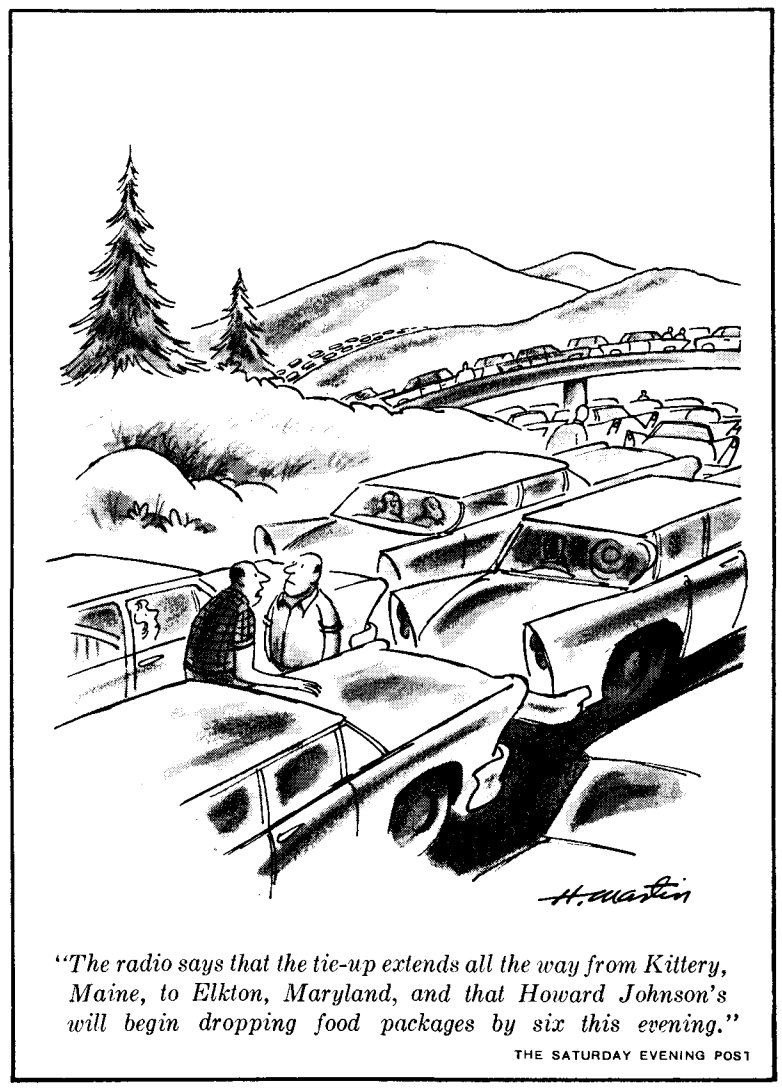
"Nothing." He smiled, enjoying something neither she nor Deedee could see.

"Deedee, would you mind looking?" When the girl had gone, she asked, "What's your name?"

"Dwight Hunter. My friends call me Ricky."

"Dwight Hunter." She knew the name, one of the old families living on one of the last estates in the area. There had been something about the

America, America



"The radio says that the tie-up extends all the way from Kittery, Maine, to Elkton, Maryland, and that Howard Johnson's will begin dropping food packages by six this evening."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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father—alcoholism, something. Deedee was back. "Is he telling the truth? Is he Dwight Hunter?"

The girl nodded. "There wasn't anything out there."

"Your father's name was Dwight." She remembered now: a suicide, and stories in the tabloids before. Everything has its roots somewhere, she thought. He smiled at her and said, "Yes, ma'am, he shot himself," as if he had read the memory in her mind.

"I suppose you're proud of what you've done."

"Would you like me to apologize for it, ma'am?"

"*Apologize?*" Her voice was sharp; she felt goaded. "Do you think an apology can cover it?"

"What else would you like me to do?"

Everything was wrong. He smiled too much; he was too much the wholesome, charming boy deferring to her age and sex; he was playing the part and enjoying it because he controlled the situation. The smiles, the agreeable acceptance of anything she might say would go on and on, meaning nothing. In frustration she said, "Nothing. Just go. Go! And stay away from me."

And stay away from Deedee, she wanted to say, and couldn't. She glanced at the girl; Deedee was staring at him as if she could see nothing else.

"Okay." He put a hand out, and Deedee took it. They went out together, leaving Margaret alone, weighed down by the cast on her arm, weighed down by her years, by defeat.

Outside, Deedee's voice said, "Ricky, don't," and the boy laughed, and Deedee said, "*don't, don't, please don't!*" Margaret wrenched open the door with her good hand. Something on the door swung loosely toward her. She saw the boy's laughing face and Deedee frozen behind him, as she tried to reach whatever it was that hung on her door. It was black; it was loosely tied to the door knocker, and hung limp, somber, funereal. Crape. Funeral crape on her door.

The boy said, "I thought you might need it, grandma. Come on, Deedee." He reached for Deedee's hand, laughing, backing away. "I bet you're going to make trouble for me now, aren't you, grandma?" His hand tried to seize Deedee's, but she had shrunk away from him. "Come on, Deedee."

"No."

"*Come on,* I said. I'm not waiting."

"No."

"Okay." He turned without another glance at her, and went off, and after a moment his laugh floated back on the breeze.

They watched until nothing was left of him in the darkness. Then Margaret, one-handed and with gnarled fingers, tried to untie the crape. She felt Deedee beside her, and let her take it down.

"What'll I do with it?" Deedee asked.

"I'll put it in the garbage later," Margaret said. "Do you have any idea where he got it?"

"No."

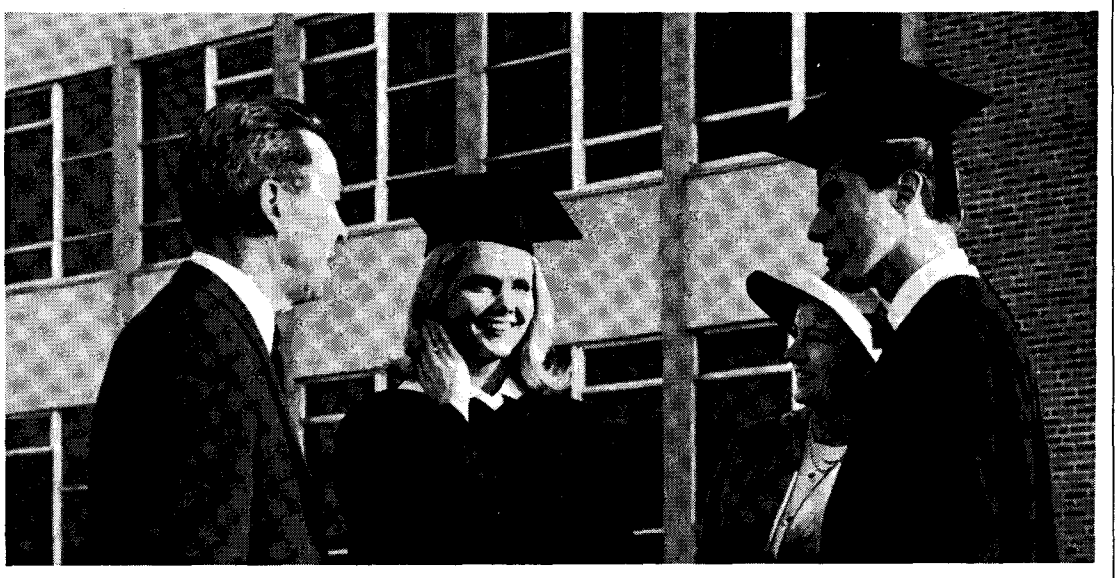
"It doesn't matter."

The girl's eyes were huge, but she was not crying. What had happened was beyond crying over. Margaret put her good arm around the girl and guided her back into the living room. They sat on the sofa, and Deedee looked at Margaret and said, "I'm sorry."

For once Margaret could not speak. She patted the girl's shoulder, and smiled and nodded and kept her lips shut. She had won, she thought, without triumph, without joy; the boy had won her battle for her, throwing his own cause away, and he didn't care. *He didn't care.* It's for the best, she thought, but she must never, never say that to Deedee. Deedee would realize it someday, and probably knew it now, without accepting it.

"I think we could both do with a cup of tea," Margaret said, in as matter-of-fact a voice as she could. The matter of fact would heal Deedee's wounds as it had always healed her own. Part from your love, sell your home, say good-bye to possessions dusty with memories, and the familiar routine of living will form scar tissue for you.

She picked her way carefully into the kitchen and took up the kettle, and as she filled it she remembered suddenly that only that morning it had screamed and screamed at her. □



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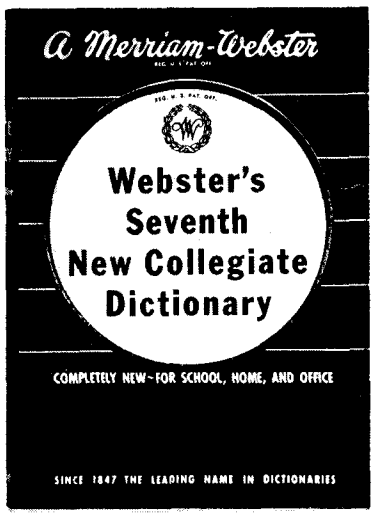

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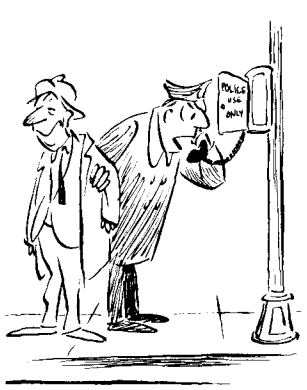

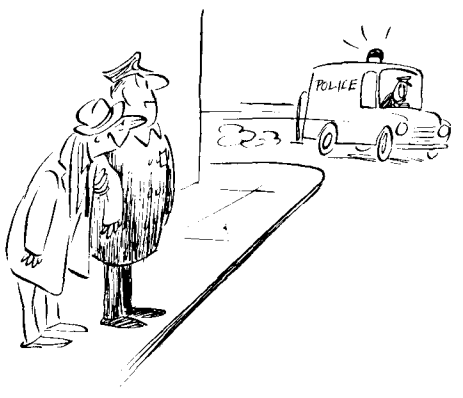

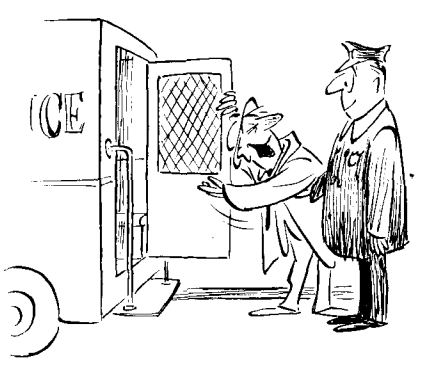

"After you."

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Introducing The first movie to be afraid of.

No tricky loading to give you traumas. No complicated settings to give you ulcers. Not even one single fancy-looking do-dad knob that'll keep you up at night wondering what it is.

The Anscomatic® S/85 super 8 movie camera (with f/1.7 four-to-one zoom lens, electric motor drive, and CdS automatic exposure control) is so easy to use even your wife won't be afraid of it. You just slip in the cassette film pack and you're in business—the movie business. U. S. Camera had this to say about the S/85: "It was well-worth the wait...The Anscomatic S/85 is one of the most compact 'slim line' cameras on the market...all of the features are arranged carefully for simple, easy operation."

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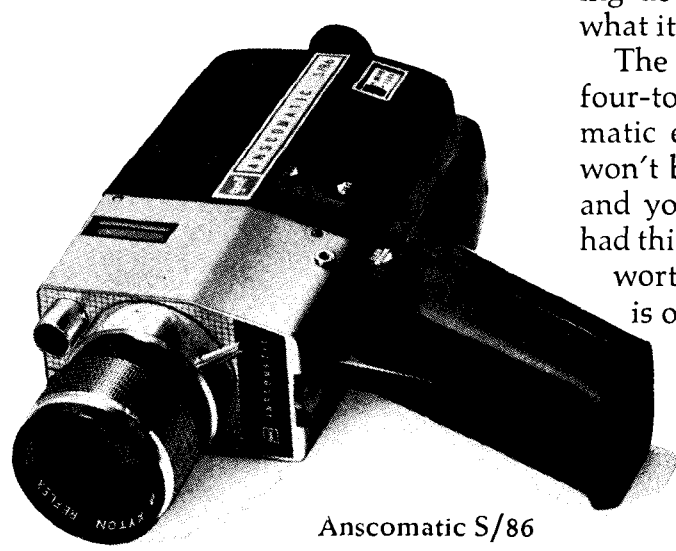

Anscomatic S/86

Anscomatic S/84

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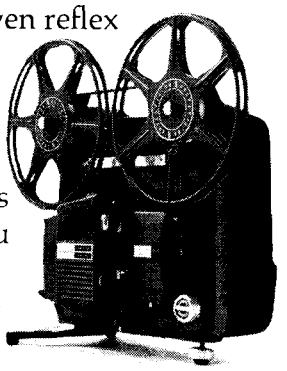
the Anscomatic S/85. camera you don't have

enough for you, consider the S/86. It's a deluxe version with all the same features plus an f/1.7 five-to-one power zoom lens and slow motion. All for less than $175.00.

You want a Super 8, but you want to get away for less? You were made for S/84—the lowest priced of all our Super 8's. Less than $95, although it's hard to tell why. It has all the expensive features like electric motor drive, CdS automatic exposure control, and f/1.7 zoom lens, and even reflex focusing through the viewfinder. (You'll find that feature in all our Super 8's.)

And as long as you're looking at movie cameras—why not go all the way and buy a new movie projector? After all, what's the good of taking beautiful movies if you don't have a projector to show them.

The Anscovision 480 is one of our newest Super 8 projectors. For less than $115.00, this super 8mm gives you easy automatic threading, and pick-up, f/1.5 zoom lens, reverses at any time, variable speed, slow motion action and shows movies exactly the way they were taken.



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If after reading this whole ad about home movies, you still want to take slides—try new Anscochrome® film. It'll give you brilliant color every single time.

What it all boils down to is this: If you want anything from film to cameras to projectors, anything bearing the name "GAF" is worth looking into.

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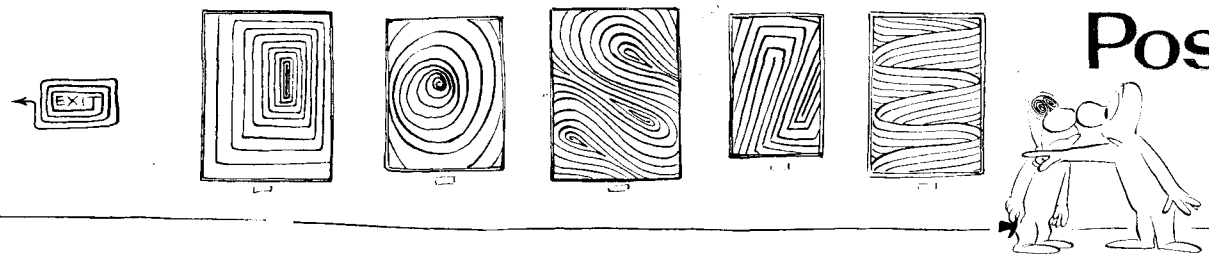
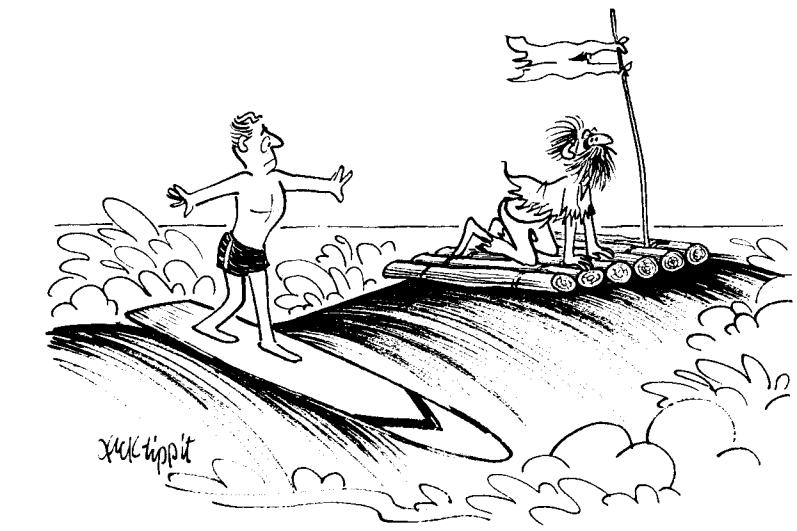
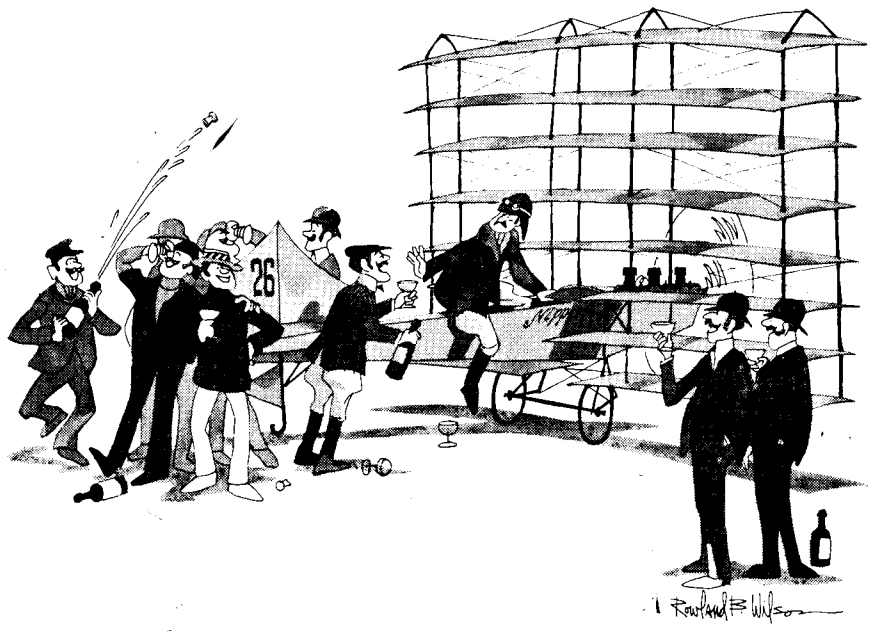
Post scripts







"Come on, Bert, you can't fly on one wing."

"Now we owe them a frog."

WAJA SAY?

So great is the contrast between
normal speech
And the sounds most husbands utter
That only a wife would even try
To get to the heart of the mutter

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

"How much are you asking for July and August?"

"Skate boards, the Beatles, surfing movies, boots—you predicted them all, Frankie. And now the old question: Where's the action, baby?"

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What makes Viceroy the right one?

Viceroy's got the taste that's right... right any time of the day

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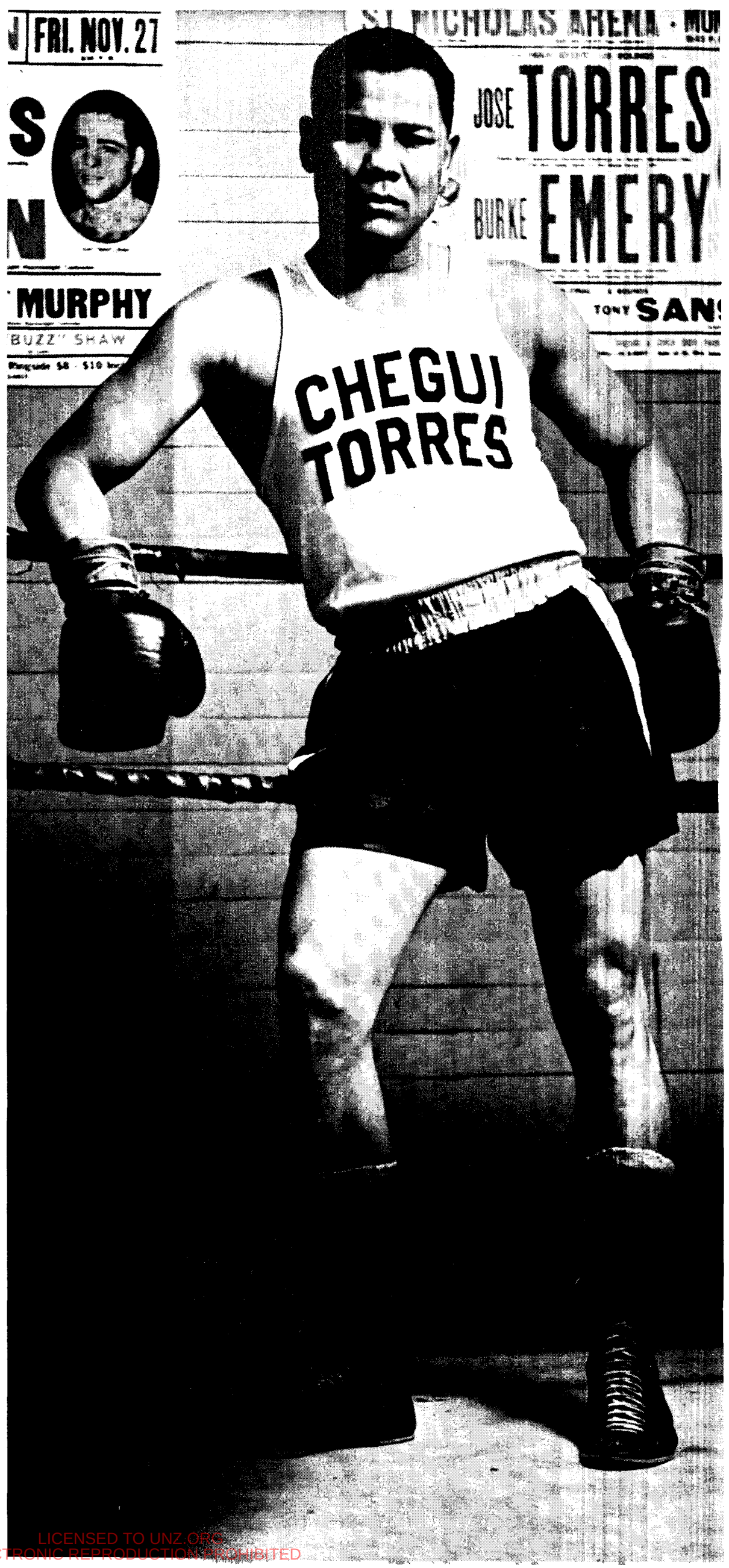
THE LOST HERO

By PETE HAMILL



The first time I ever saw him practice his craft, I thought José Torres would be the greatest prizefighter of his time. I also thought (with what strikes me now as almost unbelievable innocence) that he would become a hero: an authentic, minted, solid-gold hero, perhaps the last one that the dying sport of boxing would ever have.

That was almost eight years ago. In the years since then Joe and I have become close friends, and he has become the light-heavyweight champion of the world. No one can ever take that from him; it's in the record books, printed in agate type, a permanent testament to the fact that, for a while at least, José Torres was the best 175-pound fighter in the world.

This month he is scheduled to defend his title against Wayne Thornton, the leading contender, and it should be a good fight. It will be held outdoors in Shea Stadium, and there is always a special excitement about an outdoor fight in New York City. Joe has his title, but somehow—perhaps because life is more complicated than a scenario—the rest of my hopes for him didn't work out. Joe became a champion all right. But he never did become a hero.

I first saw Torres one night at the St. Nicholas Arena in the early winter of 1958. I arrived early, bought a balcony ticket, and stood for a long time under the small marquee, watching the Puerto Ricans of New York come up out of the subway at 66th Street. The Puerto Ricans never quite look comfortable in New York; their soft Caribbean faces do not blend with the harshness of the city. But this night, despite a driving winter rain, it looked as if New York was their town, that Santurce and San Juan and Caguas were just stops at the other end of the subway lines.

They talked excitedly, rapidly, in their clipped staccato Spanish, their eyes moving quickly at the prospect of the planned violence inside, and you could hear the name over and over and over again. *Torres*, they said, *Torres*, *Torres*, *Torres*.

This was the old music of the fight racket, and it was only appropriate that the Puerto Ricans were making it. There were few nights that be-

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When he was 22,
José Torres seemed great,
invincible,
the champion of his people.
Now he is
light-heavyweight champion
of the world,
but it isn't the same.

As a friend, author Hamill shares the frustrations—and the laughs—of Joe Torres's complicated career.

longed to them in the '50's: They were the scorned people of the city. Despite their American citizenship they were considered to be immigrants, and they were demeaned because they knew no English, because they were poor, because they inhabited the slums and committed a bit more than their share of the crime. They emptied the city's garbage and swept the city's floors, and for most of them the golden dream of America was just another cynical joke.

And then, like the Jews, the Irish, the Italians before them, they had turned to the fight racket. In the richest city in the richest country on earth they began to bleed for a living. They fought for the same reasons everyone before them had. They wanted passports to the world where waiters called you by your first name, and you drove a long shiny car and kept $300 suits in the closets, and you were loved, and not hated, by strangers.

Before the war they had produced a few good boxers, but since then there had been only a dreary line of club fighters. Until this night they hadn't seen one of their own who could have been a champion. There were few nights that belonged to the Puerto Ricans that year of 1958, but the night José Torres knocked out Frankie (Kid) Anslem was one of them.

When I walked into the St. Nick, the old arena was throbbing with the kind of excitement I remembered only dimly from evenings during the war, before television killed most of boxing. I smelled wet wool and cigars and men who worked all day with the sweat running down their backs and then drank beer as the sweat dried. Sitting next to me in the $1.50 seats was a small, round-faced man who told me he came from Playa Ponce, Torres's hometown on the south coast of Puerto Rico. We bought each other beers and squinted into the haze toward the dressing room at the far end, waiting, like everyone else in the hall, for Torres to appear. When he did, the place exploded.

Chegui! Chegui! Chegui! they chanted, using Torres's nickname (a contraction of José Luis), and as he stamped his feet in the rosin in a neutral corner, he gave a small wave to the crowd. *Matalo, Chegui!* a guy yelled, "Kill him, *Chegui!*" And Torres, brimming with youth (he was 22) and the knowledge of what he could do, heard him and smiled back. He had a fine smile.

At the bell Torres came out with his hands held high against his face in the peekaboo style made famous by Floyd Patterson (who was then the heavyweight champion and Torres's stablemate). But Torres was no copy of anyone. Like Patterson he was essentially a counter-puncher, making his man miss and reacting with volleys of punches. But his hands were even faster than Patterson's, his jab was a punch, not a flick (Patterson seldom used the jab anyway), and even more important, he had a sense of the dramatic that the heavyweight champion lacked. Torres was not only interested in winning; he wanted to win spectacularly.

So Torres used the pauses in a fight the way some jazz musicians use silence—to heighten an effect. He would be moving slowly, controlling the rhythm of the fight, punching lightly, intimidating Anslem with shoulder feints, and then—suddenly, dramatically—his hands would lash out, in three-, four- and five-punch combinations, startling the crowd, bringing the fans to their feet, making them scream for more.

In the ninth round Torres unleashed a five-punch combination that ended with a hammering left hook to the jaw, and as the referee counted Anslem out, the guy next to me hugged me in joy and shouted in Spanish that José Torres, a boy from *his* hometown, would be the next middleweight champion of the world.

The Puerto Ricans were proud to be Puerto Ricans that night, and as we streamed out into the street, I saw an old man with snowy moustaches reach up and pull down a fight poster from the wall, rolling it in his hands as he pushed through the crowd, tears streaming down his seamed face. It was as if we had not been in the St. Nick at all; we were really on a sound stage in Hollywood and it was *Golden Boy* all over again, and in a year we would all march through Yankee Stadium on a night thick with summer and triumph and tell each other that we had seen the newly crowned middleweight champion of the world back when he had won his eighth professional fight.

It was all too neat, though, all too simple. For José Torres it didn't work out that way at all.

He boxed once more at the St. Nick, knocking out a Canadian light heavyweight named Burke Emery. He fought a few times in Sunnyside Gardens, won the semifinal to the first Patterson-Johansson fight the following summer, and then disappeared from New York. I read in the Spanish-language papers that he fought a draw with Benny (Kid) Paret in San Juan, that he decisioned Randy Sandy in New Jersey, and then he dropped from sight completely. The hero had vanished; the excitement had ebbed; José Torres was the champion of nothing.

I was a newspaper reporter in 1960, working the city side for the New York *Post*, and I had forgotten about Torres until one night when I was drinking beer with some friends at a bar in Brooklyn.

"Hey," someone said, "whatever happened to that guy, the middleweight? You know, the guy fought just like Patterson, only better?"

"Torres?"

"Torres, yeah, Torres. José Torres. Whatever happened to him?"

No one could say. I don't remember much of the rest of that night's conversation, but all that weekend I kept wondering about Torres. On Monday afternoon I decided to go down to 14th Street to visit the Gramercy Gym, where Torres trained, to see what had happened to the lost hero.

I found the entrance of the gym at the right of a tiny open-front candy store and climbed the two flights of squeaking wooden stairs. Torres was at the side of the ring. He was wearing a blue sweat shirt and black trunks, and he was having his hands taped. I introduced myself.

"Hey," he said, "man, you're the first newspaperman I seen in a year and a half. Stay here. Don't move. We talk when I'm through."

Torres seemed older than I had remembered, with thicker features, a flatter, broader nose, heavier through the body. He had grown a thin,

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Dancing with his wife, Torres is the life of the Puerto Rican nightclubs where the mambo blares into the night.

'If I have a fight, I train.
If I don't,
to hell with it,' says Torres,
who doesn't drink
but likes his parties.

THE LOST HERO

wispy moustache. In the ring he looked as good as he ever had. Snorting, he threw punches with speed and variety, shifting from body to head and back, handling his big, heavyweight sparring partner as if he were a welterweight.

He was being trained then by a perceptive young man named Joe Fariello. When Joe came down to the floor to work the heavy bag, I walked over to Fariello, introduced myself and told him that Torres looked fine.

"Pete," he said, "this guy isn't the fighter he was. Can't you see it?"

I told Fariello that Torres still looked to me like one of the best middleweights around. Fariello shook his head. He could see that Torres had lost something that was not apparent to me, or to the young fighters in the gym who were watching Joe with admiration. To Fariello, he just was not the fighter he had been.

After the workout, Torres and I went into the dressing room, and he talked in grammatical but thickly accented English. Yes, he said, he had been inactive now for a long time. He had been training now for a month, but not very hard. There were no fights coming up.

"Why not?" I asked. I couldn't believe that no promoters wanted to use the fighter who had been the hottest New York boxing attraction since Rocky Graziano.

"Cus," Joe said. He said it simply, undramatically, as if it were a commonplace. "Man," he said, pulling on a pair of sharply creased gray trousers, "this is a complicated s.o.b."

He certainly was. Cus was Cus D'Amato, Torres's manager, close friend and admirer, and one of the most controversial men in boxing. For years he had run the Gramercy Gym, handling amateur fighters and about a dozen professionals. Most of the latter happened to be deaf and dumb, and he was thought of as a kind of freak, "the Deaf and Dumb Manager." Then in 1948 a young kid named Floyd Patterson climbed the two flights to the Gramercy Gym. He was the kind of kid every manager dreams of, a kid who could win the heavyweight championship of the world. And that was the way it had worked out.

But Cus had become much more than a fight manager. He saw himself as the savior of the fight racket, which he claimed had fallen into the hands of television, hoodlums and the International Boxing Club. D'Amato began feuding with just about everyone in boxing, and in the long, terribly complicated aftermath he seldom let Patterson fight. Because Torres was part of D'Amato's stable, he had been hurt by the feuds. D'Amato would not let him take the fights he desperately needed to mature as a boxer.

Joe and I left the gym together, and as we walked along 14th Street, Puerto Ricans of all ages stopped to talk to him. They were obviously fond of him, but also wondering and puzzled—as I was—about his inactivity. "*Ola, Chegui,* when you gonna fight, man?" "Soon, soon," he said, "it will be in the papers. Look in *El Diario.*" But Torres didn't seem to believe what he was saying.

"Come on," Joe said, breaking away from a small knot of Puerto Ricans and heading for the subway. "We'll go to *El Barrio.*"

El Barrio means The Neighborhood, and for New York's Puerto Ricans it is equivalent to the Lower East Side for the Jews and the West Side docks for the Irish; it is where the strangers in a big town can feel at ease among their own. It is a huge slum, running roughly from 96th Street to 130th Street, and from Fifth Avenue to the East River, with isolated pockets of Italians and Jews scattered in between. Puerto Ricans had been living there for 30 years, and when the great postwar migration began, most of the newcomers went to *El Barrio* first. Walking its streets, you realize how much of a Latin-American city New York has become: *bodegas* (grocery stores) stand hard by the offices of *abogados* (lawyers) and bars sell *cerveza* (beer). We stopped at a small open-front store under the Park Avenue railroad tracks and ate *chicharrones* (cracklings) while Torres talked about his life.

He was born on May 3, 1936, in Playa Ponce, Puerto Rico, the second of seven children, and he had started fighting in the streets. "Everytime there was a fight," his older brother Andres told me later, "we knew it was *Chegui.* He loved to fight, and the bigger the guy the better he was."

José started boxing with gloves after he went into the Army in 1954. "Man," he said, "I hated the Army. I got flat feet, you know, since I was a kid, and when we went out on those marches I always felt like I just walked from Korea. I heard I could get out of that stuff if I start—start*ed*—boxing, so I did. We also got better food, and I could save my money that I was paying in the cafeteria to stay alive. With the money I save, I pay off the guys who need money so I don't have to stand any watches either." Torres started laughing. "Oh man, I was a *bad* guy!"

Torres went on to win a flock of Army titles, including the All-Army championship, and later, after his discharge, most of the other amateur titles. He lost only one fight in the amateurs, in the finals of the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne. And as a pro, his record was even better.

"You know what's funny?" Torres said to me that first day. "I'm twenty-four, I never lost a professional fight, and now I'm starting my comeback. It doesn't make much sense, does it?"

After that afternoon Joe and I became friends. We were about the same age, both single, and we ran the night side together—to places like the Broadway Casino and the Caborrojeno Club in the Bronx, to dancehalls where the pachanga and the mambo blared into the night, and the great gold-skinned girls, dancing big-hipped and saucy, kept all of us awake as long as we had hours to squander. Joe neither drank nor smoked (and still doesn't), but his hours were erratic. "If I have a fight, I train," he would say. "If I don't, the hell with it." For Joe there were too many laughs to be had and girls to meet and dances to dance to worry much about other things.

Joe was then engaged to a girl named Ramona Ortiz, a plump, soft-spoken girl who lived with her mother on Smith Street in Brooklyn. They had been engaged for six years when I met Joe, and it looked as though it would be a long engagement. One Sunday, when we all were at her house for dinner, she took me aside. "Pete," she said, "What does Joe tell you? When do we get married? I can't wait forever, you know."

"Joe said he wants to get married next year," I lied. "Just as soon as he gets some money."

"But how will he get some money," she said, "if he never fights?"

I couldn't answer that one.

D'Amato was holding Torres back for a lot of complicated, personal reasons that I don't believe anyone really understood, but to the public it was beginning to look as though Joe was afraid to get into the ring. They began calling him a coward. Joe was sick over the accusations. "How can I show I got heart if I don't ever get any fights?" he asked me.

The weeks became months, the months stretched into almost a year without a fight, and then Joe

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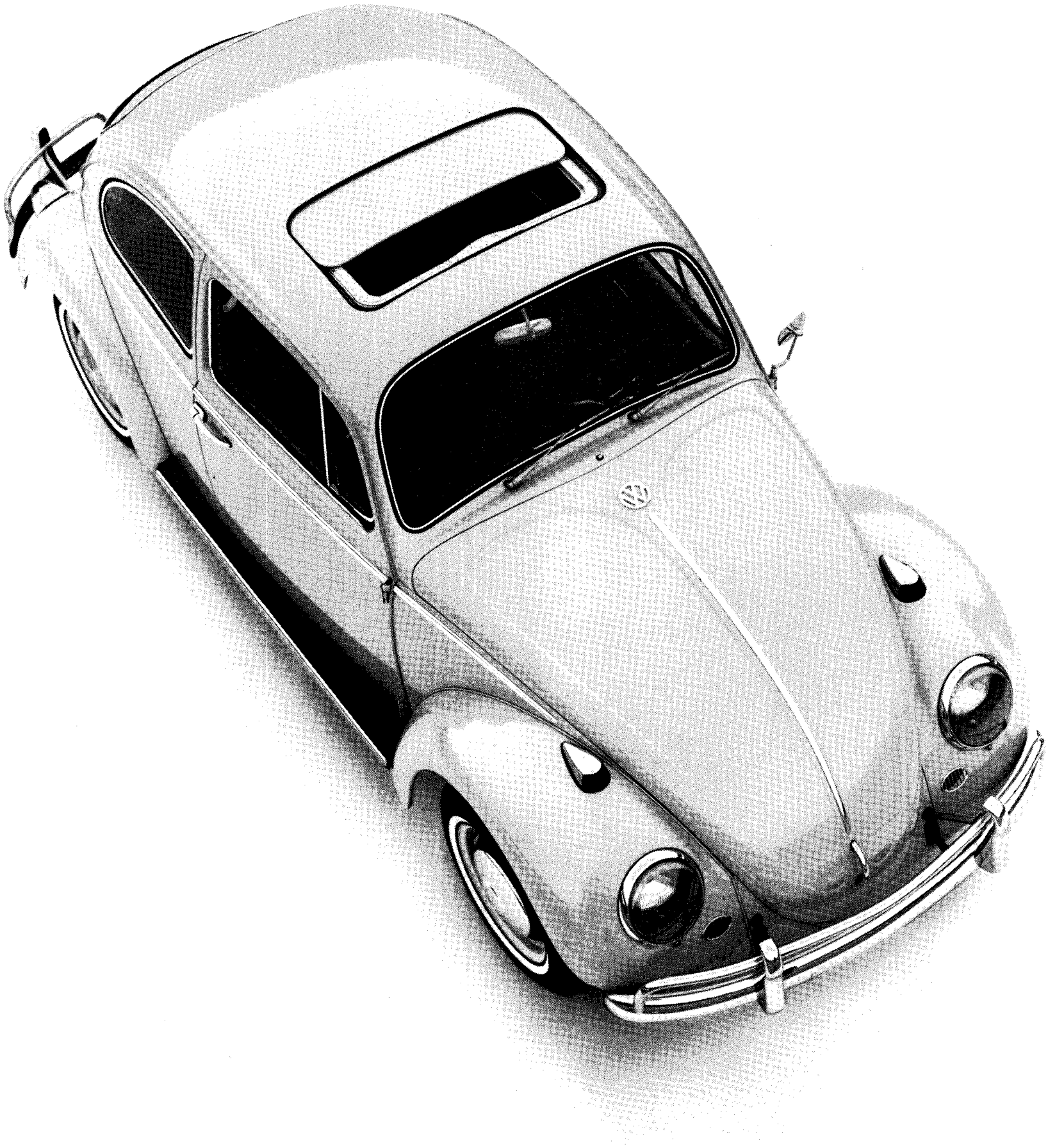

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Slightly convertible.

Some people can't ride in a regular convertible without trying to convert it. ("Put the top down, Daddy." "Leave it up, Harry.")

You can't make a compromise. (Try driving a regular convertible with the top only halfway up.) But you can buy one:

The Volkswagen Sunroof Sedan.

The Sunroof is a cross between a VW Sedan and a VW Convertible. It has a hole in the roof, with a steel cover that cranks open to give you 390 square inches of sky.

Or 389½ square inches of sky. Or ¼ square inch. Or whatever's comfortable.

And if no opening's comfortable, you can have that, too: Just crank the cover closed until it pops up against its sealing gasket.

This makes our Sunroof as airtight and watertight as our Sedan.

The cover is padded and lined like the rest of the roof, so you can hardly see it.

Some people can hardly see paying an extra $90* for it, either. (Until they take a VW Sunroof out on the road. And open her up.)

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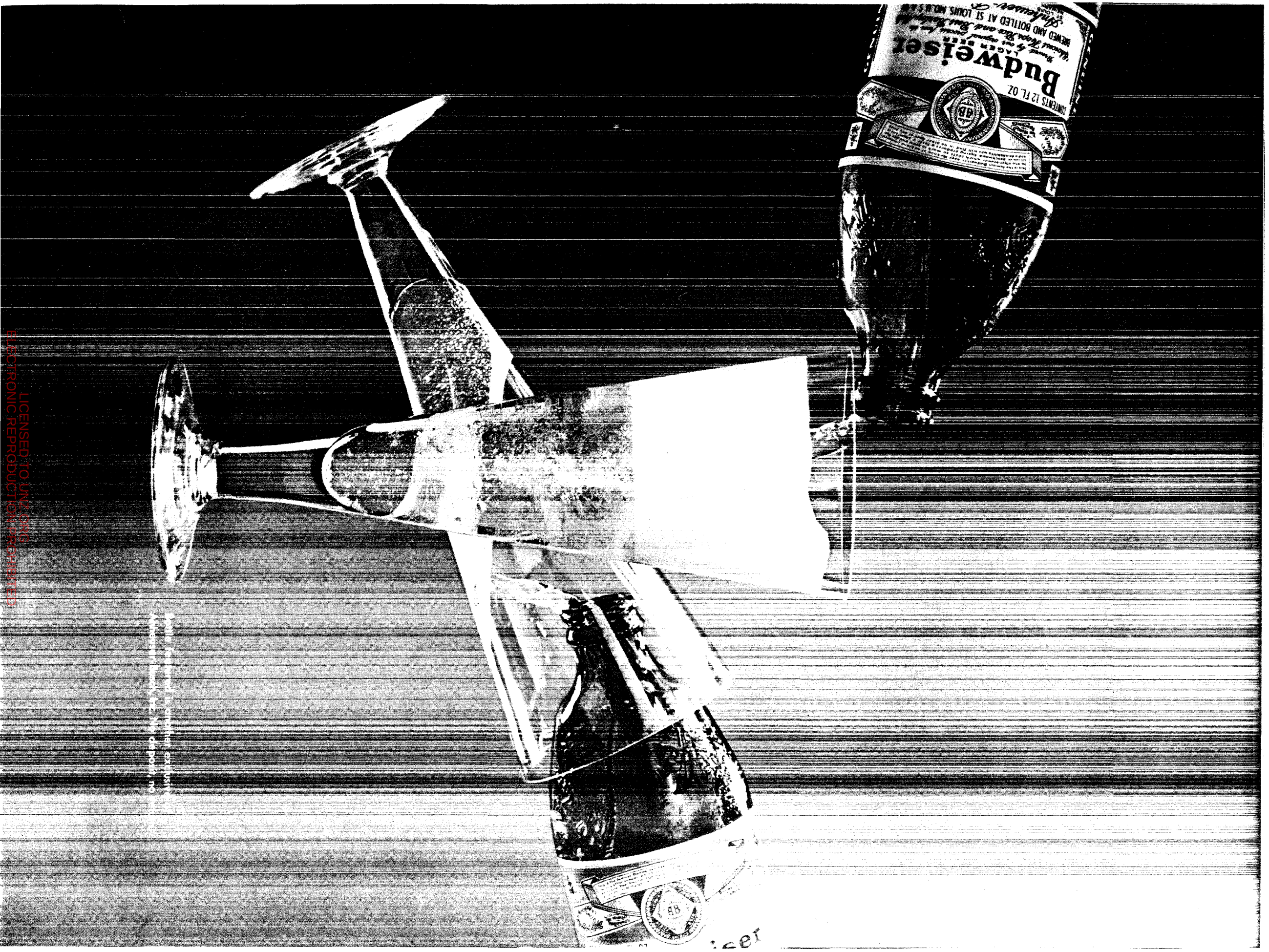

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What's the best way to pour beer?

(1) down the middle?
(2) down the side?

Beer drinkers tend to fall into two groups: (1) those who pour with a flourish, smack down the middle, to get a good-sized head of foam; and (2) those who pour cautiously, down the side, to keep the foam at next-to-nothing.

The number twos think the number ones are just sloppy pourers. And the ones feel the twos aren't "using their heads."

Well . . . we lean toward the number ones.

If the beer is *Budweiser*, that is.

After all, Bud® is *brewed* to kick up a healthy head of foam. Those tiny bubbles are the result of our exclusive Beechwood Ageing. This is the costly way to brew beer, but it provides hundreds of tiny reasons why Budweiser is so smooth . . . so *drinkable* . . . glass after glass.

But why not try it for yourself? If you still find you don't like the foam, okay. Go ahead and let your Budweiser slide down the side.

Just so you do it often.

it's worth it . . . it's Budweiser®

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SINATRA SINGS: Budweiser presents "FRANK SINATRA-A Man and His Music." A color special on NBC-TV. Sunday, May 15, 10 p.m. Eastern time, 9 p.m. Central time.

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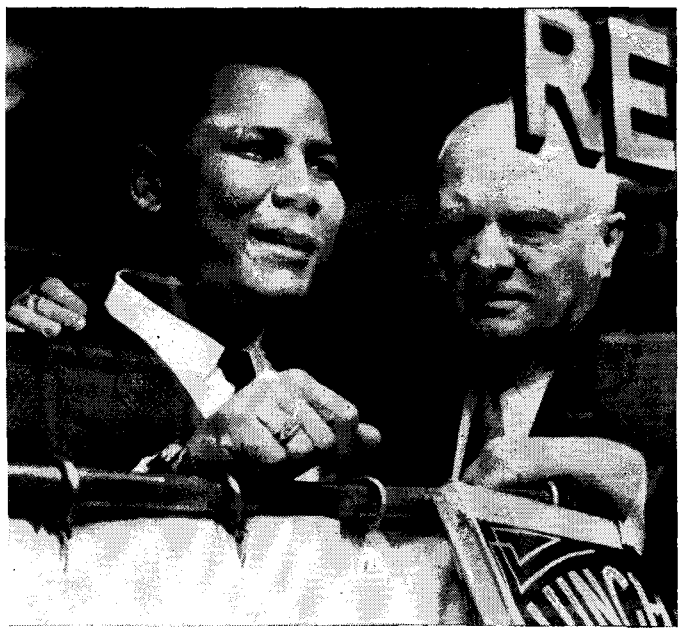

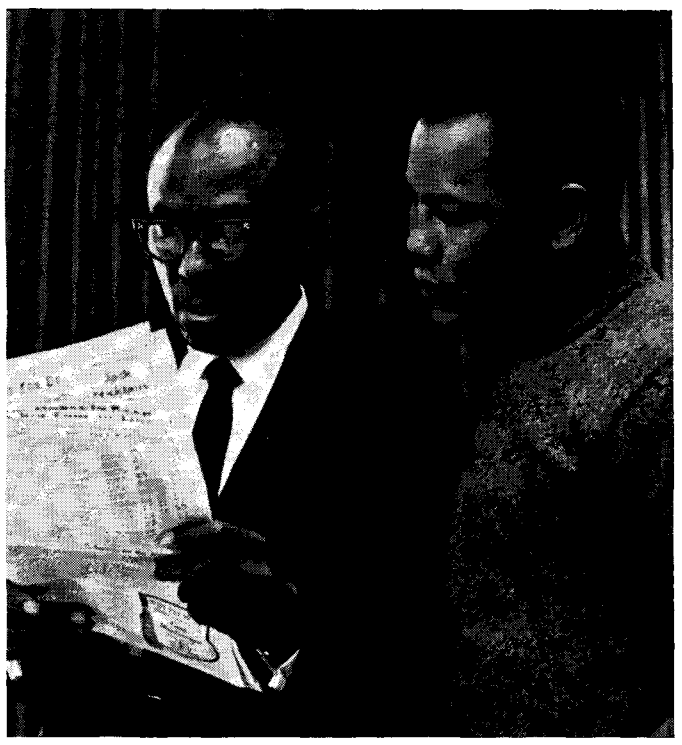

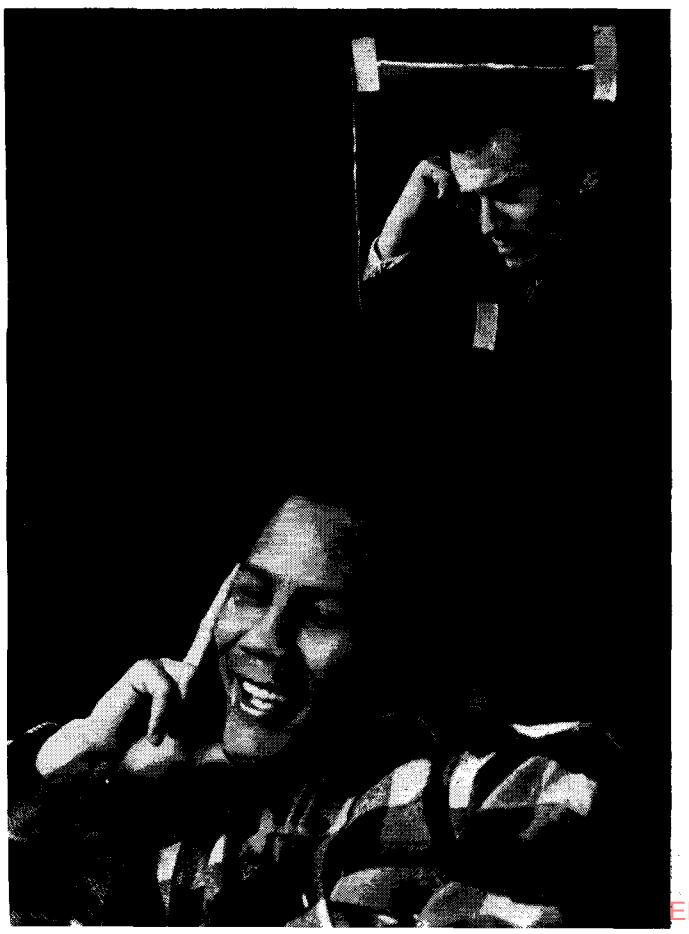

'Fighters fight. I want to fight,'

Torres told D'Amato. 'That's all there is to it.

Either I fight good guys, or I quit.'

THE LOST HERO

called me one morning. "Pete," he said, "I got a fight." "I don't believe it," I said. I asked him where and with whom. "Puerto Rico," Joe said, and then he started laughing hysterically. "With . . . Gene Hamilton!"

Joe had fought Gene Hamilton before. He had fought him, in fact, in his first professional fight, knocking him out in one round. Hamilton had not improved much since then. He had not won a single fight in his last eleven.

I went to the fight, which was held at night in the Ponce ball park, and it was even worse than I had expected. Joe carried Hamilton for a few rounds, but the referee stopped it in the fourth, and the small crowd booed. Some friends of mine across the ring asked me what had happened to the great fighter I was touting. I couldn't answer. I knew that *I* could beat Gene Hamilton. All I could think was that Joe was back in the amateurs.

The next day Torres and I took a walk along the beach. There was a threat of rain, and we sat for a long time in a breezy waterfront bar. A kid came in selling the San Juan papers, but Joe didn't want to read them. He stared at his soda, talking very softly. "Pete, this isn't what it's supposed to be like," he said. "After last night I feel like quitting. Get a job. Drive a truck, anything. I feel like a bum."

"What the hell, Joe," I said.

"But, Pete, this is my town. This is the first time I ever fought here. And it's like last night. That was a disgrace."

"Don't worry about it Joe," I said. "It will come out all right. Just don't worry."

It was raining lightly as we walked back. A girl in a starched white dress smiled at Joe as we passed her. He kicked a tin can down the empty street. He never saw the girl.

Torres and I became closer friends in the next year. D'Amato began letting him have a few fights in places like Boston, Houston, Elizabeth, N.J. I had a small apartment on the Lower East Side, and after a while Joe moved in because it was easier to get to the gym from there. He began to work his way through my library. That first year he read all of Hemingway, some of Conrad, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *The Great Gatsby*. He started helping me on assignments, a newspaper series on *El Barrio*, and drug addicts, and the boarding houses of the West Side, and I started helping him to learn the craft of writing. Manolo Rodriguez, the sports editor of *El Diario*, encouraged him too, and one morning Joe came in with 10 copies of the paper.

"Look at this," Joe said. There was a story about Puerto Rican migrant farmers in New Jersey, and the byline was "por José Luis (Chegui) Torres." He kept writing for the paper on a sporadic basis after that, and Manolo told me that he was good enough to work as a professional.

One night we went to a party on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, a house party celebrating the birth of someone's son. The music was punishingly loud, the bathtub stacked with iced beer, and there was a roomful of good-looking girls. The word got around that Joe was a prizefighter. And for some reason, probably because I was fatter than Joe, they thought I was a wrestler. Joe began to introduce me as Count Erik von Hamill and told the girls that I had once annihilated 23 Chinamen in Singapore, and had followed that up by challenging him. "When I beat him," Joe said, "we became friends."

The girls listened in awe. As the night went on, Torres and I both started eying a young girl in a beige dress, who was accompanied by her mother. "Her mother is a dragon," Torres said, "but oh man, look at *her!*"

"Come on, Torres," I said, "you're engaged. You're in training. You're the idol of the Puerto Ricans and all that. Do you have to have all the broads in the world?"

"Oh man, look at her do that mambo!"

"Joe! Stop. Go into the kitchen and say ten Hail Marys and come back."

"Oh *man!*"

"Joe! Get me a beer!"

I started dancing with the girl. Her name was Ramona Negron, and a year later I married her.

Meanwhile, Joe and his Ramona finally decided to get married. The wedding was held in a church in Red Hook, and I was one of the ushers. Cus was the best man. The wedding reception was at Cus's new apartment on 57th Street. One of the guests was Obdulio Nuñez, a Puerto Rican middleweight who was then rated ninth in the world. I talked a bit with Nuñez. He liked Joe, he said. He was Joe's friend. But underneath the conversation I also felt that Nuñez considered Joe a phony. "Man, he can't keep fighting palookas. The people, they think he can't fight anymore. This Cus is ruining the guy." While Nuñez talked, Joe was standing on a chair, singing, in a light baritone, *Una Copa Mas*, a drinking song.

Cus kept promising Joe big fights. They mentioned Joey Giambra, Joey Giardello, Chic Calderwood, Willie Pastrano. Something always happened. Cus blamed "my enemies." And Joe kept fighting nonentities. Finally he came to Cus one evening and said that he was going to retire. I was with him.

"Joe, how can you quit when you're this close to victory?" Cus demanded.

"Victory, promises, title shots that don't happen, I heard all that, Cus," Joe said. He was more agitated than I had ever seen him before. "I want to fight. Fighters fight. That's all there is to it. Either I fight good guys, or I quit."

"Joe, what the hell happened? Who have you been talking to?"

Joe hadn't been talking to anyone. The night before he and I had gone to the Spanish Golden Gloves at the St. Nicholas Arena to watch some of the fighters from the Gramercy Gym. Halfway through the evening, Torres, along with some other fighters, was called to the ring to be introduced. And then the chant started. *Cobarde! Cobarde! Cobarde! Cobarde!* In The St. Nick, where Joe had had his biggest nights, he was having his worst. He was being called a coward in public. He left the place in tears.

Cus finally agreed to make some matches with

The cast of characters surrounding Torres has grown over the years. When Manager Cus D'Amato (top) was feuding with the boxing world, Torres got few fights. Cain Young (center) is a businessman who helps arrange Torres's bouts. Norman Mailer, an ardent fight fan, is now a Torres admirer. In his training camp, the champion apes the pose of a Mailer picture (bottom).

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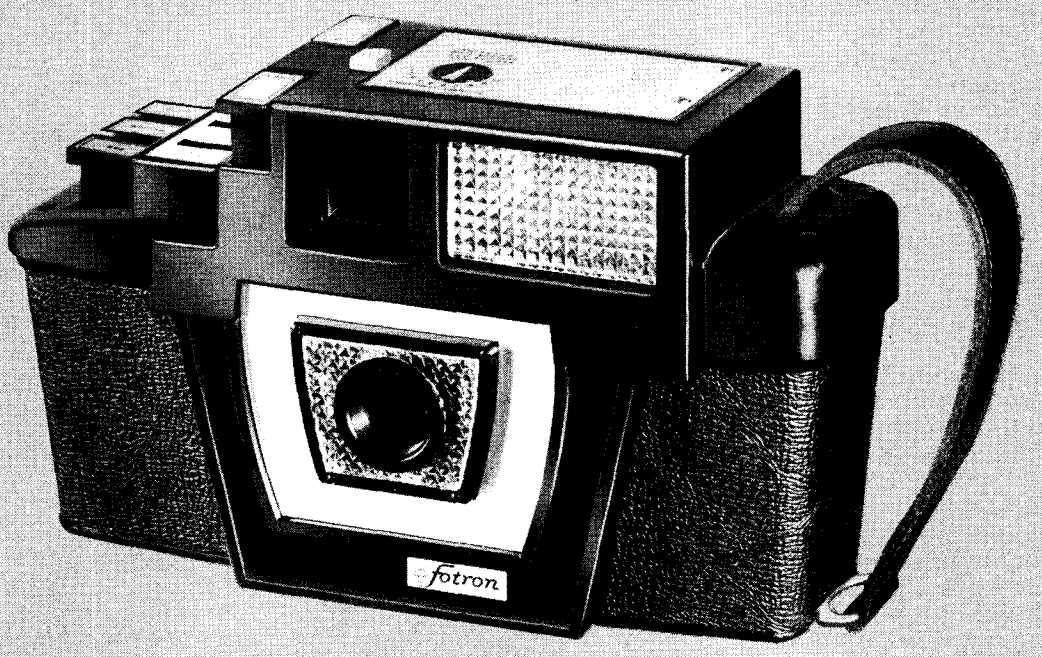

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name opponents. "I think you've finally become mature," he told Joe.

Joe's first big comeback fight was against his friend Obdulio Nuñez for the Puerto Rican middleweight championship. In the seventh round Joe hit Nuñez with a vicious right hand to the jaw. He was out for 17 minutes. It had been Joe's best fight in a couple of years.

Then Joe signed to fight in Puerto Rico against Florentino Fernandez, a broad-shouldered Cuban who was a murderous puncher with a left hook. Florentino had gone 15 rounds with Gene Fullmer and almost had the N.B.A. champion out in the last round before losing a decision.

I couldn't get away from New York that week. The night of the fight I stayed home, waiting for Joe's call. He always called when he was fighting out of town. The phone rang a little after one.

"Pete," he said, "I got knocked out."

"Knocked out?" I couldn't believe it.

"Yeah, in five rounds. The referee stop the fight. I'm sorry, Pete."

"Joe," I said, "you don't have to be sorry for anything."

A week later I saw the films of the fight. Florentino caught Joe in the first round with his hands down, and Joe never got over the punch. He took a fierce beating for the rest of the fight, until the referee stopped it, with Joe still on his feet against the ropes. I never worried about Joe's heart again.

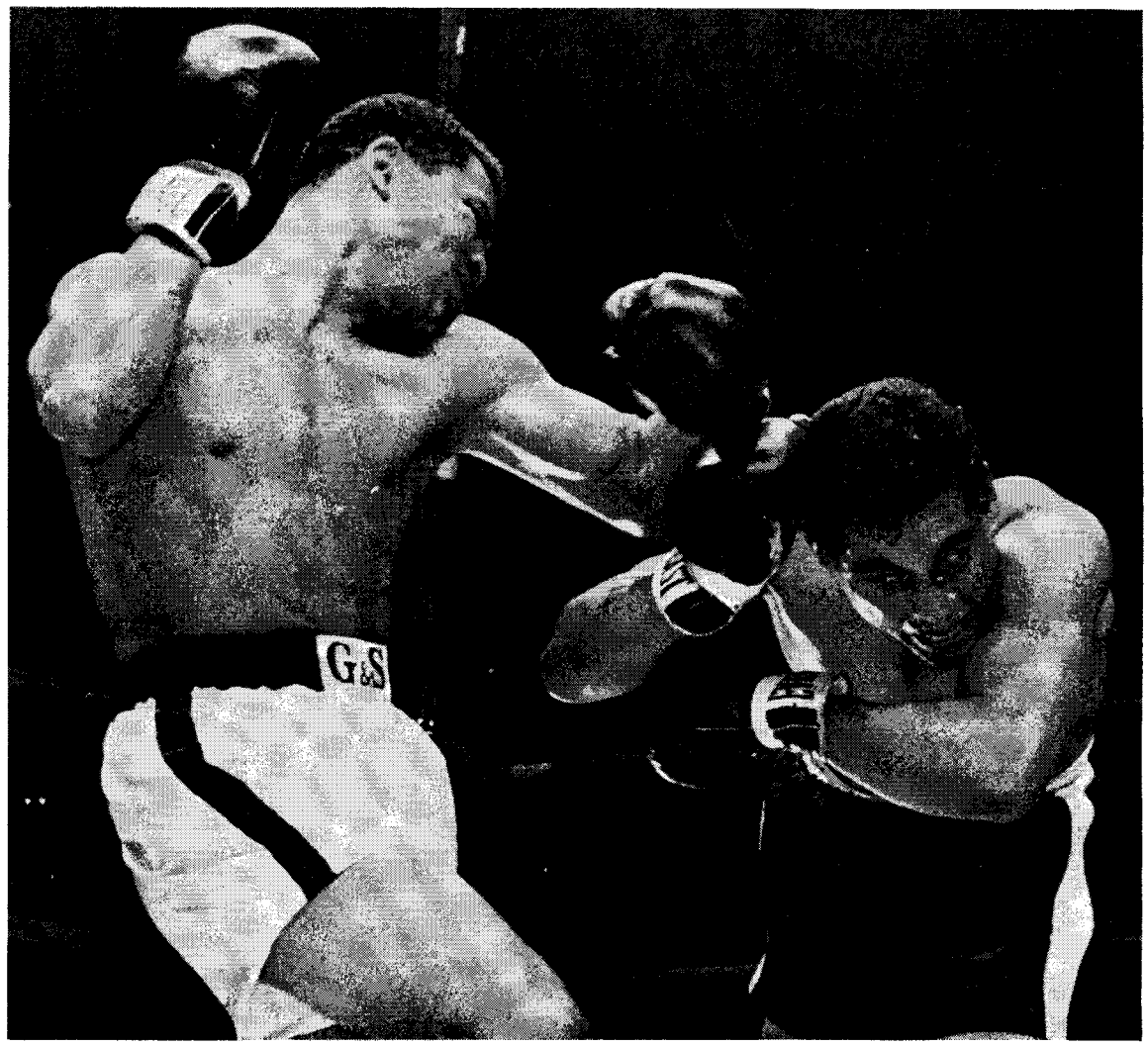
I went to Europe the following September and worked there for 14 months. Joe started fighting again. In a letter he told me that now he would fight no more bums, "because I have to find out once and for all whether I am really a fighter or a fraud." He won decisions over Don Fullmer, Wilbert McClure, José Gonzalez and Gomeo Brennan, all good fighters.

He was also getting friendly with Norman Mailer, who had come up to the gym with me one day. Joe was impressed with Mailer, and Mailer was impressed with Joe. "He's really not like Patterson at all," Mailer said to me one night, after I had returned from Europe. "He's really one of us. He's alive."

Torres had changed in the year I was away. He met me at the plane and drove me to a restaurant in Bedford-Stuyvesant, telling me all the time what had happened since I'd left. Although he still was friendly with D'Amato, Torres had acquired a money man, a Brooklyn real-estate operator named Cain Young. I went with Joe the next morning to see Young at his office in Bedford-Stuyvesant. Young, a dark-skinned Negro with horn-rimmed glasses, was a bit frosty and distant. He called Torres "José" and Joe called him "Mr. Young." Mr. Young liked to talk about money. He had made a lot of it, and occasionally he would preface a story about, say, a promoter, with a remark like, "I don't know how much education *he* has, and I got my degree by going to N.Y.U. at nights, but he strikes me as being pretty *dumb*. The people in boxing are just not businessmen."

With Young's backing and D'Amato's approval, Torres decided to move up a class to the light heavyweights. The middleweight division was so confused that he doubted that he would ever get a title shot, but light-heavyweight champion Willie Pastrano was ready to fight for money. Torres was first matched with Bobo Olson, who was ranked fourth in the division, although he was about finished as a fighter. Torres knocked him out in one round. Then, suddenly, Torres was signing to fight Pastrano for the light-heavyweight championship of the world, with Cain Young guaranteeing Pastrano $100,000.

Perhaps Joe wasn't the fighter he might have been the night he fought Pastrano last year, but he was good enough. He outjabbed Willie, trapped him in corners, and mauled his stomach. At the end of the second round, after Pastrano had absorbed a savage body beating, Joe was jigging in his corner. He knew he had the fight won. In the sixth round he knocked Pastrano down with a terrible left hook to the kidneys. Three rounds later the referee stopped the fight. The ring was stormed. Mailer got in, and so did a lot of people, leaping over the working press. Torres was carried out on the shoulders of the fans. In the dressing room Cain Young even smiled.



After waiting years for the chance, Torres batters Pastrano unmercifully as he wins the light-heavyweight title.

After the fight we all went to Toots Shor's, a promise Joe had made me three years before when we had visited the place and the bartender had looked Joe up and down, as though he doubted he had money. Later we went to a huge party at Mailer's house on the top floor of a brownstone in Brooklyn Heights, overlooking the bay, with the skyline of Manhattan beyond. On this night, it did resemble Truman Capote's "diamond iceberg." The party itself was as good as the fight. A three-piece combo blasted rock 'n' roll, a bartender dispensed whiskey and beer and chile con carne. People like James Baldwin stood next to people like Danny Perez, one of Joe's sparring partners. Torres arrived at 2:45, dressed in a Chesterfield coat and looking as if he had just left a concert, and people mobbed him, carried along on a wave of talk, cigar smoke and triumph.

Mailer was elated. He had won $600 on the fight and was determined to spend three times that amount on the party. "He's a champion," Mailer said. "Joe's a champion."

Somewhere around six, Cain Young whisked Joe away. He never had time to say good-bye.

The night after the fight my wife and I went over to visit Torres. "I still can't believe it, Pete," he said. "You know, it's strange. It's like it happened to someone else. I woke up this morning. 'I'm the champion,' I say, 'I'm the champion.' But it doesn't seem right. I was excited. I couldn't go back to sleep. But something strange . . . it still doesn't feel right."

Joe went upstairs to pose with his wife for a photographer, and I sat in the living room with my wife, Young and Torres's father, who seemed irritated. A couple of days later he was to leave for Puerto Rico ahead of time, "because I can't talk to my son alone." The night of our visit he became more irritated when Young began to talk.

"I'm gonna make $30,000 for José in the next three weeks," Young said. "I got him the championship, and now I'm gonna make him some money with it. A lot of money. It was me, you know, who advised him to become a light heavyweight. I told him . . ."

He was starting to talk about how he went to N.Y.U. at night when my wife and I got up to leave. Joe said in Spanish that he would call me the next day, and we could talk alone. He had a lot of appointments to keep. "Everyone wants something," he said. "Where the hell were they a couple of years ago?"

For a while after the Pastrano fight, Joe went through the motions of acting like a hero. He went to 110th and Lexington Avenue and sang the Puerto Rican anthem to a crowd of almost 2,000 Puerto Ricans. He walked the streets shaking hands with strangers and buying ice cream for small children. In *El Diario*, the Puerto Ricans of New York read that he was signing to do a radio program, that he had become a public-relations man for an airline, that he was going to appear in a

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'I'm the champion.

I say, I'm the champion.

But it doesn't seem right.

Something strange—

it doesn't feel right.'

series of beer commercials. For a while Joe was earning $2,000 a week on endorsements alone. But still he didn't feel that his life had turned out the way he thought it would.

"There's something wrong," he said to me one night. "I don't know what it is."

I think that in his heart Joe did know what part of the matter was. He had become the champion, but somehow he had never become a hero. Any fighter with some ability, some luck and a manager with connections could win a championship. And when Torres had finally mastered the politics of boxing, he won his crown. But the momentum had ended long ago, and though Torres was still a fine fighter, he was not the brilliant boy he was that night a long time ago in St. Nick's. That peculiar spontaneity which is the true measure of heroes had been lost somewhere.

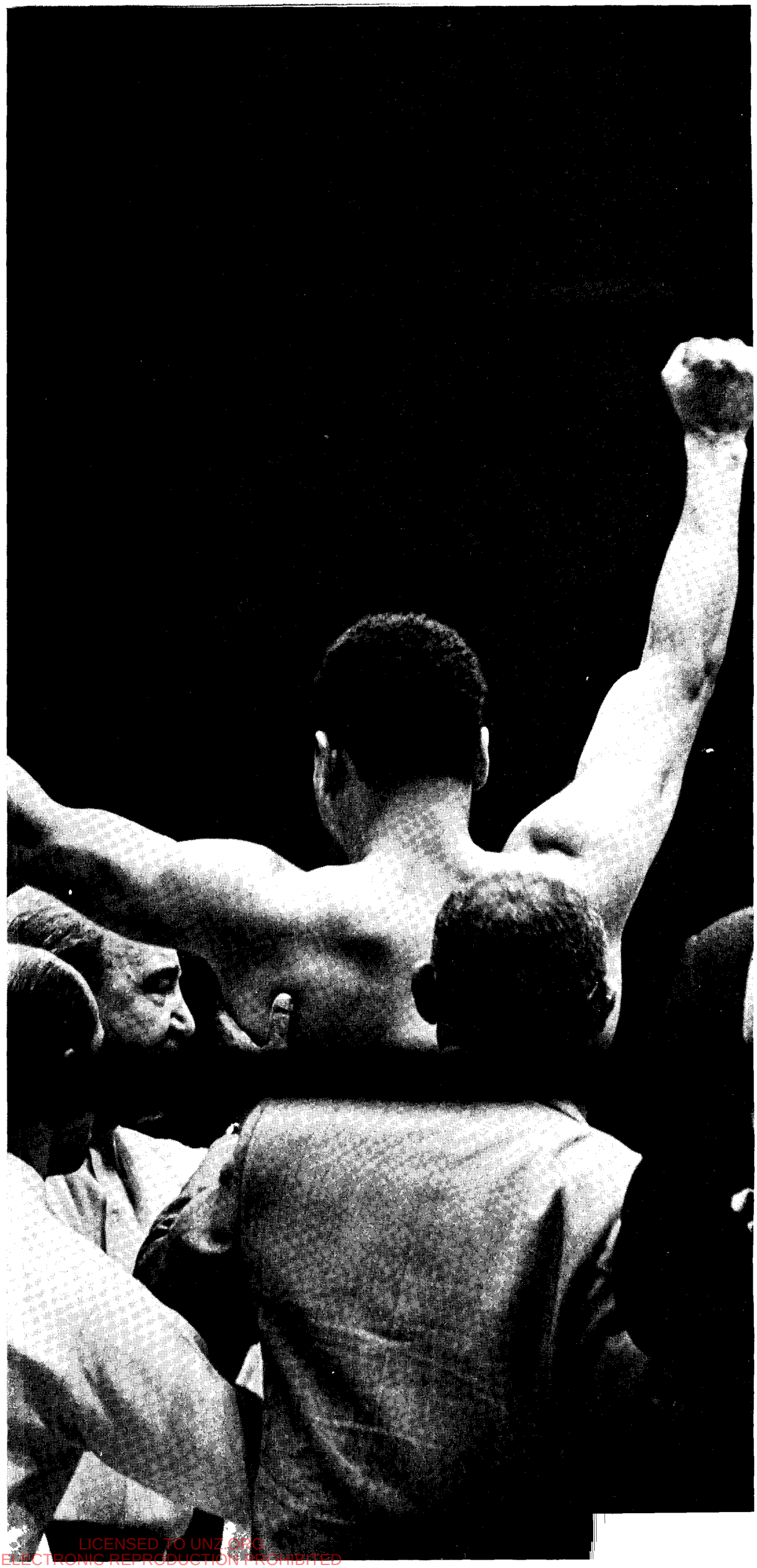
In the year after the fight, Torres fought only once, a sluggish 10-round charity fight with heavyweight Tom McNeeley Jr. in San Juan. Joe had trained only eight days for the fight, and looked it. The day after the fight he was hospitalized with an infection of the pancreas that kept him in bed for five weeks, and he did not box in a gym again for seven months. By then the radio program was gone, his face had disappeared from the beer posters, the Puerto Ricans were sneering at him again, and because he wasn't defending his title the boxing commissions were already threatening to take it away from him.

Finally Torres signed with Wayne Thornton, the No. 1 contender. I suspect that when they fight in Shea Stadium it will be the best fight of the year, and maybe when it's over, if Joe wins, he will have back a little piece of what he once was. If he loses, he tells me, he will retire.

Not long ago I talked to Joe in his training camp in Hyde Park, N.Y. It seems incredible that he is 30 now. But the evidence is in everything he does. His eyes are a little sadder, he doesn't laugh as much, and he works in the gym with the fierce concentration of a fighter who has suddenly become an old pro. He looks bigger and stronger than he ever has, and the punches still come in volleys. But now he is a pro working at a trade, and I wish more than anything else that nothing had ever become entangled and life had been simpler for Joe. He boxes for money. He doesn't look at all like the young man who always seemed to be leading his own private parade. Only José Torres knows exactly how much he's lost.

"Remember what it was like, Pete—before?" he told me that day. "You didn't know it, and I didn't know it, but we were kids then. Whoever thought we could run out of girls? Or music? Or laughs? Boy, that was a time!"

He cuffed me distractedly. Then he pulled on a pair of light gloves and went over to punish the heavy bag. □



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ROBERT McNAMARA *continued from page 33*

HIS BUSINESS IS WAR

A sparkling welcome from Mrs. McNamara marked his return from Vietnam last July.

immediately after World War II. Those on the right are the names of the men who hold the same titles today. Most people, at least those old enough to remember World War II, will recognize the names on the left. Only the very knowledgeable will be able to identify the names on the right.

The fact is that the day of the military giants, the men who made legendary names for themselves in the last world war, is over. The last of the giants—Gen. Curtis LeMay, who gave McNamara a lot of headaches—left the Pentagon in 1964. Some of the World War II giants seemed less gigantic when seen close up—this reporter vividly recalls one of them shoving a cigar in his face and growling the idiotic remark: "The only difference between this coming war and the last, Alsop, is that some of you civilians are going to get hurt." But they *seemed* gigantic, and this gave the older generation of Chiefs a bargaining power, especially on Capitol Hill, which their successors wholly lack.

Thus the passage of time accounts in part for the erosion of the power of the Chiefs. Another reason is that the Defense Reorganization Act of 1958 vastly increased the power of the Secretary of Defense, at the expense of the power of the Chiefs and the service Secretaries. A third reason is that McNamara, soon after he became Secretary, quickly decided both what he wanted to do and how he wanted to do it. A man who knows what he wants to do and how he wants to do it almost always has his way.

McNamara has at least one of the attributes of genius—an ability to recognize the obvious. To cite a single example of this kind of genius, it was surely a rather obvious notion in the 1930's that it would be sensible for Britain to rearm in the face of the Nazi threat. But when Winston Churchill kept hammering at this idea, all sorts of highly intelligent people dismissed him as a crackpot. When McNamara and his subordinates converse in the professional patois, his basic strategic ideas can be made to sound very esoteric. In fact, they are really almost as simple and obvious as Churchill's notion that Britain should rearm.

At the very heart of McNamara's strategic thinking are the words quoted at the beginning of this report: "It's impossible to win an all-out nuclear exchange." This would have been regarded as pro-Communist heresy in the days of the "bigger bang for a buck," or even, as McNamara says, when he first took office. But no knowledgeable person seriously disputes it now. Given this basic conviction, "you arrive at certain logical conclusions." These conclusions, as summed up by McNamara with his usual succinctness, are:

"(A) You must have a sure second-strike capability, to deter a massive attack. (B) You need sufficient control, on both sides, so that both sides have the capability of stopping short of an all-out nuclear exchange. (C) Nuclear superiority has a limited application—all you deter is mutual suicide. You do not deter lesser military threats. Thus a military structure wholly based on nuclear superiority is a bankrupt military structure."

McNamara's "A" explains why, in his talk with Dr. Foster, he gave "Assured Penetration" so high a priority. If Soviet anti-missile defenses ever reach a stage in which this country's "penetration" is not "assured," even after a surprise Soviet nuclear attack, the world balance of power will be catastrophically upset.

McNamara's "B" relates to what is, or used to be, a favorite McNamara theory—"the controlled response." If both sides were to retain full "command and control" of their nuclear-striking forces, even during a nuclear war, there might then be "a possibility of avoiding a full nuclear exchange," and thus avoiding mutual suicide. In the words of one McNamara subordinate: "We might exchange a Minsk for a Hartford, and then stop there."

This is why, in McNamara's words, "it is important to assess the possibility of avoiding a full exchange in case nuclear war starts." But, he adds, "I must admit that the possibility seems to me marginal." The fact is that the more closely he and his experts have examined the possibility of a "controlled response," the more *any* nuclear exchange has come to seem like a lethal cancer, which cannot be stopped once it has started.

McNamara's "C" relates to what he calls "the conventional option." Since a nuclear exchange leads to mutual suicide, a military structure which is not "bankrupt" must have sufficient non-nuclear power to avoid a nuclear war except *in extremis*. To this end, McNamara had beefed up the true combat power of the conventional forces, even before combat troops were sent to Vietnam, by something like 100 percent.

These, then, are the three goals which McNamara set for the American defense structure, once he reached his basic conclusion that nuclear war meant mutual suicide. In the Pentagon patois, what McNamara wants to have are: "assured penetration," "controlled-response capability," and "the conventional option." Despite their seeming complexity, all three goals are essentially simple. McNamara has also had three basic ideas about how to go about getting what he wants to have.

These ideas, too, can be so wrapped up in the professional patois—complete with phrases like "program packaging" and non-words like "Jaysop"—that they can be made to sound totally incomprehensible. But they are essentially simple enough.

Simple Idea No. 1 is that the old division of defense functions into Army, Navy and Air Force—or ground, sea and air—is outdated. This conclusion was brought home to McNamara very forcibly soon after he became Secretary of Defense. The Navy had arranged for him one of the elaborate briefings which have become a Pentagon art form, complete with charts, pictures, movies, and impressive offstage voices. This briefing concerned the top-secret targets of the Polaris missile system. Halfway through, McNamara asked the obvious question—how did these targets tie into the Air Force targets?

The assembled admirals were aghast. Air Force targets? What targets the Air Force hit was strictly the business of the Air Force. McNamara got up and stamped out of the room. Soon thereafter, he made it abundantly clear to admirals and generals alike that he regarded the mission itself as important and didn't care which service performed it, and that in the future he expected plans to be made and budgets prepared on that basis.

He subsequently designated nine principal interservice missions, of which the most important are these: Strategic Offensive (nuclear attack, which involves the Air Force and Navy); Strategic Defensive (Nuclear defense—Air Force and Army); General Purpose (conventional warfare—all three services); and Airlift and Sealift (Air Force and Navy).

Simple Idea No. 2 is that, as a McNamara subordinate puts it, "a year is a wholly arbitrary way of measuring time—it relates to the movement of the sun and moon, but not to intelligent defense planning." Under the old system in which the three services split up a strictly limited pie on an annual basis, the U.S. Government was committed to vast future expenditures which nobody bothered to estimate in advance in any sensible way. Typically, a weapons system costs very little in the initial stages, but may become enormously costly when the "hardware"—the actual weapons—begins to pour into the inventory, which may be four to ten years after the system has been approved.

Moreover, in the pre-McNamara era, future costs were fantastically underestimated, because they were based largely on optimistic estimates by firms which were bidding low in order to get contracts. A recent study of the final costs of weapons systems shows the actual cost of aircraft as much as six times higher than estimates, and the cost of missiles a fantastic 14 times higher.

Now the whole system has been transformed. The Joint Chiefs produce a hallowed document called a JSOP (pronounced "Jaysop") for Joint Strategic Objectives Plan. The Jaysop attempts to forecast the national defense requirements five years in advance. This is not easy, since five years from now the world may conceivably be disarming, or at least as conceivably destroying itself. But, as Gen. Wheeler explains the process, "the basic commitment" in terms of the essential national-defense requirements can be pretty well foreseen. Requirements to meet a changed situation—a larger ground war in Asia for example—can then be added as a "plussage."

The results of this crystal-ball-gazing by the Chiefs is then "costed out" by Alain Enthoven's Systems Analysis office, which puts a price tag on the five-year Jaysop. This is a tricky business, of course, and Dr. Enthoven makes no claims to perfection. "I think we'll average out at about fifty percent plus or minus," he says, "and I'd hope to do better." Being wrong by a factor

to measure these effects. So even given a considerable damage-limiting effort, it's extremely important to realize that a full nuclear exchange ~~c~~ would destroy both sides. Thus it is important to assess the possibility of avoiding a full exchange in case nuclear war starts.

A significant change made by McNamara shows on section of typescript which Alsop had submitted to him to verify a quotation.

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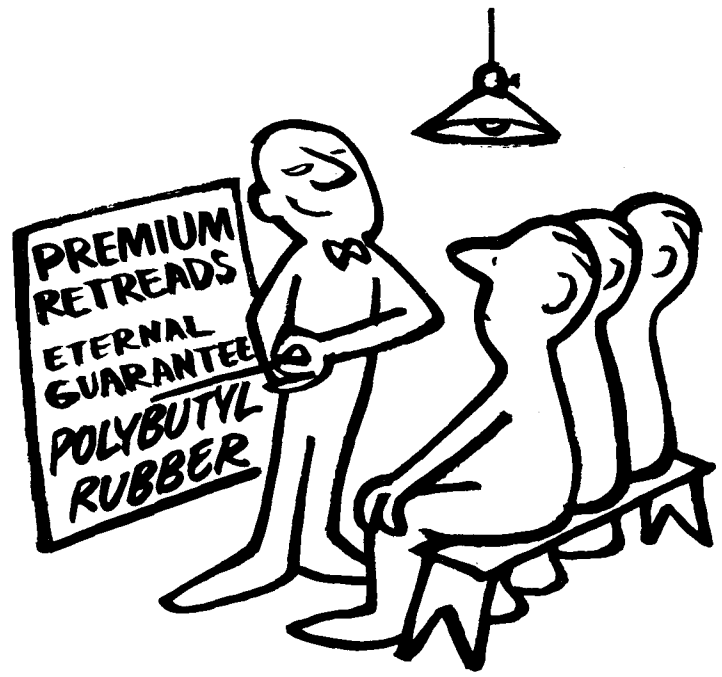
Is there a secret language school for tire salesmen?



They must go somewhere to learn that lingo.

Nobody has a natural knack for confusing phrases like "high-hysteresis rubber" or "cross-braced treads."

Least of all, customers.

So any B.F.Goodrich salesman who talks like that gets sent to the used-tire rack for a month. Because we don't operate that way.

We only use straight talk. With no confusing technical tire terms, no mumbo jumbo about grades, sizes and prices.

Instead, we hand you the BFG Tire Value Calculator. You use it yourself to pick the right tire for the kind of driving you do. You may even save some money.

Now, if you really want to learn tire lingo, hang around a tire store.

But not ours. All you'll pick up there is straight talk.

The straight-talk tire people. B.F.Goodrich

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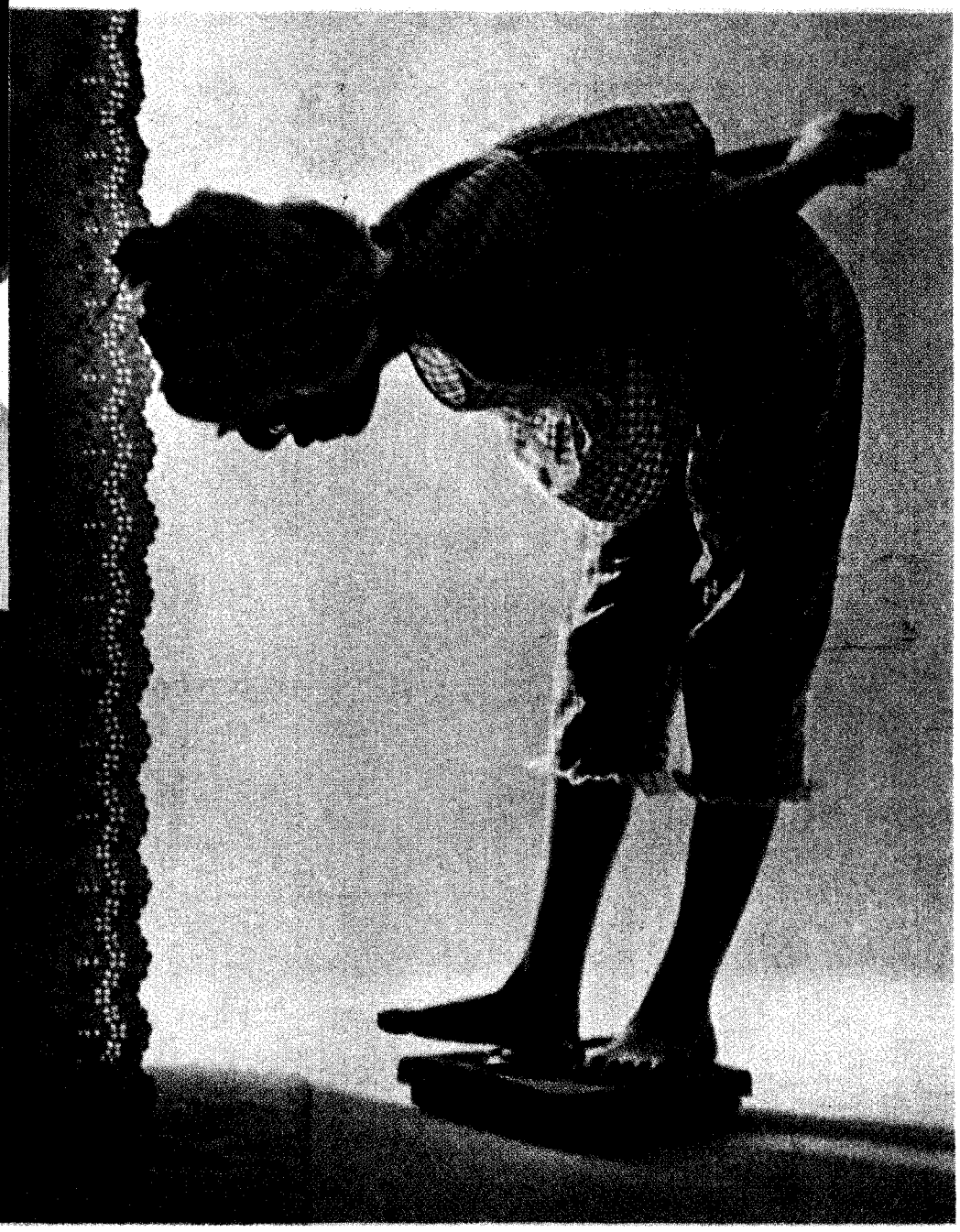
"What's a mother to do...



about vitamins...with a teen-age daughter who's forever going on a diet?"

Discover "total." Take this coupon to your grocer. Save 5¢.

H74 STORE COUPON

Save 5¢ on your next purchase of total... the vitamin cereal

CASH VALUE 1/20 CENT

MR. GROCER: As our agent, accept this coupon for 5¢ on the purchase of "total." Your General Mills representative will redeem for 5¢ plus 2¢ handling charge for each coupon you so accept; or mail this coupon to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 400, Minneapolis, Minn., 55440 for redemption. This offer void in any state or locality prohibiting, licensing, or regulating these coupons. The consumer must pay any sales tax included.

FRAUD CLAUSE: Any other application of this coupon constitutes fraud. Invoices proving purchase, within the last 90 days, of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be made available upon request.

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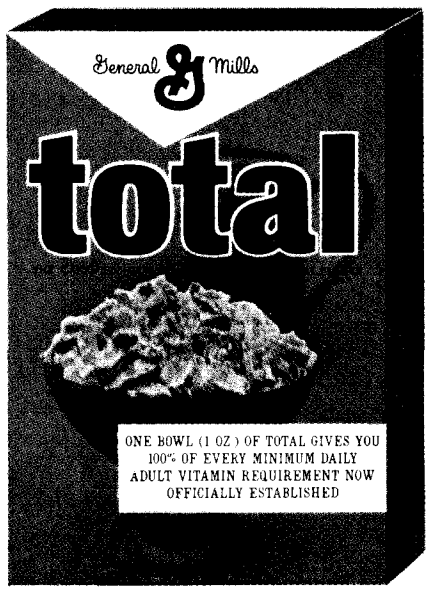
General Mills
total
ONE BOWL (1 OZ.) OF TOTAL GIVES YOU 100% OF EVERY MINIMUM DAILY ADULT VITAMIN REQUIREMENT NOW OFFICIALLY ESTABLISHED

Serve "total"....the only leading cereal with a whole day's vitamin supply.

One bowl (1 oz.) gives you 100% of every minimum daily adult vitamin requirement now established by the U.S. Government.

Enjoy "total" every day.
Feel vitamin-safe all day.

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of 50 percent is a lot better than being wrong by a factor of 600 percent or 1,400 percent, as in the past.

Another part of Enthoven's job is to analyze "cost effectiveness," a fashionable phrase in McNamara's Pentagon. "Cost effectiveness" is, in fact, McNamara's Simple Idea No. 3. The idea is that dollar costs provide a useful yardstick with which to measure military effectiveness. Secretary of the Navy Nitze gives an example of how the system works:

"Suppose your cost analysis shows that for a given sum you can buy either three nuclear-powered guided-missile destroyers or four conventionally powered guided-missile destroyers. The nuclear-powered ships have certain advantages, notably in virtually unlimited range. But mightn't it be better to have four ships, instead of three? In the end, as McNamara says, you have to make a military judgment, but cost effectiveness at least makes it possible to arrive at that judgment rationally."

"Cost effectiveness" is *not* a way of limiting spending. As Nitze points out: "You don't escape the choice by saying, 'Let's spend more money and buy *six* nuclear-powered ships,' because then you still have to ask yourself whether you wouldn't rather have *eight* conventional ships." Cost effectiveness, in short, is a yardstick, not a ceiling.

The final test of military planning is a war. McNamara's plans and theories have been tested, and tested hard, by the war in Vietnam. McNamara himself sums up one result of this test:

"We moved one hundred thousand troops ten thousand miles in about one hundred and twenty days, with all their supporting matériel, and those troops immediately began operating damned effectively and with tremendous morale. I consider that quite an accomplishment."

It *is* quite an accomplishment. As one of his assistant secretaries has said: "If McNamara hadn't increased our conventional capability all along the line, we probably wouldn't have gone into Vietnam, because we couldn't. You could argue that we went into Vietnam because we *could* go into Vietnam, just as you could argue that we dropped the bomb on Hiroshima because we had the bomb to drop."

McNamara himself disputes this view. He believes that even with much weaker forces we would have gone into Vietnam anyway, because we had no real choice. However that may be, no one—or no one this reporter has been able to find—doubts that McNamara has done a remarkable job in increasing the ability of the United States to fight a limited war like the war in Vietnam. And no one doubts that he has also done a remarkable job in maintaining the nuclear balance of power with the Soviet Union. Indeed, although his grumpier critics in Congress will not go so far, most close observers of his performance describe the job he has done in both respects as "superb."

What, then, is the case *against* McNamara?

His critics, in Congress, in the press, and in uniform, make three points against him.

His critics in Congress repeat endlessly a cliché which they attribute to Sen. Richard Russell, powerful chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee: "Like Dick Russell says, McNamara understands everything but human beings."

What this really means is that McNamara's brisk super-competence and lack of humility annoy a lot of Congressmen. As one chairman of a subcommittee puts it: "Cy Vance comes up here and says, 'I may be wrong about this, and if so it won't be the first time.' It's just not in McNamara to say a thing like that."

And yet, as in most clichés, there may be a kernel of truth in this one. McNamara, like all men, is a product of his past, and there is nothing in his past to make him understand, for example, the importance of the Marines' belt buckle or their cordovan shoes.

The Marines boast a unique belt buckle, which can be used to open beer bottles, and until recently they, alone in the American armed forces, wore cordovan shoes. McNamara has insisted that all the services wear the same black shoes, in the name of economy and efficiency, and he is trying to standardize belt buckles too.

"What he can't understand," says Robert Heinl, a recently retired Marine colonel, "is that cordovan shoes or a belt buckle can be the hook a man hangs his loyalties on."

Such "hooks"—a green beret, a blue scarf, black buttons, a regimental badge—have nothing to do with economy or efficiency, and nothing to do with what McNamara calls "reason." But they can make a very real difference in the way men behave in combat. It is, of course, a difference which cannot be "quantified." The fact is that war, in the nature of things, defies "quantification."

This suggests the second point that his critics score off McNamara—that he does not understand what war is really like. The characteristics of the man—his filing-cabinet intelligence, his passion for being right, his profound distrust of emotion—fit him ideally for the infinitely complex task of "rationalizing" a military force structure. But, his critics contend, rationalizing a force structure and running a war are two entirely different things, and neither McNamara's characteristics nor his experience fits him to run a war. For war is an emotional and irrational affair.

McNamara has tried very hard to "quantify" the war in Vietnam. He has an absolute passion for collecting statistics about the war, and citing them to prove his points. But as the intelligence expert warned him, "facts and figures are useful, but you can't judge a war by them."

His critics can cite chapter and verse to prove that McNamara has more than once misjudged the war. His most famous bad guess was his statement in October, 1963, that "the major part of the U. S. military task" could be completed by 1965, and most U. S. troops withdrawn by then. This statement was based in large part on his "quantification" of the war. A three-year plan for winding up the war had been drawn up under his direction, and when he made his statement, all his graphs and figures showed that the plan was statistically on schedule. Alas, wars have a way of defying schedules.

McNamara can point to many statements in the past in which he has warned of a "long and hard" war. But his critics can point to other bad guesses, like his statement early last

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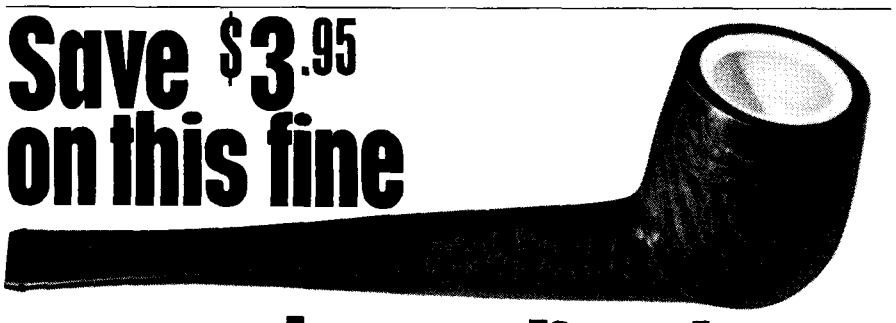

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year that the newly arrived Marines would "probably" not have to "tangle with the Viet Cong," a forecast which proved almost as spectacularly wrong as the October, 1963, statement.

As he has about most things, McNamara has a theory about the war in Vietnam which he has stated repeatedly. It is that "the essence of our military effort there must be to show the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong that they can't win in the South." Once this has been proved to the satisfaction of the Communist side, "we presume that they will move to a settlement, either through negotiation or other action."

Like all McNamara's theories, this one is eminently logical. If McNamara's "quantification" of the war is correct, in terms of the real balance of power and the comparative damage inflicted on both sides—and if Ho Chi Minh had been McNamara—the Communist side would have "moved to a settlement" months ago. But Ho Chi Minh is not McNamara, and this country's adversaries in Vietnam, from Ho Chi Minh down to the skinniest Viet Cong, may be motivated by emotions (including simple hatred of the white man) quite impossible to quantify, and totally alien to McNamara's rational and emotion-distrusting mind. It may seem quite good enough to the Communist side that the "American imperialists and their stooges"—our side—"can't win in the South."

McNamara himself, during one of the bad moments of the war some months ago, expressed uncharacteristic self-doubts to a visitor to his office: "I've been given all the resources I've asked for to solve this problem in Vietnam, and I've failed. Perhaps it's time for someone else to try." Such remarks gave rise to rumors, which are being heard again as this is written, that McNamara will soon move out of Suite 3E880, and hand on the poisoned chalice of the Secretaryship to Vance. But most of those who know him well believe that McNamara is locked in by the war in Vietnam, and that he will not leave 3E880 until the war takes a decisive turn, for better or for worse.

In any case, if McNamara has been wrong about the war, he has not been alone. He is, he says, "in basic agreement" with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "We all agree that the foundation of our military strategy lies in the South, that the effort in the North is secondary. I'd say that we agree ninety percent, and disagree ten percent."

The 10 percent area of disagreement concerns the pace of the war. The Chiefs want not only to bomb the Hanoi and Haiphong oil deposits but also to accelerate the pace toward a "decisive crunch," while the President and McNamara are more cautious. But on the two key decisions—the decision to bomb in the North, and the decision to commit American combat forces in the South—the Chiefs were in unanimous agreement with McNamara.

So much for the second point his critics raise against McNamara. History will judge its validity. If McNamara's theory about Vietnam proves correct, and an honorable settlement results, McNamara will be triumphantly vindicated. Otherwise, Clemenceau's sour joke about generals will be cited in reverse—"War is too serious a matter to be left to civilians."

For make no mistake about it, the civilian McNamara is running the Vietnamese war. "My predecessor, Carl Vinson," says Rep. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, "always warned against having a single Chief of Staff, because he would have too much power. Now we have a single Chief of Staff—and by God, he's a civilian, of all things."

This is the third charge that his critics bring against McNamara—that he has concentrated too much power in 3E880. "He's designed an enormous engine, and he's the only man with the driver's license," says one old Pentagon hand. "I hate to think what will happen when he goes, especially if a second-rater takes over."

"When people talk about centralization of power," McNamara said when questioned on this point, "they don't realize that my power is strictly limited. If you had someone in this office who was cutting back the force structure drastically, and trying to conceal it, the system, the five-year force-structure system, would flush him out."

He produced his 200-page force-structure report to Congress, and flipped through the pages till he came to the table on airlift. "The committee members would ask him," McNamara said, "'where's your table eleven, on airlift—don't you have an airlift table for fiscal year 1973?' If he tried to claim you can't project your structure that far ahead, he'd never get away with it."

Yet even some of his devoted admirers feel a trifle nervous about the concentration of power in McNamara's hands. One reason is suggested by his idea that, as he put it to this reporter, "the basic principles of administration are the same, whether in the Catholic Church, the Ford Company, or the Defense Department."

Subordinates are not given to criticizing the president of the Ford Company, in public at least, and a priest who publicly differs with the Pope on basic church policy is severely disciplined. Both the Ford Company and the Church "speak with one voice." So, as pointed out at the beginning of this report, does the Defense Department.

The "monitoring" system introduced by McNamara helps to make sure that the Defense Department will continue to speak with one voice. When a reporter talks with a ranking Pentagonian, there is usually an unobtrusive young man sitting in a corner taking notes. If not, the reporter can be sure that, on McNamara's orders, the substance of the conversation will be reported to the office of Public Affairs. Quite obviously, the monitoring system works as a gag. With that young man scribbling away in a corner, no normally ambitious officer or official is at all likely to criticize the Secretary or dissent from his policies.

The result is summed up by Richard Fryklund of the Washington *Star*, one of the best of the defense reporters and an admirer of McNamara: "The people don't get to know about the rejected options, so they are never debated in public." A decision, whether it concerns the commitment in Vietnam or a crucial weapons system, may be hotly debated inside the Pentagon—McNamara insists on "examining the options." But the debate is secret, and once the decision is made, all argu-

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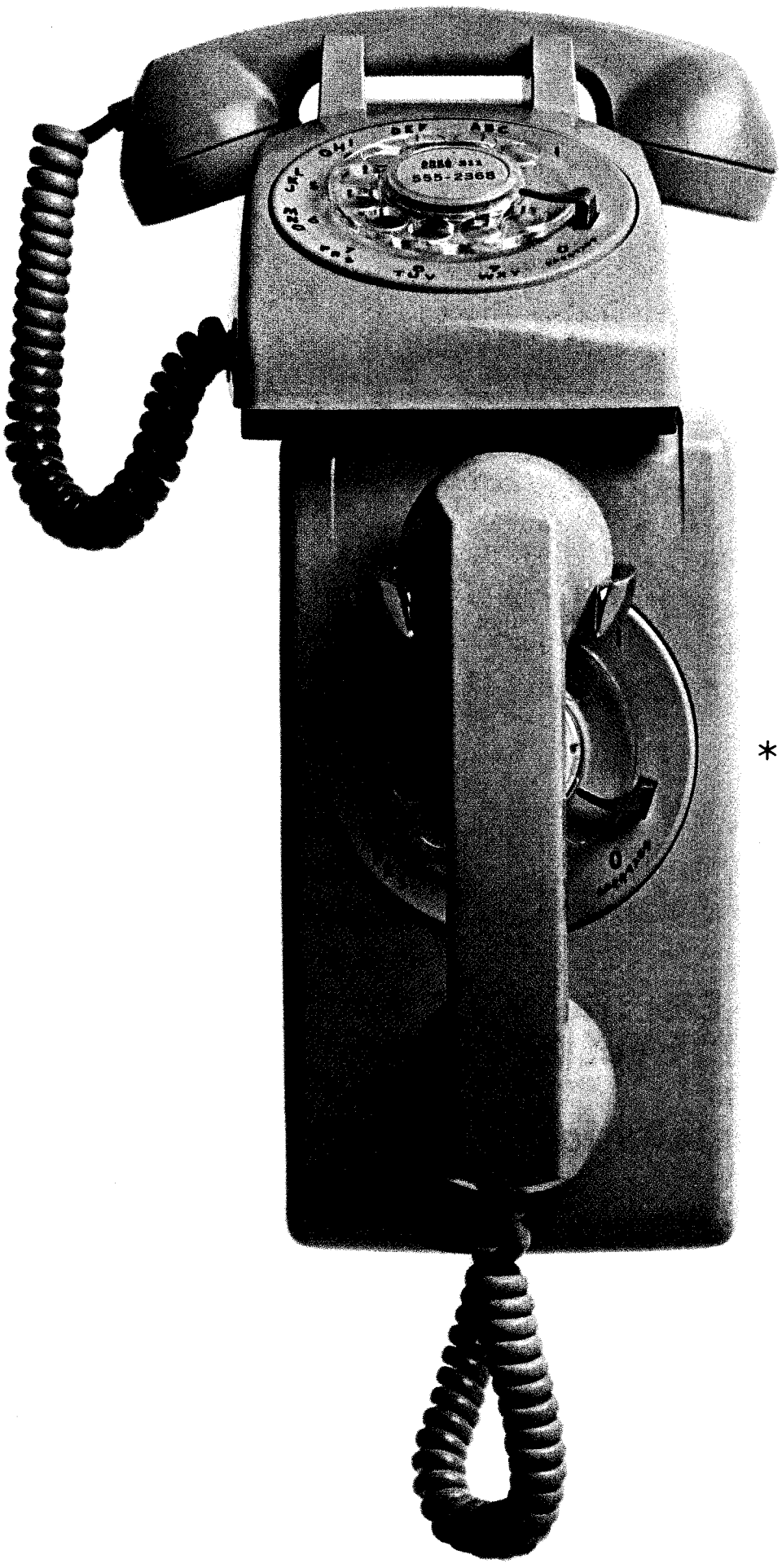

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ment, public and private, is expected to end forthwith. Some members of Congress, moreover, accuse McNamara of using his power of censorship to suppress reports critical of his policies, like the Senate subcommittee report on army shortages, while at the same time declassifying secret material when it suits his purposes.

McNamara himself stoutly defends his monitoring system and the other disciplines he has imposed on his department. He contends that without such disciplines the department would again become what it has undeniably been at times in the past—a Babel of conflicting and parochial voices. He cites Xavier Rynne's *Letters from Vatican City* to prove that even the saintly Pope John used a closed-circuit television system to keep an eye on the rebellious conservative cardinals during the Ecumenical Council.

But a Secretary of Defense is not a Pope, and there is one important difference between the Defense Department and the Ford Company or the Church. The Defense Department is part of the government of the United States—in terms of both money and manpower, it is *most* of the government of the United States. If the theory of political democracy is valid, the citizenry, not any appointed official, is the ultimate boss of the government; and thus the relationship between the Secretary of Defense and his department is different in an essential way from the relationship between the president of Ford and his company or the relationship between the Pope and his church. This is why it is dangerous when "the people don't get to know about the rejected options."

Yet it must be said in fairness that some of the "rejected options" have been debated thoroughly and publicly. A case in point is McNamara's decision not to order the B-70 bomber, which was most thoroughly debated. "There's not a single senior military or civilian leader in the department who now believes that we should have ordered the B-70," McNamara says. "It would have been in operation next year, if we had ordered it, and approximately fifteen billion dollars would have been just plain wasted."

Congress, the press and the public have also been provided by McNamara with the essential facts related to most of the crucial issues of national security. This is true, for example, of the great, looming decision involved in McNamara's cryptic instruction to Dr. Foster: "Number three—ABM, but don't precommit me." Soon McNamara is going to have to make up his mind whether or not to recommend to the President and the Congress a Herculean effort to reduce the number of Americans who would die in a nuclear war. According to his current estimates, a full nuclear exchange in which the Soviets struck first, at the present level of U.S. defense, would kill between 130 million and 135 million Americans. Even these gruesome estimates, he told this reporter, "are almost certainly conservative."

"They're based on AEC computations involving blast and radiation," he explained. "These factors are measurable, in terms of experience in Hiroshima and Nagasaki and controlled tests, tethered animals, and so on. But they do not include thermal effects—there is simply no way to measure thermal effects in advance—fire storms, for example. And they do not include fatalities resulting from chaos, disease, and so forth, after an attack—again, there is no way to measure these effects. So even given a considerable damage-limiting effort, it's extremely important to realize that a full nuclear exchange could destroy both sides."

To be sure it was accurate, this reporter submitted the above paragraph to McNamara. The last sentence in the paragraph came back with one deeply significant correction. The word "could" was changed to "would," in McNamara's neat handwriting, and a little cross was made in the margin to make sure that the change was noted.

What McNamara calls a "considerable damage-limiting effort" might cost as much as $30 billion, over a period of several years. For that kind of money, a fully operational ABM weapons system could be bought. The ABM is a missile which can knock down a missile. It is the weapon Nikita Khrushchev had in mind when he boasted that the Soviets could "hit a fly in the sky." The state of the missile-makers' art, both in the Soviet Union and the United States, is now reaching the point where an incoming ballistic missile really can be hit.

Some incoming missiles would penetrate even a fully operational ABM system. But with such a system, plus shelters, U.S. deaths in case of nuclear war might be reduced from 135 million to 75 million, maybe as low—if "low" is the proper word—as 50 million. At $30 billion, the price comes to a few hundred dollars per life saved. Is it a price worth paying?

Until now, McNamara has been able to put off answering that question. But within six to nine months, by current estimates, the research-and-development stage will be complete, and the almost incredibly complex ABM weapons system will be ready for the production phase. Then, every day that the "go/no go" decision is delayed will mean a delay in achieving a weapons system which might save 85 million American lives, according to McNamara's estimates.

Gen. Earle Wheeler and most of the military are for a "go" signal. Both the CIA and McNamara's own DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency, which reports directly to McNamara) report that the Soviet Union is making a very great effort to achieve an anti-missile defense, and the military men are convinced that the Soviet effort must be matched. But McNamara, clearly, is not convinced, for if a "full nuclear exchange *would* destroy both sides," even with a "considerable damage-limiting effort," what is the point?

The final decision is up to the President and the Congress, of course, but the President and the Congress will no doubt in the end take McNamara's advice. Obviously, this decision which confronts McNamara, like many others which have confronted him in the past, is not really comparable to a decision by the Ford Motor Company on a new model, for example—or even to a decision by the Catholic Church on, say, mixed marriages.

McNamara, in fact, has to make up his mind how to answer a question which is inherently unanswerable, because there are too many unknowns involved; and yet a question which, if wrongly answered, could lead to national disaster.

Yet McNamara will make his decision when he must, as he has made similar decisions in the past. This is why, to the three marked McNamara characteristics already listed in this article, a fourth must be added—simple courage. To make the kind of decisions McNamara is called upon to make requires courage of the highest order and of a very special sort. "Making decisions is what the Secretary of Defense is paid for," Gen. Maxwell Taylor has remarked, "and I must say, this Secretary earns his pay."

He does indeed. The courage and competence which McNamara has so often displayed, in making the hideously difficult decisions with which he has been faced, are enough vastly to outweigh the "case against McNamara." In fact, after watching McNamara in action for more than five years, this reporter suspects that there is a close connection between McNamara's public reputation as inhuman—"an IBM machine with legs"—and the terrible nature of the decisions he is called upon to make.

Any man under very great pressure needs a release or a support—a sense of the ridiculous, perhaps, or a religious faith. To McNamara, his beloved "quantifications," the columns of figures and the reams of facts, which he so determinedly examines "on the basis of reason, not emotion," are both his release and his support, when he is under the terrible pressure of trying to answer the unanswerable.

There is no sure way to "quantify" war, whether a small war like the war in Vietnam or the kind of war which McNamara "quantifies" in terms of 135 million dead Americans. But at least when McNamara tries to answer the unanswerable, he does so on the basis of "reason," which is the most favored of all his favorite words. "There is nothing more habit-forming than reason," he says. "Reason" helps to shield him from the terrible pressures to which a Secretary of Defense is subjected—the pressures which killed James Forrestal, the great public servant whose picture hangs above McNamara's chair. And whatever happens—but above all if an honorable settlement of the war in Vietnam is achieved—Robert S. McNamara seems likely to go down in history as one of the very greatest public servants this country has produced. □

Hazel by Ted Key
1
"It's so nice, why don't we sit on the patio?"
2
"Ol' kid, ol' boy, right in there, baby boy, right down the alley, boy, down to Mamma, kid. . . ."
3
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
"And how's John?"

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PANIC IN CHICAGO'S MAFIA

A daring new federal attack

Death Row in Chicago's Cook County jail consists of three cells in the basement, with Cell No. 3 only 20 feet from the electric chair. During June and part of July, 1965, Cell No. 2 had an extremely unusual tenant—a short, bald, gargoyle-faced, beak-nosed man wearing an expensive gray silk business suit instead of the usual prison garb. In his dark, 8-by-10-foot cell, flanked by two convicted murderers, he alternately raged at his guards in terrible outbursts of temper, and lay on his bunk repeating, as if to reassure himself, "I won't talk."

Because he was not a convicted murderer awaiting execution, but a federal prisoner temporarily being held in "maximum security," he could not mingle with other prisoners or even make use of the prison laundry. He had to wash out his imported silk shorts and socks by hand in the washbasin of his cell. In July the authorities decided they could ease up a bit on security, and moved him from Death Row to a cell in the federal tier of the jail. He has been there ever since. By the end of this month, when he is due for release, he will have spent almost a year in jail.

The astonishing thing about this prisoner's case, however, is not the duration of his confinement, but the fact that he is behind bars at all. For the inmate is Momo Salvatore (Sam) Giancana, "Boss of Bosses" of the Cosa Nostra in Chicago and a member of the 12-man high commission of the Mafia in America. Although he rules a two-billion-dollar-a-year crime empire, dealing in such commodities as murder, narcotics, prostitution, usury and extortion, the law was not able to lock him up since he did time for armed burglary in 1943—when he was just a junior hood with ambitions.

The jailing of Giancana—for contempt of court—followed a dramatic change in strategy by the Department of Justice in its war on organized crime. Early last year the Federal Government quietly launched a major attack on the Cosa Nostra's Chicago branch—the most powerful and monolithic Mafia "family" in the United States—and its victories there have already helped shape its strategy against the Mafia elsewhere.

What makes these victories especially significant is that they have been won against top leaders of the mob rather than mere underlings. Not only has the boss of bosses himself gone to jail; one of his principal lieutenants ("Under-Bosses" in the Cosa Nostra) has been sentenced to four and a half years in prison, and another is now awaiting sentence—perhaps for as long as 20 years. This series of defeats for the Mafia leadership of a single city, within little more than a year, is probably unprecedented. Until recently the men who run the Cosa Nostra in the United States have been able to break the law with almost certain impunity.

There are three main reasons why they have seldom gone to jail for their crimes. First is the layer-upon-layer insulation with which the Mafia leaders protect themselves. The normal "family" structure is so skillfully stratified that, for example, when a Cosa Nostra boss orders a murder, the actual triggermen may be five layers below him in the structure. "Trying to trace a Cosa Nostra crime to the man who ordered it is like trying to fight your way through a maze," says a Justice Department official. "Then, when we're beginning to get somewhere, there's a sudden 'unexplained gangland murder,' as the newspapers call it. We can deduce that he was a link in the chain who was destroyed to remove a possible witness we hadn't even reached in our investigation."

A second major safeguard for the Cosa Nostra chieftains is sheer terrorism. Witnesses against *mafiosi* have a bad habit of disappearing, dying or losing the spirit of cooperation. During the McClellan Committee hearings in 1958, for example, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy—then counsel for the committee—questioned New York Boss Thomas (Three Finger Brown) Lucchese about his arrest for the murder of a man named Louis Cerasulo in New York in 1928. "According to the information that we have," said Kennedy, "the wife and daughter of the murdered man identified Mr. Lucchese and his brother-in-law as the ones who committed the murder, and when they were finally brought into trial or brought into court, they (the wife and daughter) refused to affirm the identification. Now, that is the situation that existed, and I want to find out what Mr. Lucchese knows about it." Said Lucchese, "I decline to answer under the Fifth Amendment."

The protection of constitutional guarantees such as the Fifth Amendment is the third major reason that Mafia leaders have been able to stay out of prison. Spending millions of dollars in legal fees, the *mafiosi* have used and misused every safeguard written into the law to protect the civil liberties of ordinary citizens.

The Government's big offensive against these

Dapper Sam Giancana, boss of America's most powerful Cosa Nostra "family," always enjoyed being a celebrity in Chicago—until federal agents started thinking big.

By BILL DAVIDSON and SANDY SMITH *Drawings by Fred Otnes*

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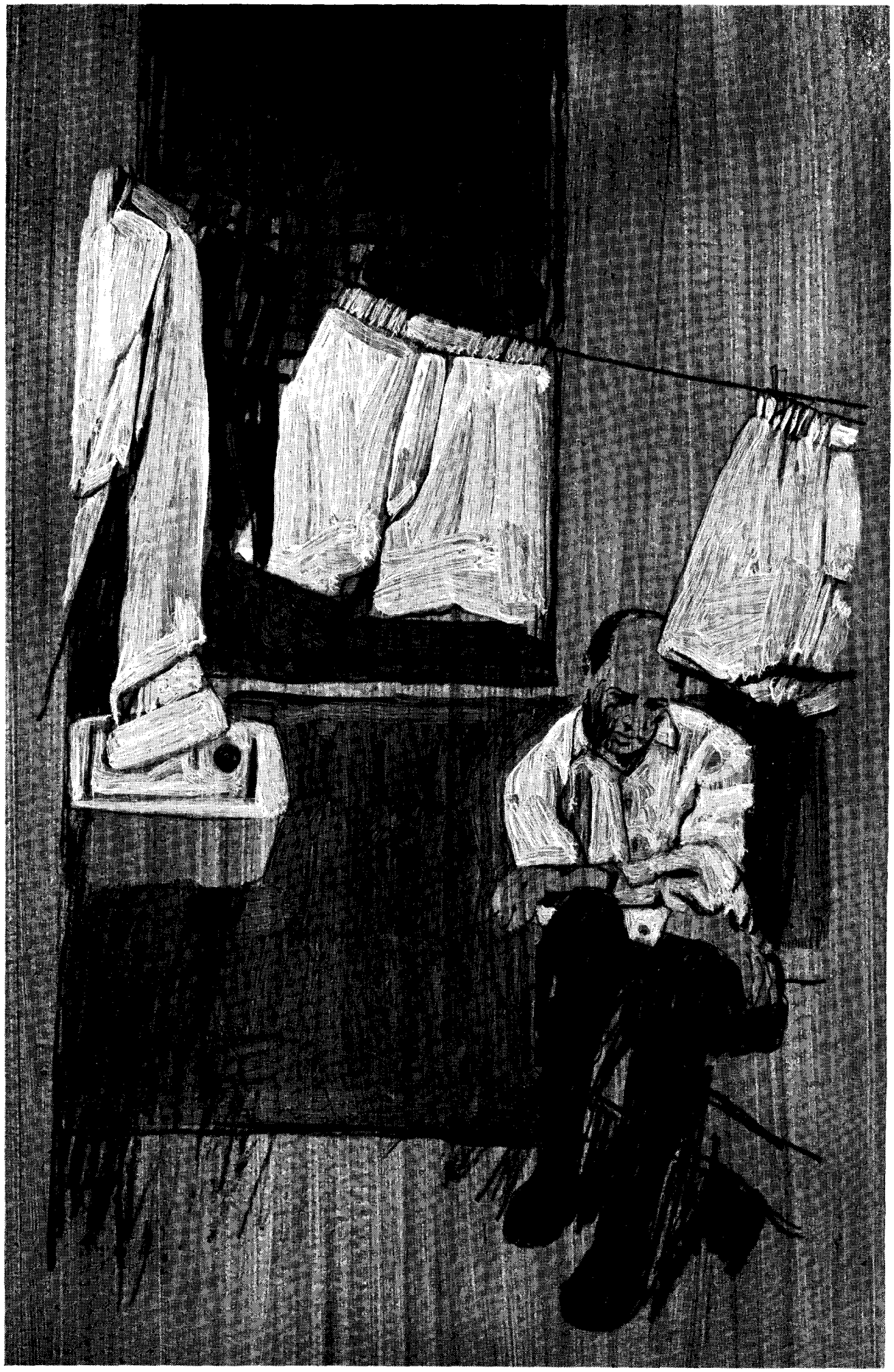
In a maximum-security cell, where he had to wash his own shorts and socks, Giancana slumps dejectedly on his bunk after being sentenced.



ıas the mob on the run.

seemingly impregnable defenses has been a long time in preparation. Until 1957, when New York State Police surprised the Cosa Nostra leaders at their Grand Council meeting at Apalachin, few law-enforcement authorities even believed that there was such a thing as a national Mafia crime syndicate in the United States. When its existence was finally proved, however, the Government started action on two fronts. The FBI and other Government agencies began the long, hard task of infiltrating the Cosa Nostra with undercover agents, much as they had done with the Communist Party in the 1940's. At the same time the McClellan Committee began holding the series of now-celebrated hearings which have not only exposed the workings of the Mafia conspiracy to the public but also helped develop new legislation to fight that conspiracy.

In 1961 and 1962 a number of such new laws were passed, with President John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy (then Attorney General) vigorously pushing their passage through Congress. Typical of the new legislation was a section of the criminal code titled "Interstate and Foreign Travel or Transportation in Aid of Racketeering Enterprises." Known to law-enforcement people as "I.T.A.R.," this section sets stiff fines and prison sentences for anyone who "travels in . . . or uses any facility in interstate or foreign commerce" in connection with certain crimes, among them murder and extortion. These laws gave the Justice Department powerful new weapons for its assault on the Mafia bastion of Chicago. Because it opens up new areas to FBI investigation, for example, I.T.A.R. was instrumental in convicting Giancana's vice president in charge of muscle, Milwaukee Phil Alderisio, in April, 1965. It was his first conviction in 30 years, despite 20 arrests.

According to testimony at the trial, the 51-year-old enforcer's professional services were retained by Ruby Kolod, part owner of the gambling casino in the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, and by Kolod's sidekick, William (Ice-Pick Willie) Alderman. The two had been unhappy about their business relationship with a Denver lawyer and high-stakes crapshooter named Robert Sunshine. Kolod and Alderman had given Sunshine $68,000, allegedly "skimmed off the top" from the cashier's cage at the Desert Inn—that is, unrecorded for tax purposes—for him to invest in an oil-lease-promotion venture. Their thought was that this illegal money would bring them profits which they could report on their tax returns at little cost to themselves,

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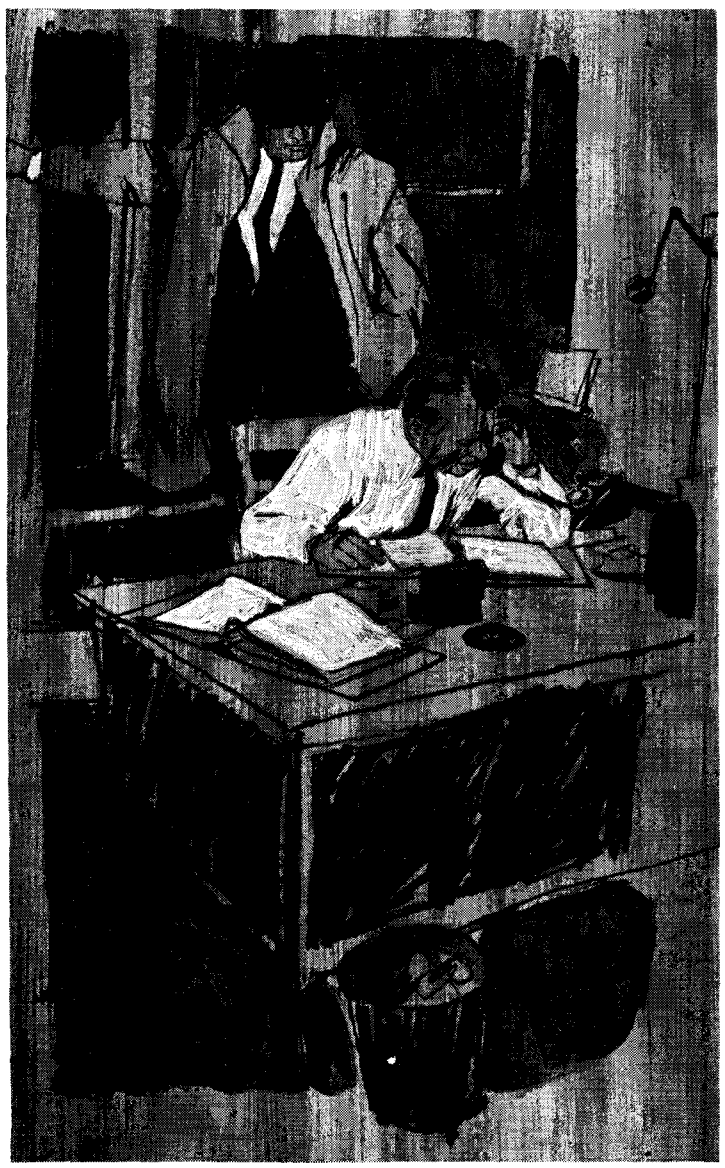
thanks to the substantial deductions the Government allows oilmen. Instead, Sunshine's venture had lost money—including Kolod's and Alderman's. At this point Alderisio and an assistant called on Sunshine at his office.

"Ruby sent us. We came to kill you," Alderisio announced without ceremony. Sunshine testified at the trial that he pleaded for his life and talked Alderisio into examining his books as proof that he had indeed lost the $68,000 in his oil speculation. After about an hour Alderisio agreed to call Kolod, who was then relaxing at a Catskill Mountain resort hotel in Monticello, N.Y., to suggest that he rescind the execution order. The phone call was made then and there—from Sunshine's office. Kolod relented on the phone and told Alderisio to allow Sunshine to live, provided he immediately started paying back the $68,000 in $2,000 monthly installments. Sunshine then got on the phone and thanked Kolod for sparing his life. Kolod said, "OK, but keep up the payments or it might be necessary to have Phil come back."

Basically it was that phone call—and others which followed—that convicted Alderisio, Kolod and Alderman. When agents confronted Sunshine with the details they had learned about his business relationship with Kolod and Alderman, the lawyer (now disbarred and serving a prison term for embezzlement in another case) agreed to testify as the Government's chief witness. Found guilty of attempted extortion, Alderisio, Kolod and Alderman are appealing sentences of four and a half, four, and three years, respectively.



Sunshine testified that he got on the telephone to thank the gambler for having spared his life, after Alderisio's flat announcement: "Ruby sent us. We came to kill you."

Perhaps even more menacing to the Mafia than the new laws is the Organized Crime Section, which Robert Kennedy created within the Department of Justice when he was Attorney General, to mastermind the war against the Cosa Nostra. This elite group now consists of about 50 lawyers.

Six of the 50 are concentrated in Chicago, under the leadership of 36-year-old David P. Schippers, a former candidate for the Catholic priesthood with the build of a pro-football linebacker. Schippers and his men planned from the start to go directly after the mob leaders, and their unorthodox tactics have brought them some notable victories. For example, they were mainly responsible for the indictment of Under-Boss Rocco Pranno that led to his conviction for extortion in March of this year—and a possible 20-year sentence.

Pranno had run the towns of Northlake and Stone Park, just west of Chicago, "like a feudal duchy," according to Schippers. A dark, handsome man of 45, he had a police record studded with arrests, and two convictions for burglary. Just last June he added to it a four-month jail sentence—still on appeal—for beating up a 23-year-old mother who lived in a Stone Park motel, of which he is part owner. Mrs. Laura Ann Dzurnik testified that Pranno came to her apartment to complain that she was making excessive use of the motel's laundry room. When he refused to leave, she said, she went to a phone booth down the hall, but he followed, pulled her from the booth, yanked her hair and slapped her face.

Pranno's basic job in Northlake and Stone Park has been to oversee all vice and gambling in these towns on behalf of the Mafia, but he also managed to stake out a considerable personal empire, owning bars, motels, taxi companies, theatrical booking agencies, sewer companies and construction firms. The full extent of his economic hold on the towns, however, came to light only with his indictment for conspiracy last August.

Indicted along with him were Northlake's mayor, Henry (The Little Guy) Neri; Wayne A. Seidler, a former alderman of Northlake; and Pete Anderson, the town's building commissioner until 1963. Their plot, the indictments alleged, was a simple one. In recent years several large corporations, attracted by Northlake's flat terrain, many railroad lines, and proximity to Chicago's O'Hare Airport, have begun construction of factories and warehouses there. As soon as the work was well in progress, however, according to the indictments, Pranno and his henchmen among the Northlake town officials would conspire to halt completion of the plants by withholding further building permits until the contractors paid them off—in amounts ranging from $2,500 to $23,500. Legally this came under the heading of "economic extortion." It was also an I.T.A.R. violation, since Pranno made some of his threats by long-distance phone to the home offices of the companies. Seidler and Anderson were convicted along with Pranno in March, and face the same sentence of up to 20 years. Mayor Neri was acquitted.

With Alderisio and Pranno already convicted and fighting to stay out of prison, morale in the Chicago Mafia is at an all-time low. Conversely, the Government feels that each new conviction is bringing it closer to the day when it can put Sam Giancana himself away for a long, long time.

The 57-year-old boss of Chicago's Cosa Nostra is a tough, profane, wild-tempered, ruthless gangster who lives in a lavish yellow-brick fortress-home in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago. He rose to his present position of absolute power over the two-billion-dollar-a-year Mafia empire in Illinois and surrounding territory from humble beginnings as a "wheelman" (chauffeur-bodyguard) in the pre-Capone 42 Gang in the 1920's. In his youth he was arrested three times on suspicion of murder and served prison terms for burglary and for moonshining whiskey. In 1943 he was rejected by the U.S. Army, which noted, in a triumph of understatement, that he had an "inadequate personality and strong antisocial trends."

Giancana rose rapidly in the mob, winning a vice presidency in the Mafia under Boss Tony Accardo. When Accardo decided to retire in 1957, he named Giancana as his successor. Since then he has been undisputed czar of all gambling, vice, extortion, labor racketeering and loan sharking in Chicago and vicinity. Not a bookie or pimp can operate in the area without getting a "license" from one of Giancana's men for a standard fee of 50 percent of the take. Tavern, restaurant and nightclub owners are persuaded to accept supplies and services from business enterprises owned or controlled by Giancana, on the threat of beatings, bombings or labor trouble from Giancana-controlled unions.

In recent years Boss Giancana has found the leisure to pursue several hobbies befitting a business executive of his prominence and taste. One of these is consorting with show-business celebrities. Another is golf. The boss learned a long time ago that one of the best ways to evade FBI eavesdroppers is to walk around the empty spaces of a golf course. So Giancana played nearly every day at the Fresh Meadow Golf Club with various mob lieutenants. Giancana wore yellow caps, red shirts and drove a baby-blue golfing cart. One of his aides, Butch Blasi, accompanied him in another motorized cart, which kept zooming off to the clubhouse to relay phone messages to and from Giancana, presumably concerning the pressing mob business of the day.

A few years ago Giancana found that, even on the links, he was surrounded by FBI agents. He went to court, complaining of this "harassment," and won an injunction (lifted shortly thereafter), which ordered the G-men to stay at least one hole's length away from him. Despite this, the federal agents knew so much about Giancana's activities that when a federal grand jury was convened in Chicago to hear charges against Rocco Pranno and others, they had a long list of subjects about which they wanted to question Giancana as well.

They knew, for example, that while Pranno was pursuing his extortion schemes against the building contractors in Northlake, he conferred constantly with Giancana and then would make interstate phone calls both from his own headquarters, Roberts's Lounge, and from the bar where Giancana conducted most of his business, the Armory Lounge in Forest Park, Ill.

Last spring the Chicago office of the FBI accordingly proposed a bold new strategy to the Schippers team and to the U.S. Attorney, Edward Hanrahan. This was to grant Giancana immunity

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from prosecution when he testified before the grand jury. Immunity is an old and accepted concept in American law. Its usual purpose is to induce a lesser criminal to talk in order to bag a more important evildoer. It is used frequently in narcotics cases, where a small-time dope pusher, say, is given immunity so that he will testify and thus help to convict the wholesaler who supplied him. When an individual is granted immunity, he no longer can take refuge in the Fifth Amendment, for he cannot possibly incriminate himself, in the legal sense, if he is not going to be prosecuted.

What made the idea revolutionary was that Giancana was not a lesser criminal who might be induced to testify against a bigger one, but himself the biggest of them all. He has no superiors in the Chicago Mafia organization, and he is known to be a member of the commission, the highest ruling body of the Cosa Nostra syndicate in the United States. He took Tony Accardo's seat on the commission when he succeeded Accardo as Chicago Boss in 1957, though he never got along well with some of the veteran members. New York's Joseph (Joe Bananas) Bonanno, particularly, regarded Giancana as a dangerously neurotic upstart who was still stealing cars when he, Bonanno, was adjudicating bloody gang wars inside the Mafia. The FBI, in fact, believes that Bonanno's attitude toward Giancana may explain the New York Boss's kidnaping and disappearance in October, 1964.

The commission itself was formed in 1929, mainly to mediate the long and costly "Castellammarese War" in New York City between the followers of Salvatore Maranzano and those of Boss Joseph Masseria, most of whom came from the Sicilian province of Castellammare del Golfo. The Maranzano revolt got the nod of approval from the commission and ousted the rival leadership, but the commission then decided to remain in being as the ultimate authority for the previously loose federation of Mafia "families" in the United States. Its known members today are Joe Colombo, Thomas Lucchese, Carlo Gambino, Thomas Eboli and someone sitting in for the missing Joe Bonanno from the five New York City "families"; Gerardo Catena from New Jersey, Raymond Patriarca from New England, Angelo Bruno from Philadelphia, Joe Zerilli from Detroit, Steve Maggadino from Buffalo, John Scalish from Cleveland and Giancana from Chicago.

"We *know* there is a Mafia commission of twelve members who are the overall board of directors for organized crime in America," David Schippers says. "They meet in a closed room, which our agents can't penetrate. The only way for us to get into that room is to get one of the members of the commission to talk. We're willing to give one top hoodlum a free pass to get others. Sooner or later one of those twelve men is going to crack, and when he does, that will be the beginning of the end of the entire Mafia in America."

Because of his unstable personality, Giancana seemed the obvious commission member to work on first. Summoned by the federal grand jury in Chicago last May, the boss arrived, dapper and unconcerned, and was brought before William J. Campbell, chief judge of the U.S. District Court in Chicago. But when Judge Campbell officially granted him immunity from any prosecution that might result from his testimony, Giancana was stunned. So were his lawyers. One of them later told Schippers, "I have to give you credit. I didn't think the Government had the guts to try this."

Giancana refused to talk before the grand jury. Judge Campbell then ordered him held in contempt of court—without bail—and sentenced him to jail for the life of the grand jury—*i.e.*, through May, 1966—or until he agreed to testify. Giancana's appeals, all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court, have been denied. After his release he could conceivably be called by another grand jury and granted immunity again, and if he again refuses to talk, could be sent back to jail. And the FBI knows so much about his activities that, if he talks but lies, he would be risking an even longer prison sentence for perjury.

Another Cosa Nostra leader in Chicago took that risk last summer—and lost. Three weeks after Giancana went to jail, the Grand Jury subpoenaed Murray (The Camel) Humphreys, one of the five top men in the mob. His specialty was political fixing and labor racketeering, a portfolio he had held since the Capone days. Wrongly guessing that, like Giancana, he was going to be granted immunity, Humphreys promptly disappeared—a rash act which he never would have thought of attempting in the old days. The FBI's undercover men picked up his trail as soon as he left Chicago, and the next morning agents arrested him as he was forlornly standing in line to buy a train ticket in the railroad station at Norman, Okla. He was brought back to Chicago in handcuffs, taken before the grand jury and questioned—with no grant of immunity. Humphreys testified, but falsely. On November 23, 1965, he was indicted for perjury, and arrested by the FBI. Six hours later he died of a heart attack.

The Government's new attack on organized crime has unquestionably brought consternation to the enemy. "In the Costa Nostra in Chicago," says Schippers, "there is panic in the streets. They don't know who we're going to hit next—and with what. We can see the difference in young Cosa Nostra punks we've been interrogating about various crimes. They used to think of Sam Giancana as being bigger than the Government. There was one kid particularly who wouldn't talk. He was as tough and arrogant as they come. When Giancana was sentenced for contempt, we showed the kid the newspapers, and we said, 'Do you want to sit there in jail with Sam?' He turned white, as if his whole world had collapsed. The very next day he talked—and we have a nice little indictment in the works against one of his superiors in the Mafia. Such a thing was unheard of a year ago."

In spite of all the high-priced legal talent at its command, the mob has not yet been able to find an answer to the Government's new strategy. Giancana reportedly has offered $100,000 to any lawyer anywhere in the world who can come up with an effective counter-strategy. The chance that they will be called to testify under a grant of immunity faces Mafia leaders with a nightmarish dilemma. Their Cosa Nostra oath forbids them to talk about the organization and its criminal activities, on pain of death. If they *do* talk, their associates are pledged to kill them, and in fact they would *expect* to be killed. If they don't talk, they could go to jail, one by one. Even after being released, moreover, they would live in continued fear that other Mafia members would suspect they actually did give information to win their freedom. And they must also think of the possibility that one of them, accustomed to luxury for the past 20 or 30 years, might crack under the rigors of prison life—becoming a super Joe Valachi (thus far the only Mafia member to betray his oath), and bringing the entire structure down to save himself.

Mafia boss Rocco Pranno dragged her from the telephone booth and struck her, the woman testified.

For its part the Justice Department, mindful of the U.S. Supreme Court's concern for the civil liberties of even the worst criminals, is using the immunity weapon with great caution. "It's a rifle, not a shotgun," says one high-ranking official. "You can't use it indiscriminately. If the courts get the idea we're doing this frivolously, just to put people in jail without a trial, they could ruin us and maybe throw out the valuable immunity provisions in federal statutes altogether. We can only use immunity, therefore, as we always have—in cases where we have enough information that a certain individual has been involved in specific crimes, and in which it is vital for him to talk in order to help us solve those crimes."

All in all, the Government's first major offensive against the Mafia has gone extremely well in its first year. Using orthodox methods, as well as the new techniques, the Justice Department expects to get many other indictments from the federal grand juries which have been sitting in Chicago, New York, Kansas City and elsewhere.

Perhaps most dangerous to the Mafia is the new high morale of the Government forces. Federal agents feel that, for the first time, they are not merely reacting to the depredations of organized crime but are taking the battle to the enemy. And they plan to stay on the offensive. □

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Editorial

'The safe way to rebel'

It is possible that a good number of parents will be alarmed and appalled by Richard Goldstein's report on the widespread use of marijuana on the college campus. Just as the law considers it a dangerous drug, no whit different from heroin, many ordinary Americans regard marijuana as "dope," an exotic evil indulged in by "dope fiends," a threat to their children and hence themselves. It must seem puzzling that so many of the threatened students feel anything but threatened, taking marijuana not just as a form of adolescent rebellion but as "the safe way to rebel."

Why, one wonders, are we constantly surrounded by these manifestations of student rebellion? Why all the protest marches, the obscene placards, the scruffy beards and self-induced hallucinations and boasts of sexual indulgence? Why do students have to rebel at all?

To the young, rebellion naturally waves the banner of truth and freedom, while older people just as naturally regard it as a sign of declining morals. Is it not possible, though, that rebellion among the young, like rebellion among oppressed peoples, is an inevitable revolt against impossible conditions? For even as we note that the college students of today are richer and more pampered than any students in history, are we not still denying them the basic human right, which is to be people?

That may seem an odd question when we look at today's college student. He appears pink-cheeked and well fed; his faddish clothes are made of the best materials; he may well have his own car; he has a room of his own and no pressing responsibilities. He doesn't have to pay taxes or worry about insurance and fuel bills. All he has to do is sit in a few classes, read interesting books and do some writing—occupations that many older people consider enviable avocations. Many students, of course, accept this hothouse version of the Great Society and pass through four years of college without the slightest desire to rebel against anything. Yet there are many others, including sometimes the brightest or the most adventurous, who consider themselves little more than captives, or, perhaps more accurately, exiles—exiles from the world of reality.

The college student is addressed, for the first time in his life, as "Mister," and he is expected to learn subjects that would probably baffle his parents—advanced mathematics, Russian poetry, the significance of Eduard Bernstein or the terms of the Treaty of Westphalia. Yet he is usually not allowed to vote and is not expected to display any strong critical opinions on national events. He is expected to run and play in every type of athletic activity, but to perform none of the physical labor of real work, none of the tasks that define a grown man's job and define the man who does it. Nowadays he may be taken off the campus and sent to war, but just as he is considered too young to vote, so he is too young to marry and therefore, according to our traditions, too young to have a serious relationship with any of the girls he sees all around him. For a girl, of course, all this is equally true. She, too, is supposed to live in a prolonged state of suspension.

The oddity is that we still think of college students in ways that applied to the students of a century ago. It was unusual then for anyone of "college age" to be in college at all. It was the normal thing for a boy of 18 to be working, and for a girl of 18 to begin bearing children. Our first colleges were founded primarily for the training of clergymen, and for a long time there was a quality of seminarian dedication surrounding the tiny minority who attended such institutions. Now, between our romantic image of the college, an ivied scene of chaste scholarship, and the reality of how students of 18 and 20 think and feel lies a gap that leaves us separated and strangers.

To the young strangers on the other side of that gap, we cry out our impossible instructions: Act like grownups—wait until you graduate—think for yourselves but do what we say—work hard, but don't overdo it—have fun, but not too much fun—these are the best years of your lives, but real life begins later. Among a certain number of students, the natural reaction is to do whatever is forbidden; if there were stern laws against painting one's nose purple, every spring would see the campus blossom with purple-nosed students. But the issue is more serious than that. The ultimate aim of student rebellion is the aim of all children—to be adults. The only solution is that of time, and growth, and the realization of all victorious revolutionaries—that there is no victory. And the only lesson to be learned is that most rebellions once had good goals, which must now be pursued in other ways.

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